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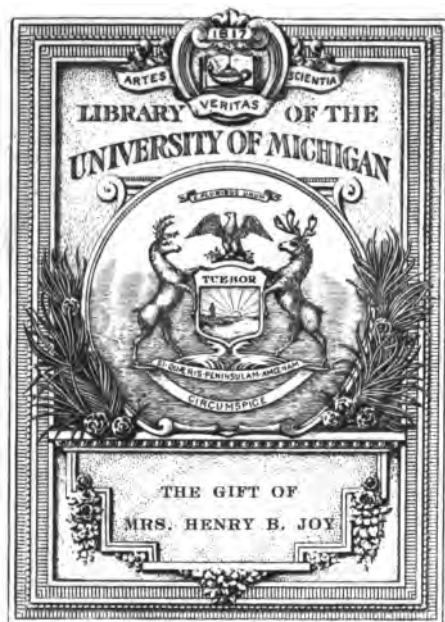
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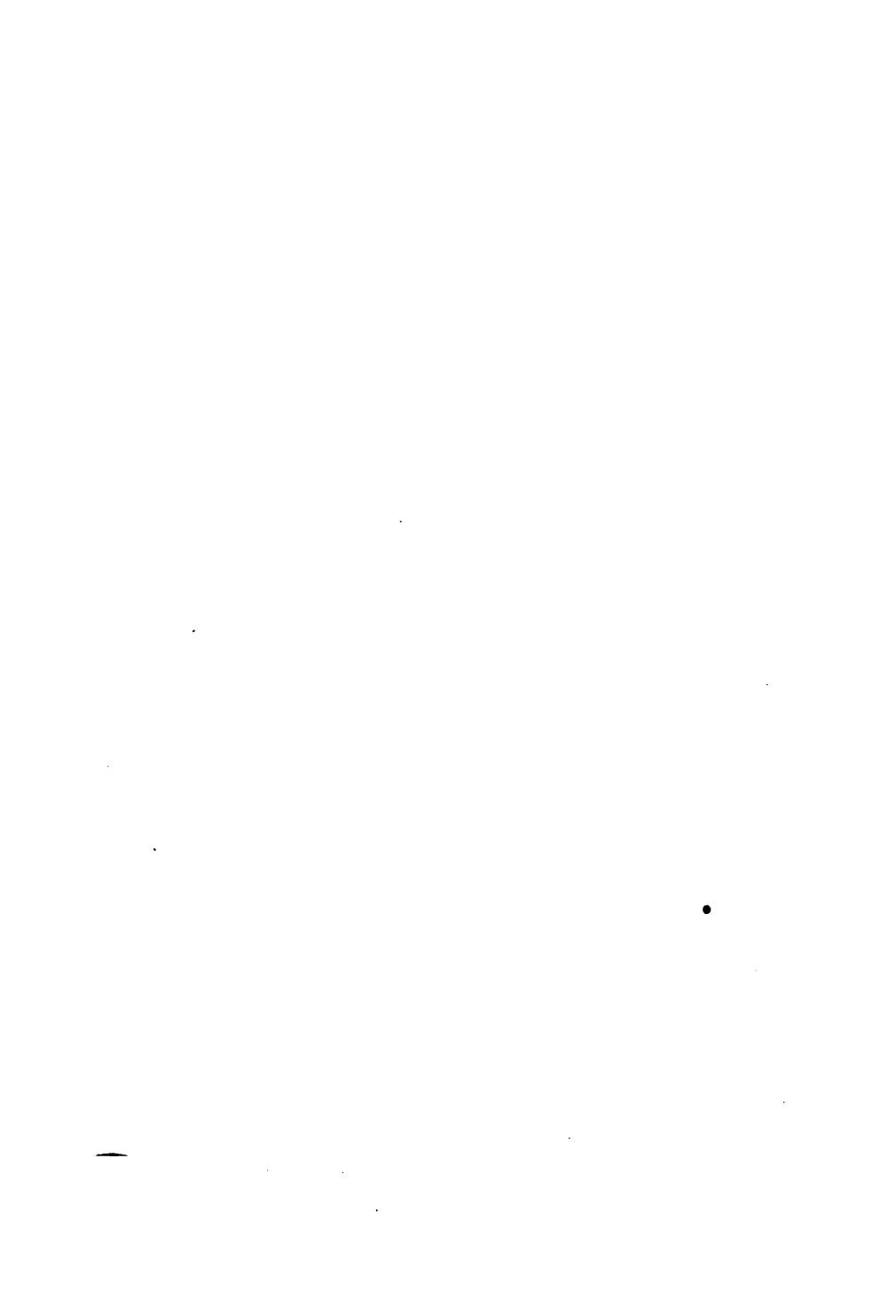
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Naples - Pompeii, past expression

— The Talisman.

Imagination - Generation

Imagination to a new



AN
ORIENTAL OUTING

BEING

A NARRATIVE OF A CRUISE ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN AND OF VISITS TO
HISTORIC CITIES

BY
EDWARD S. WILSON

EDITOR OF THE IRONTON (OHIO) REGISTER



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1894

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Mrs Henry B. Jay
8/16/96

PREFACE.

THE letters that fill the following pages were written by me to my paper, the Ironton (Ohio) *Register*, while on an excursion to the Orient and to interesting places along the Mediterranean, in February and March, 1894. Our vessel, the *Fürst Bismarck*, left New York on February 1st, and was gone sixty-five days. I did not suppose, when writing these letters, that they would reach the dignity of a book, and I now hesitate to commit them to a form so enduring. In the hurry and excitement of a hasty flight, they were, for the most part, penned, and I suspect they bear much testimony to these conditions. They were, too, written in a vein intended for the recreation of the newspaper reader, and with no expectation that they would be regarded as a text-book or a critical authority; and yet they are submitted to the gentle judgment of the reader as a faithful record of the impressions and observations of a sincere though sentimental Rambler. A large part of

my purpose in printing the letters, in this form, is to furnish to my fellow-pilgrims a memento of a wonderful excursion. Still, I hope that whoever may do me the honor to read these pages, will receive some little reflection of the light and joy that came to me while I was a wanderer among the scenes which I have tried to describe.

E. S. W.

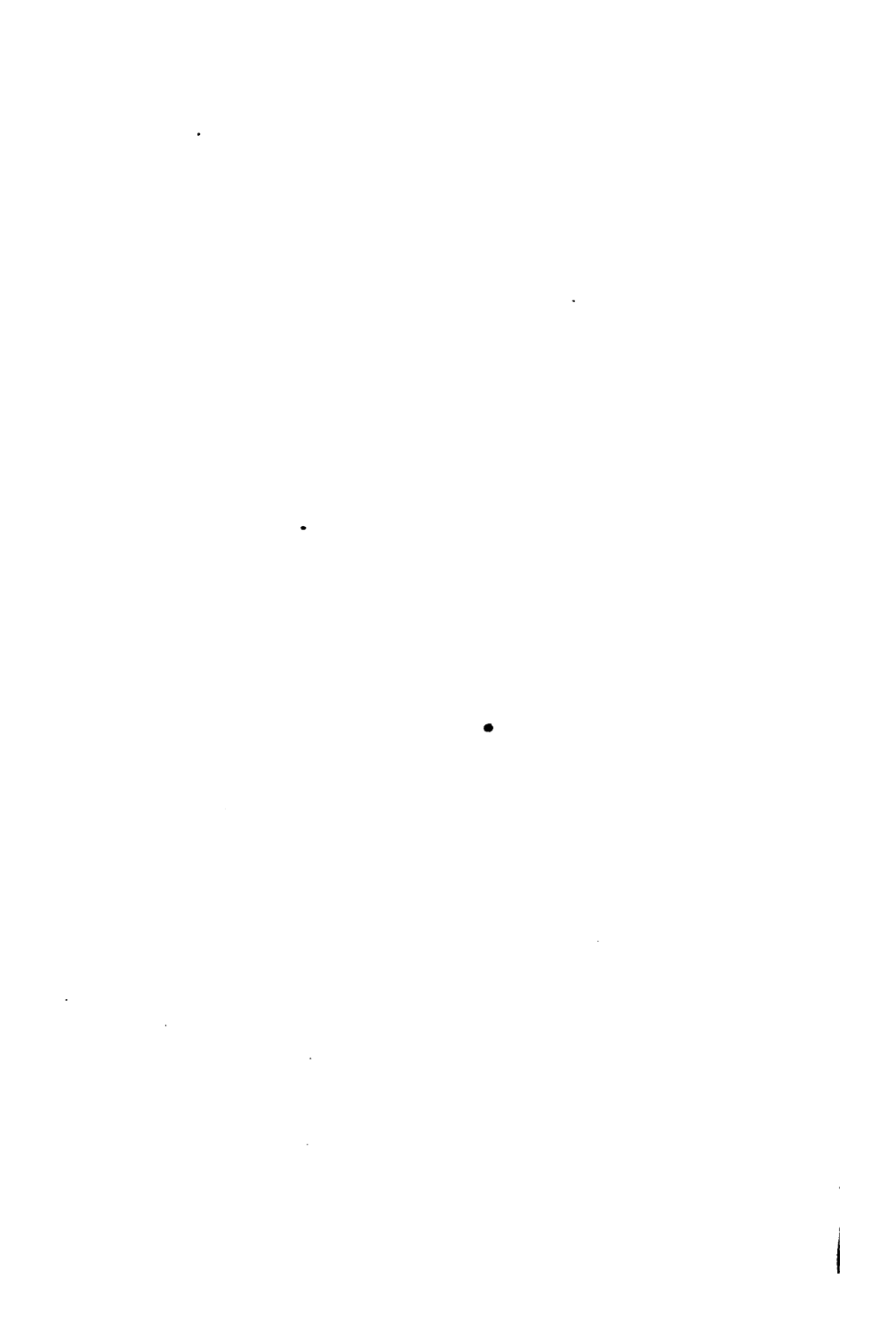
CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
OUTWARD BOUND,	I 9
GIBRALTAR,	II 22
ALGIERS,	III 29
AMONG THE MOORS,	IV 37
GENOA,	V 44
CORSICA,	VI 52
EGYPT,	VII 60
CAIRO,	VIII 69
AT THE PYRAMIDS,	IX 77
A DONKEY-RIDE,	X 88
SOME VISITS,	XI 99
UP THE NILE,	XII 108
VIA JOPPA,	XIII 116
BETHLEHEM,	XIV 125
JERUSALEM,	XV 134
MOUNT OF OLIVES,	XVI 143
HOLY SEPULCHER,	XVII 151
SMYRNA,	XVIII 159
ATHENS,	XIX 168
THE ACROPOLIS,	XX 176
SAILING THE ÆGEAN,	XXI 184
CONSTANTINOPLE,	XXII 192
STAMBOUL,	XXIII 202
TO SICILY,	XXIV 211

	PAGE.
PALERMO,	XXV 221
POMPEII,	XXVI 229
VESUVIUS AND THE BAY,	XXVII 238
NAPLES TO ROME,	XXVIII 247
AMONG RUINS,	XXIX 255
ART AND RELIC,	XXX 264
ST. PETER'S,	XXXI 272
HOMEWARD BOUND,	XXXII 281
<hr/>	
APPENDIX, 289

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
GIBRALTAR,	24
BASE OF CHEOPS,	78
SCHOOL IN CAIRO,	104
MOUNT OF OLIVES,	127
VIA DOLOROSA,	152
ACROPOLIS,	180
CONSTANTINOPLE,	200
POMPEII,	229
CONE OF VESUVIUS,	240
ROMAN FORUM,	258



AN ORIENTAL OUTING.

OUTWARD BOUND.

I.

I BEGIN this letter $39^{\circ} 10'$ north latitude, and 31° west longitude. Where it will end, I don't know, and how it will fare, I can't say; for near my table, where I am writing, there are eleven young people playing cards, and all talking at once in German and English; so my thoughts, that are rather languishing from seasickness, are seriously disturbed by the clatter of the play.

Our steamer left New York on February 1st, at 2.30 P. M.—a cold, dismal day. It was an interesting moment, and yet a time of the severest solitude. Hundreds and hundreds of people came down to bid their friends good-bye, and immense bouquets were borne aboard as last tokens of love to those who were about to sail out on the broad Atlantic. There was just a little shadow over me in my loneliness, until the band struck up "The Star-spangled Banner," when the clouds lifted, and threw a gleam of sunshine across my fate, to be darkened a few moments after, when the band

changed its patriotic air into "Home, Sweet Home," and then I wished I was there, and I looked out toward the dark ocean with a little shudder.

Promptly at the minute of departure the *Bismarck* swung from the wharf and backed into the bay. There was a flutter from a thousand handkerchiefs on the dock, and a similar salute from three hundred aboard. I waved mine, too; but it was over the heads of the crowd at friends on the banks of the Ohio River, far away. There was more or less weeping; but tears are evanescent, and all eyes were dried as the steamer proudly plowed down the bay. Land was fading away as darkness came. I paced the deck a long time, watching the creamy waves made by the gliding boat, and off afar the phosphorescent white-caps dancing on the bosom of the deep. All else was black—ocean and sky. No stars were visible, except for a moment I saw Sirius peep palely out, soon to be covered by a big black cloud, as if that was no place for stars. Towards morning, the wind rose with some violence, and the sea ran high, which caused our good ship to roll lively, and started an epidemic of seasickness among the passengers.

I had it gloriously. It arose with the dawn. The emerald world had a bleared look when I stepped from my rollicking berth to the promenade deck. There was no use to fight it. Like a juggernaut, it came crushing down on the soul. Medicine, faith, will-power, were nothing. I was confronted by a condition, not by a theory, else I might have thrown a bow of promise across the day. It

was terrible. I thought at the time I would not cross the ocean again for a thousand dollars; if I wanted to go to Egypt or the Holy Land, I would go through British America, cross Behring's Strait on the ice, and dare the cobra and cholera of Asia. Seasickness is a composite of la grippe, toothache, railroad accident, gunshot wound, nightmare, and the pangs of despised love. For three days this terror sat down on me, and I felt much like Mark Twain, who had it, and was afraid the first day he would die, and the second day he was afraid he would n't die. Still it is said to be a boon when one gets over it, and his liver takes on a clear conscience. During these periods, when the ocean rolls heavily, and green grief knocks at the state-rooms of the passengers, the dining-saloon is a scene of lugubrious solitude.

On Sunday there was a violent sea. Walking was bad. Even sitting was insecure. A couple of the older passengers were sitting on the promenade deck—he with a book in his hand, she with a pillow. A high wave, a sudden lurch, and their two chairs went spinning to the railing. He threw up his hands to guard himself, and away went the book into the ocean; she did the same with the pillow.

We had two Episcopal bishops aboard—Perry, of Iowa, and Walker, of North Dakota. They held religious services in the second cabin on Sunday morning. A lively pilgrim, the miscellaneous man of the crowd, controlled the organ, and led in the singing. As I said, the sea was rough, and in the congregation there was a general unsteadiness. The bishop

who led in the services gave out as one of the hymns :

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;”

and just as he got to the last line, “While the tempest still is high,” a larger surge than usual struck the ship, turned the floor to a twenty-degree slant, and sent the table, used by the bishop as an altar, sliding across the floor, as if the festive spirits had got into it, and came so near turning the stool, on which the organist sat, upside down, that that prominent functionary had to abandon the key-board, and grab the instrument itself to keep himself in anything like a religious attitude. The holy music ceased, and the bishop's celestial countenance was wreathed in smiles, while the congregation gave itself to a moment of merriment.

We have been going nearly due east, keeping the fortieth parallel ever since we left New York. On Saturday we struck the “river in the sea,” and the cold, raw weather of the coast mellowed to a softer temperature, though the winds kept up until Monday, when we had a tolerably smooth sea, and the day was intensely beautiful. About nine o'clock we sighted the first land since we left New York; it was the island of Flores, the first of the Azores. It appeared as a dim outline of angular mountain, so dim that it almost blended with the blue sky. Soon the decks were lined with people, with their opera-glasses turned on the lovely vision. As the

vessel approached, the island changed to a cliff, rising at many points almost perpendicularly from the sea. Above were slopes of green fields, and, clustered in quiet valleys, were white houses, some so thickly together in one or two places as to constitute villages. We were too far away to be able to discern men or animals, though I stretched the capacity of my glass to discover a cow or horse. The island is nine miles long, and probably fifteen hundred feet high. It was a charming picture. The sea caught the blue tint of the sky, and, flecked with creamy waves, made a beautiful contrast for the island gem. I heard a lady say to another, while watching the isle, that there Dr. Webster's family fled after the Parkman murder, in order to hide themselves from the infamy that the great crime fastened on their name.

Living on the *Fürst Bismarck* is in princely style. There are three meals a day, and refreshments at all the intervals. The lunch at twelve is almost as elaborate as the dinner. The principal difference is, that at dinner we have music and a *menu*. They are great *table d'hôte* affairs. The meals are served in the most elaborate style, and the food seems to have been provided without regard to cost. The *menus* are printed on the boat each day. The music program is also printed for each meal. Up to to-day (6th) many of the passengers have failed to appear in the dining-saloon. I have myself shunned roasted pigeon and quail on toast as besoms of destruction. When one first comes on a transatlantic steamer, he is assigned a seat at the table by the first steward,

and that seat he keeps during the trip. Each table on the *Bismarck* holds eight persons. At our table there are seven—my brother, Colonel H. B. Wilson, and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal, Mr. Ludvig Openheim, of New York, and Mr. Barker, of Washington City. Well, I never struck more interesting company. They are intelligent, traveled, elegant in demeanor, and exceedingly bright. I think our table has more fun than any in the saloon. There is something in learning how to do a thing in this world, even to the eating of a dinner. So when a strange device of a viand is placed on the table, I observe how my Gotham neighbor manipulates it, and then I fall to in the same style, and I know I am *de rigueur*. Style has approved of a system for elaborate dinners, in which divers dishes, spoons, forks, and other accompaniments are provided, and a fellow has to recognize it, or lose a good deal of pleasure. These big ocean-steamers are great social affairs, and they aim to keep things up to the brown-stone-front plane.

Every little object at sea attracts the attention of all on board ship. I believe Irving makes a similar remark somewhere in his Sketch-Book. Yesterday a three-masted ship rose above the horizon to the north, danced there awhile, and soon disappeared in the underworld. It was a very pretty sight, gaining interest from all the little conjectures that it is apt to inspire. This morning, to the south, right in the golden edge of the world, a steamer appeared in misty outline, flitted there awhile, and glided into the unseen distance from

which it came. This afternoon we beheld a mountain-peak thrust out of the ocean's bosom, fifty miles or more away. They called it Pico, and it uprose 7,000 feet above the surface, but at this distance it was a vague pyramid of slight dimensions. It is, also, one of the Azores, a relic of the Elysium, that fair dream of earth, which, far back in the unrecorded past, was swallowed up by the cruel Atlantic. Tuesday's journey was like a fair vision all the time. It was the perfection of a day—blue sky, light waves, blithe air—all seeming like a beautiful beneficence of God. To a landlubber on his first voyage, far away from land—the sky dipping to the gleaming sea all around, and the noble steamer speeding like a divine energy, toward the east—it is all intensely interesting and inspiring. I sit on deck and try to read or talk to pleasant company; but my thoughts run to the boundless waters, and people the sunlit spaces with endless visions.

We have one more passenger than we had when we left New York. He did n't get on any place, for the boat has n't stopped its wheel since it left port. He was so small, however, that his fare was not collected. He appeared in the steerage, and the mother seems very proud of him. A purse of thirty-five dollars was raised for her in celebration of the event, and, to complete the episode, the child was christened this afternoon by a priest who is a passenger. The child now bears the splendid cognomen of Oceanica Bismarck Michael.

By the way, I took a four-mile walk on the promenade deck with the priest, after breakfast this

morning. He is a noted pilgrim, Father Manifold, who recently left the Episcopal Church for orders in the Roman Catholic. He is on his way to Rome for a three years' sojourn and study. He is an elegant young man, of modest manner and keen intelligence. I told him I wanted a long chat with him before he left at Genoa, at which time I hope to quiz him for the reason of his flight from the English to the Romish Church; and I know he will tell me most succinctly; and then I may tell you in my next letter.

This afternoon, two other vessels appear on the southern rim, a steamer and a brig. They are going in our direction, and for a long time stood right out on the circumference of the world. They are little things in themselves, but they make a break in the beautiful monotony, and always engage earnest attention. But beyond the occasional flitting crafts far away, all else is a waste of waters. I saw this morning a school of porpoises undulating on the surface; but not a shark, nor a whale, nor an iceberg, nor a wreck, has decked our path, though I have scanned the emerald waves with abounding faith in the existence of all these things in those spots where I am not looking. But why seek for special objects? Existence is so dreamful these days, so full of bridals of earth and sky, blending into golden sunsets things above and below, and jewelng with stars the bounding bosom of the ocean, that matters of fact seem almost profane, and naked reality a desecration of the soul.

We will probably sight land late this afternoon

(February 8th)—a glimpse of the Spanish coast—and to-morrow at 7 A. M. enter the Strait of Gibraltar, and tie up under the Rock. I am ready for the experience of land. Eight days of luxurious lounging—barring seasickness—of gazing into the sunlit distances, and building dreams on celestial sea-lines, is quite enough for one time. Welcome, land, and rocks, and houses, and sandy shores, where a thought may rest and feel at home!

Eight days are longer than necessary for the run to Gibraltar. It is about the distance from New York to Southampton, which is a six days' trip. But this is an excursion. It is a social affair, too, and a day or two added is regarded as a delight. It is a ride, a relaxation. Leisure is an element of pleasure, and so we do not go at full ship's speed. The rate of travel is about 420 miles a day, and this has been kept up every minute since we left New York. Each morning the number of miles covered in the preceding twenty-four hours, together with the track of the ship, the latitude and longitude, is posted for the information of all. Every possible facility is given the passenger to know about things and enjoy himself.

There are nearly 650 people on board, divided about equally between crew and passengers. There are 314 persons in the crew, 153 of whom are in charge of the engines, boilers, and motive-service of the vessel. There are 60 stewards (or waiters), 18 sailors, 8 cooks, 10 assistant cooks, 4 bakers, 6 quartermasters (pilots), 2 doctors, 2 carpenters, and the usual official staff. All the officers and em-

ployees are uniformed. The organization is a monarchy of the strictest kind. Discipline is rigid, and yet there is a dignity and courtesy that is very agreeable. The military salute is observed, and is very precise. There is a beauty in the intercourse between the officers and those on board. All demeanor is of the cultured sort. The flaxen Saxon is paramount, and is a handsome character. I love to watch their earnest, polite, circumspect behavior, and to hear their clean-cut expressions of broken English. The captain is about fifty-five years of age, and is a well-poised, intelligent man. I listened to him with deep interest one night, pointing out the constellations to a circle of passengers. He knew the stars by heart.

I had an interview with the purser in his office last night. He is a charming, matter-of-fact fellow, who begged my pardon for every mistake I made in interpreting him. He gave some idea of the supplies required for the trip of sixty-five days. Here are some of the amounts provided to furnish the excursion from New York and back again: 75,000 lbs. beef, 14,000 lbs. poultry and game, 7,000 lbs. fish, 6,000 quarts milk, 14,000 lbs. butter, 4,500 lbs. ham, 50,000 eggs, 80,000 lbs. potatoes, 275 bbls. flour, 2,600 lbs. sausage, 28 bbls. apples, 42 boxes pears, 3,600 cans peas, beans, etc., 6,000 lbs. sugar, 3,000 lbs. coffee, 8,000 lbs. butter, 3,200 lbs. cheese, 400 jars of pickles, and similar quantities of sardines, anchovies, lobsters, clams, tongues, etc. These quantities relate to the supplies of the best for the passengers, and do not include much bought

expressly for the crew and steerage. It takes 7,000 tons of soft coal to last the trip, and about 1,400 tons of water, which is brought from New York ; but the supply will be replenished at other ports. Ice is made on the boat. Another item among the eatables is 2,000 bricks of ice-cream, which was made and packed in New York.

Yesterday was my brother's birthday, and the event was celebrated by our table with something extra. Here was the bill of fare :

Royal Soup.	
Fritures of Lamb with Sauce Italian.	
Roast Beef.	
Red Cabbage.	Green Peas.
Sweetbreads.	Cardinal Style.
Roast Capon.	
Compot.	Salad.
Chocolate.	Ice-cream.
Banana Tart.	
Butter.	Cheese.
Fruit.	Coffee.

During the progress of the dinner, one of our new friends at table had the steward bring in a candle and set up before my brother's plate, in conformity to some German custom, and then made a very pretty speech in elucidation of the event, and proposed his health in a glass of champagne, which was heartily accepted and responded to with appropriate eloquence. The event was such a pleasant one that it attracted the admiring glances of the whole saloon.

The grand saloon is an interesting place at night. It is a three-story room, connected by skylights.

The second or middle room is the principal saloon, where the people gather at night to talk. They are informal, and not given to much dressing. But there is a flash of diamonds in frequent spots, showing that wealth abounds among the passengers. Sitting in the grand saloon, one can hardly imagine that he is plowing the Atlantic at twenty miles an hour. There is not a perceptible motion, not a tremor, when the ocean is smooth, so that one might imagine that he is in the great drawing-room of a metropolitan hotel.

I had my talk with the priest, and I asked him why he left the Episcopal Church to join the Catholic; at the same time, half suggesting that his connection with the rectorship of St. Clements, at Philadelphia, a very High Church, ought to have supplied him with all that could be desired of the ritualistic. He was very companionable in attempting to allay my curiosity—which was really better than a curiosity—and we talked for two hours, till the lunch-bell rang and broke up our conference. To my inquiry, he plainly said that the Church was a divine establishment, and consequently must possess a unity of faith and worship, and there was no Church but the Roman Catholic that met the requirement at every point. On this thought he dilated beyond what is proper to relate here; for I found him not only willing to talk, but quite happy in so doing.

The small boys had their sport on the ship this morning. They made a kite and flew it from the bridge deck, and all morning the kite held its place

two hundred feet in air as steadily as if it were a part of the steamer.

To-morrow, the 9th of February, we will stay all day at Gibraltar, and on Saturday leave for Algiers, where, during a two days' sojourn, we take a trip into the interior. There we catch the first glimpse of Oriental life, and behold Moorish habits and forms. From there to Genoa for three days, and a day in Corsica; and then a four days' sail to Alexandria, where the vessel lies a week, while we go up the Nile to behold the cradle of history, to quiz the Sphinx, and gawk at Pharaoh of the Mosaic days. Then to Joppa and Jerusalem, and all the deeply-inspiring sights around there; and thence to Constantinople, to inspect that wonderful people and see the sultan go to prayers; then to Athens, to bow in the Parthenon and commune with Aristotle in his grove; then a cruise among the important islands of the Mediterranean to Naples, Pompeii, and the crater of Vesuvius; and then to Rome; much of which I will speak of in the future, as occasion and inspiration may permit. I may say that, in all these visits, our home will be on the steamer, to which we return, except when we visit Cairo and Jerusalem.

GIBRALTAR.

II.

THIS morning (February 9th), when I arose and stepped out on the promenade deck, land was visible to the right and left. We were about to leave the Atlantic Ocean and enter the Strait of Gibraltar. Land on the Barbary coast was a dim, purple outline; but on the north it was distinct—a succession of mountains, gray and bleak, and blinking here and there with little villages and pretentious haciendas. In a broad intervale lay Cadiz, like a glow of sunshine. A short distance further along, on the Spanish coast, we see Trafalgar Point, and our ship speeds over the waters where occurred the great naval battle of Trafalgar, where, in 1807, Lord Nelson routed the allied navy, and established British supremacy on the seas. And then, a few miles, and still within sight of Cadiz and Trafalgar, we come to another point, as well known as either, and in this day often referred to—Tarifa, where, in early times, the Moors halted passing vessels, and compelled them to pay tribute for going through the strait. It lies where the Spanish coast comes near the African. On a point of land that projects into the ocean, there is an extensive stone fort, and on the ocean side stands a circular tower fifty or sixty feet high. It was from this tower, probably,

that the Moors sent their thundering edicts, commanding foreign craft to haul to and pay a tax for sailing the straits. This origin of the term applied to the American protective system is seized upon with relish and avidity by its opponents (which all tourists that ever wrote seem to be), and "the robber" and "the pirate" are made synonyms of the manufacturer whose industry is encouraged by a duty.

At frequent intervals along the Spanish coast, round or square towers are seen, relics of the Moorish days. On the Morocco coast these towers appear on the crests of the mountains. On the peaks opposite Tarifa four or five of these turrets are seen—signal stations, probably, to convey to the freebooters at Tarifa intelligence of the approach of their prey. This narrow strait occupies a prominent position in the history of the world. It is thick with romance and adventure, and of events that have deeply impressed the destiny of the human race. It offered to the Moslem the opportunity of putting into crescent form the bloody march of his faith, and to plant in Western Europe a civilization full of deep and lasting import. For seven centuries his power remained, and when at last he was pushed across the strait, he took his stand on the African coast, where he yet lingers, and looks down from its purple summits on the scenes of his former glory.

A crystalline morning when we passed through the strait. The surface of the sea was in smooth waves. The sky was lightly blue, touched here

and there by fleecy clouds. White cumuli, caught on the purple peaks of the Barbary mountains, seemed to be dreams that had taken form and substance, to enjoy the quiet rapture of the morning. Above the eastern horizon a lion couchant rears its dim shape. It is Gibraltar—the monument of British power, the citadel of the Mediterranean.

Thither our vessel proceeds, and in an hour steers to the left into the Bay of Algieceras, and drops anchor at the foot of the slope of this mountain of rock. The waters of the bay are light-green, and peculiarly transparent. The air glints with the white wings of sea-gulls, a great flock of which having assembled under the walls of a water battery. Scores of little boats are rowed about the steamer, ready to carry passengers to land.

And here we are at the foot of Gibraltar, a gray limestone cliff, 1,430 feet high and a mile long. At the western base a town of 20,000 inhabitants climbs in terraces for several hundred feet. The houses are of stone and brick, covered with white or yellow stucco. In the architecture there is an incongruous mixture of English and Spanish, the new structures being of the former style. The streets are narrow, with now and then only a suggestion of a sidewalk. There is one street that runs the length of the rock, and from this others diverge at acute angles, up and down the base. Stores of all kinds line this street, and through it a strange populace mingle in stroll and traffic. There one may see the Moor, the Turk, the Spaniard, the Arab, and characteristic specimens of the three races of men, each preserving his racial



ROCK OF GIBRALTAR AND "NEUTRAL GROUND."

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ideality in garb and manner. There is the placid Turk, in his turban and white burnoose; the haggard Arab, in hood and dirty sack-gown; the Spaniard, with his green sash and straight-brimmed hat; and the miserable beggar, in a combination of tatters. But conspicuous among all these manners and conditions of men, is the English soldier, spick and span in his red coat and natty cap. There are five thousand of these soldiers, and splendidly do they represent the force and dignity of England. They are a companionable and agreeable-looking lot of fellows, who seemed pleased with their state.

After a hasty lunch at the Calpe Hotel, and a good one too, we take carriages and drive up the main street to headquarters, where we obtain permission to visit the galleries and penetrate the interior of Gibraltar. A visit to the "gallery" does not mean, as many at first suppose, a diversion in the line of art, but an inspection of the devices of war. Along the eastern side of the cliff a deep passage or gallery has been cut through the solid rock. In large portions of the way, the passage is subterranean, admitting of ample casemates, where cannons are placed, commanding every point on the eastern side of the mountain. On this side are the Mediterranean and the narrow strip of land that joins Gibraltar to Spain. Looking out from the port-holes, or standing on ledges outside the casemates nearly one thousand feet high, one gets a grand view of the country. Directly in front is the "neutral ground," extending across the strip from bay to sea. This "neutral ground" is a band of green field

about two hundred yards wide. On one side are the sentinels of England; on the other, the pickets of Spain. Between these two armed lines no one dares go, except along the main road that runs across the strip. This road the Seville Guard of Spain, the unexcelled soldiery of Europe, constantly patrol, and the British soldier closely watches. The road is constantly thronged with people, going to and from the towns on either side of the "neutral ground." There is no difficulty in making the journey, if you keep to the road and make no effort to smuggle goods into or out of Spain. The whole scene from the rocky perch of the mountain is intensely interesting. There is peace between two great countries, subjected to the concrete form of a green field, fringed with soldiery.

To the north are the bay and shipping, and a little farther the town of La Roche slumbers on the mountain-side. Beyond the neutral strip the mountain range begins, and on the right the Mediterranean touches the horizon. Several times during our walk through the adamant gallery, we enjoyed the inspiring outlook from the casements, and wondered, every time, if all the armies of the world could take this citadel of nature from the five thousand red-coats. I think not. It was a tiresome climb through these long galleries to the Queen's Gate, through which the courteous old sergeant, who was our guide, declared no stranger was allowed to go. We retraced our steps to our carriages, which had stopped for us near a venerable mosque, erected in 725—the first one built

by the Moors when they had gained a foothold in Spain.

We then drove up the main street to the Alameda, rich in bloom. Though it was the 9th of February, the foliage was decked in the glory of summer. Roses and heliotropes, cacti and castor-oil plants, oranges and bananas, were in the height of their beauty. The good-natured gardener allowed the ladies to help themselves, and our party left in the radiance of rainbows. We rode on to the parade-ground, at the end of the street, and back again to the stores, where the ladies did some shopping, the only obstacle to which experience being the over-anxiety of the tradesmen to sell. The stores were small, and in no important respect different from such affairs elsewhere.

While in a store we heard a fierce clatter of bells, which, in the United States, would have been interpreted an alarm of fire; but it was the signal of the start of a funeral cortege for the church. In a few minutes it appeared coming down the street. Then the storekeeper hustled us all out, shut the door, and kept it closed till the procession had passed by. Everybody on the street took off his hat till the corpse, which was borne on the shoulders of four men, had been carried past. The cortege was composed of three little boys in white gowns, three priests, the bier, and a company of fine-looking men in silk hats following. There were no mourners.

After a surfeit of shopping and gazing along the streets, we took carriages and crossed the "neutral

ground " to the Spanish town of Linea, just beyond. There we passed on foot through the line of revenue officers, and strolled through the narrow streets of the dirty, dead old town. There, indolence, beggary, wretchedness, held equal sway. No mill, no factory, no sign of industry to arouse the community to health or hope. All was as stagnant as a swamp. Here we got our first experience with the beggar. He sticks to you like a leech. He follows you everywhere. He runs after your carriage. If you escape him at one place, he is sure to turn up at the next.

It was evening when we recrossed the "neutral strip," and enjoyed a ride over a smooth road, along the shore of the sea and under the frowning cliffs of the great fortress. At ten o'clock our vessel steamed out of the bay, around Europa Point, and into the Mediterranean.

ALGIERS.

III.

ALL day, February 10th, we sailed the Mediterranean, midway between the African and the Spanish coasts. Southward the skies bent to the sea; northward the horizon was broken by the dim outlines of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The air was soft, and the sea smooth. Every moment of the journey was an enchantment; and from morning till night we lounged or sauntered on the promenade deck, gazing at the sparkling ripples, dozing over pages of travel or novel, watching the racing dolphins cleave the emerald waves. Toward night the shores of Africa appeared on the south, and after dark we came closer to them, their dark forms looming up on the starboard, until in the early morning we sailed into the harbor of Algiers.

I was awakened after daylight by an infinite clatter, the running of ropes over pulleys, and the thumping of a dummy. I hastened on deck, and saw before me the white city of Algiers, covering the slopes of a semicircular range of hills; thousands of its Arab population squirming about on the quay in front of the city, and hundreds on near vessels loading or unloading gravel, cotton, or barley. After breakfast we hastened ashore, and, passing through masses of half-dressed and awfully dirty

Arabs, we found the carriage-stand, and, getting on four wheels, drove up a broad incline to the elevated boulevard, and then through the city to the suburbs.

The streets are paved with stone, the sidewalks with brick. The houses are of stone, usually covered with stucco. There are many airy balconies. French taste is getting the upper hand. The streets are filled with Arabs and similiar nationalities. Wagons, carts, buggies, donkeys, porters with big loads, hucksters, jam and clatter about on the avenues. There are great public basins, here and there, where women are doing the family washing. The bluish, soap-suddy water carries the dirt of scores of dirty families. It is Sunday morning. There are balm and spirit in the sunlit air. We go up the terraced roads, twining about lovely homes. We meet many Europeans in their Sunday clothes going to church, just as we do at home. Along the street wild olives, palms, willows, cedars, and orange-trees grow luxuriously. There is a twining of vines in the garden, and the air is filled with the odor of infinite blooms.

And now we are at the wide gate of the palatial grounds of the governor's residence. A bright little French woman admits us, and convoys us through the palace and the grounds. Her lively chatter, with a sprinkle of English, is quite fascinating. Through the marble halls we wander, up-stairs and down. It was the palace of the Bey of Algiers in the days of Moorish glory. The architecture is Arabic, and simply charming. Delicate ornament traces ceiling and wall. The floors are marble. Everything is so

cold; even the harem makes one shiver. We were glad to get out on the high portico overlooking the tropical gardens and the gleaming sea. The old bey had an eye for natural beauty, and on this outlook he could fill his heart. On the right and left the arms of the mountains extended and embraced the blue Mediterranean. The joyful waves fringed a long curve of shore. Off there, the white crescent of the city. A fine lolling-place, indeed, for the bey and his harem to catch the dream of the dim distances, and to revel in the odor of tropical verdure. We strolled through the gardens. There seemed to be every manner of tree and shrub. There were crystal springs, and little brooks and lakelets. There was a deer-park, and the occupants came up and gawked at us with their big hazel eyes. Flowers glowed on every hand. Every clime had been drawn on for foliage of interest and beauty—the coffee, the bamboo, the India-rubber plant, the cypress, banana, and so on. It was a delicious experience to stroll through this garden of spice. The governor of Algeria was in Paris at the time, so we excursionists had the run of the entire establishment. We stretched ourselves on his soft sofas, and aired our proud forms in his big mirrors.

Soon after driving from the gate, two girls skipped out into the street, to the side of the carriage, and extended their palms for baksheesh, at the same time executing the muscle dance, the same that was proscribed in the Midway Plaisance. We stopped the carriage and gave them an opportunity to entertain us with this absurd dance in all its

native vigor. They hopped and twisted, and shook their shoulders, and wagged their abdomens, and all the time beckoned for baksheesh. It was the most complete misapplication of female grace and loveliness I ever saw. However, it is one of the vagaries of oriental taste.

We drove out into the country. The roads were fine. The land was rolling and rather abrupt. Orange-groves decked the landscape. We met Arabs and donkeys by the hundreds. We overtook a traveling snake-show, and tried to get the Arab to display his treasures, but he shook his head. His wife carried the snakes in a willow basket. He carried a cane. We returned to the city by noon, and took lunch at the Splendid Hotel, which occupies the highest point in the hills back of the city. A fine view from the front, a nicely kept hotel, good rooms, good fish, chicken, bread, coffee—and a good long time getting it ready. In the Orient, time is not considered.

From lunch to a bull-fight. This was Sunday afternoon. A real Spanish Toros en Argel, as given at Seville and Madrid, was advertised to take place in the Arenas of Algiers. It is a capacious amphitheater, holding 6,000 to 10,000 people, and it was filled. Seats were two dollars each, but standing-room and lower benches were somewhat less. It was a gay, bannered sight. The *élite* and fashion filled the upper tiers. There was a grand entry of the picadors, the toreadors, the banderilleros, and matadors, amid a gush of brass-band music and the plaudits of the vast assemblage. The picadors

retired, leaving the others in the arena. They were gaily dressed in velvet vests and tights, which gleamed with gilt embroidery. They were fine-looking fellows physically. Each carried on his arm a red strip or curtain of some light material. A blare of the trumpet, and a frantic bull dashed into the arena, and looked from one to another of the tormentors ranged in front of him. One approached nearer, and flaunted the red cloth at the brute, which dashed at him; but he stepped aside, when the bull sprang at another who confronted him, and then another, until the tired bull stood amazed and disgusted at the failure of his attacks. One graceful toreador now approached within six feet of him, waved the red cloth in his face, when the bull sprang at his tormentor, who stepped aside, and the bull turned and dashed at him again, and so the attacks and escapes kept up in a zigzag dos-à-dos half-way across the arena. The toreador was as mild and graceful in his manner as if he were dancing the minuet. Another toreador, at whom the bull dashed, missed his calculation, turned and ran, the bull after him close to his heels. It was an exciting race. As the man leaped the railing the bull's horns penetrated the thin boards. The bull got very tired, and panted and pawed the earth. A very hazardous part of the combat was when a banderillero approached the bull in front, holding in each hand a short spear, which he waved aloft, and then springing right into the face of the bull, thrust a dart into each shoulder of the brute. This was a rage-rouser, and the banderillero vaulted

away in a hurry. It was a close-call every time, and the audience would cheer when the man would make both darts stick. One trick that electrified the throng was when a banderillero had flaunted and ambled with the bull for some time, and then lay down on his back within three feet of the bull's nose. Another was where the man would go up and lay his hand on the bull's horns, and pet him. That would fill the air with plaudits, and excite the admirers of the banderillero to send in bouquets and boxes of cigars. Finally, the two picadors (horsemen with lances) were admitted to the arena. They pranced about the ring for some time, and finally one aimed a blow at the bull and spurred on his steed. The pike entered the side, glanced under the skin, broke, and the poor brute ran about the ring with half the spike sticking in his side. It was a horrible, disgusting sight. The audience groaned at the awkwardness of the picador. In the bull's rage he darted against a toreador, ran over him, and for awhile the Toros en Argel seemed to be a shivering success. Finally, a matador, standing beside the dazed, exhausted, quivering beast, thrust a straight sword down back of the shoulders, into the heart. To have been a success, the bull should have fallen instantly, but the thrust was awkward, and the poor animal stood for five minutes, and then had to be forced to fall. The crowd cheered and groaned, the brass band blew, a gaudy drag was driven in to take out the dead bull, and I left. I had got my surfeit of the horrible nonsense. They killed three other bulls, and Mademoiselle and

Senorita remained and parted their pretty lips in delight when the banderilleros thrust their goads into the bloody shoulders of the bulls, and the matadors stabbed the beasts to the heart. I saw the American ladies who ventured in, hide their eyes and weep.

I will offset this mean narrative by one of fairer import. Many years, perhaps centuries ago, when war raged between the Moor and the Christian, the latter captured a young Moor by the name of Geronimo, and took him to Spain, where he became converted and embraced Christianity. Afterwards he was recaptured by the Moors and taken to Algiers, where every effort was made to get him to recant, but he refused. He was subjected to various tortures, but held out courageously for the new faith he had embraced. So, one day, while some workmen were making artificial stone for a citadel then building, Geronimo was taken, tightly bound, and thrust into the center of a box or vat of liquid concrete, which hardened about him, and thus he became a part of the stone, which was built into the citadel. Generations passed, and the citadel yielded to the progress of the age, and was torn down. The legend of Geronimo was of common report in Algeria, and an old archæologist had fixed upon a certain stone as the one in which the young Moor suffered his horrible interment. So, he procured the stone, carefully parted it, and found a perfect mold of the martyr. In this mold he cast a plaster of Paris image of Geronimo, which was so perfect that not only every muscle but the very expressions of the

young man were shown. This image is lying on its abdomen, with the legs and arms drawn up just as the tight cords forced them. The head was slightly raised, and I observed in the face an expression of joy rather than of pain. It was a pleasant, happy face. The song of the martyr dying at the stake has drifted into silence long ago, but still remain in the rocky mold the smile and joy of Geronimo, who surrendered his life in behalf of his faith. The image is in a large glass case, in a hall of relics attached to the cathedral in Algiers, and, taking it all in all, it is one of the most interesting objects I saw on the trip.

We took a ride away up the seashore, to the church of the sailors, which is set on a hill overlooking the harbor. Here one gets a fine view of the semicircular city, and the mole, and the site of the old fort, which was a strong defense against Christendom when the hand of the latter was raised against the corsair and the oppressor of Christian captives. In the bright waters before us, many a sea-fight took place, but the Algerian seemed invincible in his stronghold, until 1830, when the French captured the city, and subdued Algeria, which ever since has advanced under the mild and intelligent sway of France.

AMONG THE MOORS.

IV.

OUR vessel arrived at Genoa yesterday morning (February 15th). The trip from Algiers took forty hours. Wednesday was a bad day on the Mediterranean. The sea has a movement of its own, and our big ship pitched fearfully. Nearly all the passengers were seasick, and I was no exception. It was worse than on the Atlantic, but did not continue so long. I was heartily glad, when I was awakened yesterday by the strains of the brass band, to find we were lying at the Genoa dock, and the beautiful city smiling upon us.

But before I say anything concerning Genoa, which I have been enjoying to the full the last two days, I must begin where I left off at Algiers, and tell more of my observations there. On Monday I went on an excursion to Blidah, an inland town about twenty miles from Algiers. A railroad runs thither. The cars are little, short things, of small compartments, the same as are used on all European railroads. A person accustomed to the big coaches on the American railroads feels quite shut up in one of these baby cars. The day was a beauty; the trip intensely enjoyable. The country through which the road runs is a paradise. The land is rich and highly cultivated. I never saw in America

such elegant and luxurious gardens. In fact, the farms were great gardens, devoted to beans, peas, cabbages, artichokes, and the vegetables common to this country. The peas were up two feet. The cabbages were heading. Orange-groves decked the land, all golden with their ripe fruit. Vineyards covered great areas. Now and then we came to fields of oats and alfalfa. I saw the laborers in lines moving across the fields, cultivating everything to perfection as they went. Here and there, elegant, creamy white villas graced the smiling land, and all told of plenty and repose. It was a wholly different scene from that which my fancy had pictured. Instead of an Eden I thought I would see a blasted land, spotted with Arab tents and tarnished by poverty and indolence. Along the roads the Arabs drove their little donkeys, or traveled in threes and fours, but all around them was a goodly land, absorbing all the wealth of fair skies and a gentle sun.

On the east the Atlas Mountains heaved their huge forms to the sky, and I would look from orange-groves to crests of snow. The white summits gleamed in the sunlight. They were so close that the peaks seemed like silver. Thus, in natural scenery, the contrasts were as vivid as in the human multitude. Palaces and hovels, oranges and snow, French and Arabs. We passed through the towns Bene-Mered, Boufark, Birtouta, Baba-Ali, Agha, all Arabic names, as the reader will discern. Blidah is a city whose population is nine-tenths Arabs. On our arrival at the depot, we took carriages for the

French hotel, where we had lunch, and then rode through the town. It is a dismal-looking place; narrow streets, lined with small shops and stores, around which the Arabs clustered and loafed with consuming ease. I calculate there were a thousand in the little plaza. They were simply lounging. They live almost like dogs. They sleep on a mat in the burnouses they wear, and live on beans and black bread. They smoke cigarettes incessantly, and how they get enough wealth ahead to keep up the cigarette smoke, I can not conceive. On their heads they wear fezzes, turbans, and hoods, or some divergence from these varied headgear; but their burnouses range all the way from a meager pillow-case to a many-folded muslin wrap, but always exceedingly dirty. The legs are bare from the knees down, but on their feet they generally wear rude slippers or sandals.

When we had inspected the town and the natives, our excursion started on a drive to the "Gorge," a romantic pass in the Atlas Mountains, about ten miles distant. It was a delightful drive. The roads are good. They are limestone pikes, beautifully graded. I do not think any country in the world has better roads than Algeria. The French pride themselves in making them perfect. The gutters are clean and paved. In every half mile or so, a level space is left at the roadside for the storing of limestone, which is broken up and ready to be placed where the slightest wearing of the road appears. Eucalyptus and catalpa trees are planted along the roadside, and sometimes luxuriant

rows of cactus. In fact, they are ideal roads; and I thought, how the cyclist would enjoy Algeria.

The gorge is not as great as the canyons in Colorado and Idaho, but it is a grand sight. The cliffs rose on either side a thousand feet or more, down which streaks of waterfall, formed by the snows on the summits, leap in tinkling tones that are very sweet. But the admiration is attracted from these delicious glimpses of nature to the splendid feat of the French engineers in building the pike and railroad through the canyon. The pike is cut through the solid rock of the hillside, and on the outer side, walled up as solid as the cliff itself. The railroad runs in and out of the mountain side, and on bridges of arched masonry, crosses many times the creek that sparkles through the valley.

At every little distance along the pike little Arab beggars would jump out from the roadside and run after the carriage, crying "un sou" at every step. We tossed pennies to some of them, but they were too many to make a wholesale distribution. Two little chaps, in short skirts, ran after our carriage fully a mile, saying "un sou" at every step, each in a different key, which, if set to music, would be a quaint tune, though without variation. Every five minutes we met straggling Arabs, each with a donkey not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, and with a load as big as a hoghead.

We reached Algiers at dusk, and took dinner on the steamer, which has become quite a home to all the excursionists. The next morning I took a foot journey through Algiers, and especially through the

Arab quarter. A five minutes' walk from the boulevard takes one to the narrow streets of the old Arab part of the city. These streets are four to twelve feet wide, lined on both sides by lofty stone buildings, whose tops seem nearly to touch. Here the Arabs live and flourish. Here you meet them at every step. They fill the streets, and you run up against them and meet them face to face. Here, too, you meet their women, whose faces are covered, from their eyes down, with white or black veils, more or less dirty, above which their dark eyes flash on you like coals of fire. While meandering through these narrow defiles, called streets, I heard young voices in concert issuing from a dark, damp hallway, and feeling a little curious, I entered and opened the door, and there beheld an Arab school in progress. I went in and stood there, little wondering if the old, white-bearded Arab pedagogue would put me out or no. But he did n't; he did n't look at me; he did n't know I was there, probably; for he kept on marking away on a big card that he had before him, while the pupils, all squatted on the floor, went on with their recitation, repeating in concert something from dirty cards that they held in their hands. They all eyed me closely, and some of them grinned; but there was not a break in their senseless monotone. On my further progress, I happened upon another school, which I visited, and there the teacher observed me, but did n't even nod or offer me a chair, probably for the very good reason that he wanted it himself. Here, as in the other school, all the pupils, about twenty of them,

- were sitting cross-legged upon the floor, reciting aloud, altogether, from big cards they held in their hands.

In these narrow streets, all kinds of business are going on—blacksmithing, shoemaking, carpentry, cooking, selling. I saw one girl rattling away at a sewing-machine. In many places I saw them cooking. They cook in the front room, and eat in the back. But the messes they frizzle and fry, I would n't like to eat. The sweet smell haunts me still. I was glad to get out of the dirty thoroughfares, and stand on the heights of Algiers once more in the sun and the pure air. Near where we emerged from the Arab street is the old castle of Casba, the original stronghold of the Moors, where they used to imprison and execute Christians. I saw the chain still hanging from which the martyrs' heads were suspended for the populace to view before they were given to the Arabs to use as footballs to make merry with. As I stood looking at it, and thinking of the black times that used to be, I put my hands behind me and struck them against a strand of barbed wire fence, from America, when my dismal reverie suddenly ceased, and I was jolted down to a realizing sense of a happier, freer day.

I visited a mosque, where I had to take off my shoes in order to walk on the holy carpet; but I was repaid by the joy of walking through a wilderness of curious architectural columns, and by seeing a well-dressed Turk enter the mosque, kneel on the floor, and bow his face three times to the carpet. Before he did this, he went to a stone basin at the

entrance, where he washed his hands and feet, as a sort of precautionary measure.

There is much difficulty getting along in these strange countries when one knows only the English language. One could get along with French anywhere. At Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, nearly everybody talks French, and whoever hopes to see these interesting countries should fortify himself with at least a smattering of French before he starts.

This evening our vessel starts for Alexandria, Egypt, and on my way thither I will write of my observations at Genoa, which is a wonderful city.

GENOA.

V.

THERE is so much of interest connected with Algiers that I regret to leave off writing about it; but a tourist must make up his mind to abandon fancies, and take things as they come.

I write this letter while our vessel is sailing the Corsican coast. Yesterday we left Genoa, after a three days' pleasant stay. The weather was perfect and the skies wore their deepest blue. A light overcoat was comfortable, and yet the blooming flowers and green leaves made it seem a little out of tune. The first thing I did was to pay a visit to the American consul, and went with Colonel Wilson, who held a letter from the United States State Department to all our representatives abroad, obtained through our cousin, Senator Wilson, of Iowa. Now, it agreeably happened that the consul at Genoa was an Iowa man, and a particular friend of Senator Wilson, and so our reception was most cordial. Mr. Fletcher, the consul, has been in office since 1884, and was full of information, which he conveyed with liberality and enthusiasm. He kindly gave us a personal letter to the vice-consul at Cairo, which we hope will be of much assistance to us in enjoying that city. (There are six stalwart

and educated Norwegians in the writing-room while I am scratching this letter, and if, through their incessant and clamorous conversation, I shall be able to steer a straight sentence, I will be entitled to a blue ribbon).

After Mr. Fletcher had informed us of the interesting points in Genoa, he referred to some packages on his table, as containing some valuable documents, one of which was a *fac-simile* of Ferdinand and Isabella's commission to Columbus. I remarked the *fac-simile* had lost its interest absolutely, for I had seen the original at the World's Fair. He laughed, and replied: "No indeed; that at the Chicago Exposition was only a *fac-simile*, for I furnished it myself." I was greatly surprised, for I recollected with what deep feeling of reverence I lifted my hat in recognition of the sacredness of the document in the La Rabida, at Chicago, in conformity with the suggestion of the placard that all gentlemen will remove their hats in the presence of the holy parchment.

After leaving the consulate, we directed our steps to the house where Christopher Columbus lived, it being the first object of interest that Genoa suggests to an American. Columbus was not born here, and it is not known that he lived here, but it is supposed, as his father bought the place in 1457, the discoverer made his home here a part of the time. This supposition is all that connects his name with Genoa. It is only a few minutes' walk to the house, which stands on a narrow and winding street. Though it is five stories high, it is very

narrow, not over ten feet wide, and stands between, and is built in with other houses, still higher. One can hardly imagine how a family could live in such a splinter of a house. It bears a yellowish tint and is a very shabby-looking structure. There is a marble sign on it announcing the fact of its purchase by Columbus's father in 1457. While our little party was gazing up at it, a number of people passing by, and wondering what we were gawking at, stopped and looked too, with some interest, but very probably not realizing the curiosity that gives Genoa a great deal of its fame abroad. I suspect some of them never knew of the existence of the structure, or at least its historical connection, until that morning, when they observed our little coterie of pilgrims gazing devotedly at the house; and then, as if uncertain as to the object of our curiosity, they would catch the direction of our glances, and look too, soon to drop their gaze in disappointment, and go their way.

While at the American consulate, Mr. Fletcher pointed out the house, close by, where Charles Dickens wrote "Pictures from Italy," and told us that under a cluster of cedars on a knoll, rising over the harbor, opposite the lighthouse, rested the remains of James Smithson, the natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, who, dying here in 1829, willed over a half million dollars to the United States, wherewith to establish a great seat of science, which was the beginning of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington City.

One of the most interesting places to visit is the

Campo Santo, which is the cemetery of Genoa. It is not an ordinary cemetery, such as we have in the United States, but a beautiful gallery, where a person may wander for hours, and be charmed and subdued. It is a great structure, in the form of a hollow square, through which long halls and corridors run. Here the walls are filled with casements in which the dead repose, in plain caskets, or underneath the most splendid exhibits of art. It is a gallery in which the sentiment of sorrow finds its most varied expression. Sculpture has dealt deftly with the ideals of grief. It would be impossible, except in a book of good size, to give the reader an idea of the variety of expression which bereavement has here put in marble form. I never saw a gallery of art, where the graces and divinities of mythology have evoked more delicate delineations. Some of the groups, depicting in life-size the death-bed scenes or the very realistic expression of the widow's woe, are a little too exact, however, to figure in art.

A visit to the various palaces next claimed my attention. Every elegant and artistic edifice is called a palace. One of the noted is the old Palace of the Doges, now used as a municipal headquarters; and but one room, the council chamber, a splendid apartment, is left to declare the glory of the departed doges. The Palace Doria is a marble structure of grand proportions, filled with great halls, corridors, and staircases, all marble, of graceful forms. The walls are adorned with pictures by Guido, Rubens, Vandyke, and others of the masters. It is the finest gallery of art in Genoa. As I wandered

through its beautiful halls, I felt the chill of the marble to the very soul, for there was nothing to warm the stately rooms but the colors with which art had adorned the walls. In this architectural achievement, our party had to keep their hats on to insure us against a cold. It was an artistic triumph, where the brain took little counsel of the heart. All the palaces are akin to it, and it is useless to tell of them. In the summer time, they might have left a different impression.

In the magnificent old church of St. Lorenzo, whose walls are an alternation of light and dark marble, the seat where Paganini sat, and played his angelic violin, is shown to the stranger with a proud wave of the guide's hand. I would have given more to have seen Verdi, who was in the city at the time, than to have cast a respectful eye on the chair which Paganini once occupied; but Verdi, eighty-four years old, was secluded and unobservable. In the church is a treasury of relics, which our party, by the payment of half a franc each, were permitted to see, under the guidance of a benign old priest. Here gold and silver relics and presents, adorned with precious stones of every hue and great cost, are kept under heavy lock and constant guard. But the millions represented in these gems and metals, were not so engaging to my curiosity as the veritable (?) glass dish which the Queen of Sheba presented to Solomon, or the real hand of the Virgin Mary's mother, or a shining tress of the Virgin herself. Likewise in this church are the ashes of John the Baptist's body, and many other wonderful

relics, all of which my fancy, which is alert and hyperbolic, and which is friendly to the delusion of pleasant things, covers with the mists of doubt.

I may speak of other things in Genoa at another time, but the delight of a visit to the Villa Pallavicini, so fills my mind, that I must give it a passing notice at least. It is located at Pegle, a suburban village, five miles distant. A ride there gives a good view of interior Italian life, and is along a road full of business activity. The villa's chief feature is its splendid park, located on a winding mountain side, from which the views of mountain, sea, and city, are perfectly entrancing. The walks are skillfully laid out and finely constructed. Trees from all the tropics flourish there luxuriantly. Plants that bear flowers of every hue and name fringe the promenades. After one walks till he wearies of the gorgeousness of the leafy world, he comes to a grotto and takes a little boat over a silver lake, and rides among great unique pillars, and in the dim silence, to an exit where he floats out upon another lake, banked by verdure and graceful in its line of shore. It was all a fairy scene, where one could only gaze and wonder, and feel the charm of elysian life. At several points are quaint little structures of different styles of architecture, the interior of which has some pleasing fancy. For instance, one has such a combination of mirrors that one can see the situation in which he stands reproduced many times in a long lengthening gallery. It was all very wonderful and beautiful. The proprietor lives in a palace near by—himself, wife, and son—and has, no

doubt, found more joy in the development of his ideal than in its actual existence.

Genoa is a great city, and rather pleasant to live in, I imagine. The streets seem to run in all directions; but this feature a person would enjoy, just as well as the right-angled affairs, when he becomes acquainted. The main streets are thirty or forty feet wide, a few of them more; but from the main avenues branch narrow thoroughfares ten or fifteen feet wide, along which stores and shops are in full operation. They wind in and out, and up and down, in the most singular fashion. It is all gabble and activity within. All sorts of traffickers and artisans there employ themselves, and the noise is incessant—the noise of talk drowns out everything else. It seems to me the Italian absolutely enjoys articulation. He loves the glib of words. Their flow seems necessary to the equilibrium of his soul. Half a dozen would talk at once, and with such vigor that one would be sure they were all mad. I walked a mile through one of these narrow streets, and when I emerged at the port, it took a long, steady gaze at the blue Mediterranean to restore my thoughts to composure.

The city covers the mountain side. The buildings are usually five or six stories high, and made of stone covered with stucco. This gives them a mellow tint that is pleasing. Many of them are adorned with touches of fresco, and traceries of pale hues; and where a window is needed to give harmony, they paint one.

Riding along the business streets one morning,

we enjoyed the passing throng of splendid-looking men and women who filled the sidewalks. There was an appearance of intentness and earnestness, which, accompanied by a demeanor of grace and courtesy, made the scene beautiful. "See that tall, strongly-built man yonder, talking with the two men?" said our guide, pointing in the direction. "Yes, I see him." "Well, that's the son of Garibaldi."

CORSICA.

VI.

WHILE the excursion sojourned at Genoa, a large number of the party took a run over to Monte Carlo, a city of distinguished bewitchery, and some of them, we hear, indulged in the tempting vagaries of the place, only to a temperate degree, however, merely to say to some bosom friends that they ventured at Monte Carlo, and were not disappointed. It is a fascinating place, and those of us who remained at Genoa, could not awaken regret in the hearts of those who went, by describing the beauties of Pallavicini or Campo Santo, or the dreamy reminiscences of Columbus's old home and the Palaces of the Doges.

One of the number, Mr. Benedict, of New York—I may say it, I hope, without offense—lost money at Monte Carlo—four hundred dollars—and his character too; but I must hasten to say it was not through the allurements of the velvet route. In an envelope, in an inner breast pocket of his coat, he had four hundred dollars in English five-pound notes, and likewise, what he regarded more highly than the money, an autograph letter from President Cleveland, commending him to the favor of princes and potentates abroad. In the jam at the railroad station, a pick-pocket managed to extricate these valuables,

and make way with them. Mr. Benedict said he felt the scoundrel's hands at his pocket, but was so crushed and pressed that he could not raise an arm, or make the least resistance. The most friendly relations exist between Mr. Benedict and Mr. Cleveland, so he wired the President the news of his loss, whereupon the President sent another letter, and in the transmittal remarked, in order to assuage his friend's grief over the loss, that "this was not the first time a gentleman had lost his 'character' in going abroad." I believe this was the only loss at Monte Carlo that leaked out, and this the genial Benedict related in full hearing of the promenade deck.

At eight o'clock in the evening (February 17th), we left Genoa, and in the morning our ship was anchored before Ajaccio, the capital of the island of Corsica. It was a bright Sunday morning. Many little boats fluttered about our great steamer, ready to take us ashore. This matter of getting from the ship to land was a service that the passengers had to take upon themselves, which I thought very strange. It occurred to me that such service should be regarded as part of the trip—from land to land—and thus relieve a hesitating pilgrim from an inconvenience, and oftentimes an imposition. When I get charge of the high seas, I will order this reform.

The native Corsican seems to be a stolid creature, bent on the simplest realities. He is heavily garbed, and moves heavily; but there is a primitiveness and a simplicity about him that is interesting; yet he will cheat you out of your boots if he can. Our little skiff is moored to a stone quay;

we leap out, pay our franc to the boatman, and meander through the town. There are five-story houses, well built, fine gardens, well-paved streets, and some nice stores. From the town, almost anywhere, there are fine sea and mountain views. Market was in full progress that Sunday morning. Women presided over the benches, and did the selling. They were ungainly people, with big waists and heavy steps, and they would chug their fat fingers into the flesh of the butchered kids, or hold up the raw kid-skins, or turn over a paddle of smearcase, or cut a slice of crumbly white cheese, or squeeze a cabbage, anything to keep their stock moving, while the hesitating customers passed by. Potatoes, oranges, onions, beans, lettuce, cheese, and kid-meat and skins were the principal objects of traffic. The kid is the universal meat there, which is the secret of the kid-glove supply.

In the public square, where the people came to hear the music, and the families to take their airing, and the lovers to promenade, gambling institutions were in full blast, and men, women, and children played their pennies on the wheel of fortune, lost and won, as indifferently as if eating popcorn. And the priest would come along and try his luck on the rainbow circle, and the flary damsel, in green frock and cotton embroidery, would rake in the ecclesiastical venture as stolidly as she would the half-francs of the *Fürst Bismarck* pilgrim. It was a fête day of some kind, and everybody seemed sprinkled with bits of colored paper. The women's heads and shoulders were frequently covered with these paper

bits, and it seemed to be anybody's privilege to throw the paper on anybody else.

We visited the house in which Napoleon Bonaparte was born. It is on a narrow side street, but is a house of some pretensions, being four stories, of stone, and having over twenty rooms. It was the home of ease and comfort. We were taken through the rooms, shown the one in which Napoleon was born, which contains most of the furniture of the eventful day. The house is owned by Empress Eugenie, who has given orders to keep it as it was when the Bonaparte family left it. From there we went to the cathedral, where he was christened, and where he went with his father and mother to church.

On one side of the town there is a fort; moats and gardens about it, and a delightful blending of sea and mountain views. There were flurries of pigeons, and boys playing hopscotch on the pavements. In the saloons men were talking noisily over wine and absinthe. A French soldier now and then was seen. Snow gleamed from the mountain that hovered over the town. We walked away up the strand, along streets of loitering people, to a little church on a knoll overlooking the sea. Services were just out, and the dominie was talking with some of the "official members," one of whom had a gun, and another was smoking a dismal pipe, while their big-bodied wives, in dirty black, waited for them. I looked in the church—it was gloomy and smelly. The saints on the wall were tattered and forlorn, and wholly incapable, I thought, of raising one's thoughts a few inches above the earth.

Their religion, I saw, was heavy and dismal, like themselves.

Some of the younger men of our excursion, sitting in front of the hotel on the main avenue, threw a few pennies out into the street to see the boys scramble for them. The crowd of scramblers grew and grew, and the members thereof grew also, until there was an excited crowd of two or three hundred, grabbing for small coins. It got so excited that the police tried to disperse them, which they were unable to do, whereupon the mayor of the town came, and appealed to the crowd to disband, and asked the young men to desist in throwing coins. For a while the excitement abated; but an occasional throw of coins so excited the crowd again that it became clamorous, and the young men started down the street, and the throng followed, noisy and demonstrative. As the crowd moved down the street, the young men, through stores, chapels, or market-ways, eluded it, and the throng, now a howling mob, turned on a well-known, silver-headed pilgrim from Philadelphia, who, not related at all to the cause of the excitement, was going to the boat, and followed him to the pier. So close, clamorous, and wicked-looking was the mob, that he jumped into the first yawl, and ordered the boatman to hurry to the ship. Thus he left the hooting crowd without a victim. When he was rowed within a few rods of the ship, the boatman demanded a sovereign for the service. As the dispute over the price progressed, the yawl drifted near the gangway, when our pilgrim jumped

to the steps, threw back a franc—the regular price—and fled from a storm of threats and imprecations hurled against him by the boatman.

That night on the steamship divine service was held, conducted by the two Episcopal bishops. The second cabin was filled with worshipers, and it was really interesting to see who would appear as the respecters of religion, on the boat. It was a splendid representation of the passenger-list. Bankers, lawyers, millionaires, manufacturers gathered silently in, with crowds of women. Our friend from Philadelphia, who had escaped the Ajaccio mob, occupied the organ-stool, and, with the assistance of a New York operator and two handsome ladies, suffused the occasion with "Rathburn" and "Coronation" and the uplifting glories of the Ritual.

Late at night our boat turned southward, and sailed along the west coast of Corsica; then through the Strait of Bonifacio, that separates Corsica from Sardinia; thence direct through the Tyrrhenian Sea to the Strait of Messina, where we arrived on the morning of February 20th. Just after daylight we passed Stromboli, standing out perpendicularly from the sea, and emitting a cloud of smoke, through which there was anon a flash of fire. For centuries Stromboli has been quietly active, and is the birth-place of the science of volcanology. The morning was cold and ugly; but the high waves, that had been rolling and roaring all night, abated as we approached the Strait of Messina, so we were all out on deck to see Scylla and Charybdis, the noted monsters that were wont to snatch the mariners

from the ships that sailed the strait away back in the mystic ages of the world.

We passed through the strait into a dark and angry sea again. There was a chill north wind that tore the surface of the water into tatters of foam. I could see, miles and miles ahead, the big waves madly dancing, and a black, angry sky brooding over them. O, I thought, is the captain going to push this vessel out into those horrors? Well, he did; and for two days and nights we fought a fearful tempest.

The great waves arose as high as the ship, and threw their white foam to the upper decks. Our steamer was a toy in their awful play, and it pitched and rolled incessantly. Sometimes it would give a big roll, and a person might be sure that the vessel would go completely over, when it would right itself and turn to the other side, as if it would go clear over this time, sure. And then the big waves would dance over the deck of the vessel, and howl and roar as if they were impatient for their victim; but the good ship would pull itself up again, and the demons of the water release their grasps, and fall back into the angry sea, and howl and lash themselves with fury. Within the vessel five out of six persons were seasick, and myself, of course, among the number. I sought the seclusion of my stateroom, and at every roll could hear the dishes and glasses crash, the trunks shoot across the rooms, and all movable property keeping time with the mad-dened surges. Part of the time the ship plowed the trough of the sea, and the rolling was fearful; but just as I was getting accustomed to that horror,

the course was changed, and she plunged across the waves, when she pitched heavily, and I stood on my heels and on my head in wild alternation, through the night. So violent were the waves that they broke the strong iron railing about the upper decks. One poor sailor was slammed so forcibly against the ship that his leg was broken. On the afternoon and evening of the 21st the storm was at its height; but by midnight we glided from it, and the next morning we were all out on deck, enjoying the glimpses of the sunshine and telling the experiences of the day before. The officers say they never saw such a storm in the Mediterranean, and that it is meaner than the Atlantic for cutting up capers. I am now glad I was in the storm; but I am infinitely gladder I am out of it. I must remark that my thoughts, during this ride on the bilious billows, wended homeward, but not altogether in complete despair; for I had added \$10,000 of accident policy the day before I left, and so I persuaded myself that even shipwreck might not be wholly devoid of blessings.

The storm abated on the 22d, and that evening we observed Washington's birthday in the main cabin, which was gorgeously decorated in patriotic hues. Everybody attended. Mr. Paul Dana, of New York, acted as master of ceremonies, and finely he did his part. Excellent addresses were made by Bishop Perry and Judge Tree, in English, and by a general of the German army, in German. The speeches and music were fervently patriotic. It was an evening of joy and pride; a very decided improvement on the previous evening.

EGYPT.

VII.

THE storm on the Mediterranean delayed our ship a day, so we did not disembark at Alexandria till the 23d, although our schedule said the 22d. It was a glorious thing to get on solid ground again, and to feel that one could calculate with certainty upon one's steps. On land a person can let the memories of a rough sea voyage nestle in his mind with supreme satisfaction. Fifty or sixty little boats danced about our big ship when I went out on the deck that morning. Many flew the banner of the "Cook Tours;" and several of the "Gaze Tours;" and some were in hopes of carrying ashore those who had not booked with Cook or Gaze. These are two great touring companies, which ticket passengers all through the Eastern Hemisphere. For instance, you want to go to Calcutta, and visit on the way London, Paris, Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Cairo, etc., you can buy a through ticket in New York, and then find an agent of the company at these places to receive you, provide you a hotel, show you about, and then send you safely on your journey. Both companies furnish these conveniences to those on the *Fürst Bismarck* who desire them. Many contract with one of these companies for the sight-seeing advantages they possess, on

going ashore. I took the Gaze Company. They charged forty dollars to land one at Alexandria, transport him to Cairo and return, pay the hotel expenses of a six days' stay, provide carriages, dragomen, pay guides, etc. The Cook Company charged sixty dollars for about the same service. It is more economical and more satisfactory to a stranger to buy the opportunities which these companies give. There is a scale of prices for each city we visit, but that of Cairo is the greatest expense because of a longer stay and a one hundred and thirty-one mile railroad ride.

The Gaze agent at Alexandria is a French Arab or an Arabic Frenchman, I could hardly tell which; but he was a daisy, and had his little fleet of boats well in hand, and had us sailing from the ship to the port before the other passengers had left the vessel. He worked us through the passport and revenue offices without the slightest delay, and sent us, in carriages, sight-seeing over the city, as a prelude to the lunch. Alexandria is a stirring city; has some elegant houses and fine streets; many of the people are well-to-do Europeans, but the great bulk of the population are Arabs, with their peculiar dress, their unclean appearance, their squatting around, their unceasing smoking, and their violent gabble. They have no front yards or garden-spots. Their homes are more like caves than houses—smoky, dirty, dark, and foully odorous. But so they have been for thousands of years, and so it seems they are determined to be. Alexandria is an ancient city—founded by Alexander the Great in

the fourth century before Christ, and yet it is a modern city. Nothing of the ancient Alexandria remains except Pompey's Pillar, and this we first went to on our morning drive. It is on a little elevation of land at the edge of the city, and appears to be wholly neglected. There is no railing, no guard, no care of the spot, and it is only made use of by the dirty children as the best opportunity for their demands for baksheesh. The human vermin surrounded us on all sides, pleading for money. One could hardly enjoy the pillar for their clamor. And yet, in the midst of the degradation, a person could not help letting his mind run back into the hoary age when it was raised, and thinking of the centuries, so full of great events, through which it stood. The pillar is a Corinthian column of five pieces; the height is ninety-eight feet, the principal shaft being seventy-three feet and one piece. This is the only link in a city that has had more to do with the philosophy, science, religion of the world than any other place now existing, to recall the vital scenes of the past. The Pharos was here—one of the seven wonders of the world; but that has melted in the flood of time, and on the spot where it greeted the beaming waves of the Mediterranean stands a commonplace lighthouse. All the poetry and romance have departed except a mournful *hic jacet*, which one must behold in his dreams.

After a good lunch at the principal hotel, and a little shopping for trinkets, we took the train for Cairo at 4.30 P. M. As our crowd was large, there was quite a hustle for good seats in a train made up

of first, second, and third class cars, or carriages, as they are called here. In the same car there are often the three classes, and the difference in the prices is material. The first class is about the same as in the United States; the second a little over half; while the third is nearly as low as freight. Here a trunk must be paid for when checked, and the check consists of a little way-bill. The business is done smoothly and promptly, except the usual Arabic clatter is necessary. It always is. I thought the Italians were vociferant in their talk, but the Arabs, when they differ the slightest, make a bedlam. But of this anon.

It was a delightful ride from Alexandria to Cairo. The day was lovely—blue skies above and green fields below. The road runs through a level country and crosses the Nile two or three times. As far as the eye can reach, on both sides, there is an expanse of verdure, darkened now and then by plowed fields, or plumed by clusters of palm-trees. It is a land of life. Every hundred feet or so, in the whole ride, is an Arab or a donkey; a flock of goats or a string of camels; a strange-looking cow or a small, bony horse. Wherever you see an animal, near by is an Arab. One will squat in the grass for an hour attending his goat, donkey, or cow, while it eats. The animal will be tethered so as to just nip the clover, and eat as it proceeds. A cow or camel is never seen knee-deep in clover, but is permitted to proceed only as it eats the grass clean. The most rigid observance of this rule is noticed all over Egypt. The cows are mostly the sacred cattle sort,

that Barnum used to show—the ugly, mouse-colored cattle, with receding horns. They are milked, used to carry burdens, and driven to the wooden stake-plow. The whole scene that passes as the train rushes on is a panorama most wonderful to a Buckeye. Yonder is a tandem team of camels, like an exquisite piece of embroidery to the beautiful landscape; here a village of adobe huts, knit together as closely as the cells of a honeycomb, where the Arabs live in darkness, smoke, and ill-flavors; there a cluster of Bedouin tents, which strange people have come up from the desert for a few weeks to glean where others have sown; everywhere, ditches running in rectangular lines, carrying water to the fields, and at intervals water-wheels, turned by the “sacred cattle,” pumping water to irrigate the land; clusters of Arabs, both sexes, all ages, and a variety of attires, walking, riding, leading cows or camels along the narrow roads; men in white burnouses driving afield their wooden stake-plows or breaking the black clods with their short-handled mattocks; the waving plumes of the palms; the far-away opaline horizons; the slender streaks of yellow minarets—all suffused in the bright, warm tints of an Egyptian sunset—make a picture that fills at all points the youthful dreams of the Orient. I have seen just such things in paint or steel-plate, fairly portrayed, of course, but never did they approach the real. I have seen the artist put on canvas the camel with its Arab rider, plodding the horizon amid a revelry of palms. I saw the same in fact on this ride up the Nile, sublimated by green

fields and distant mosques, and the silver of the Egyptian sun. The old dreams had come true. The visions of school-days were before my eyes, and I gazed out of that car-window until the evening shadows came and drew a soft curtain of stars over the materialized reminiscence of idyllic days.

Passing the adobe villages was a time for straining eyes, to catch the character of the interiors and the condition of the inhabitants. Always at the entrances there were motley crowds, leaning or squatting against the walls, with an accompaniment of chickens, cats, dogs, and donkeys. It was a dismal sight, ever. The home-life of the Arab is not much above the pen-life of the pig. It is a place to sleep and eat, and very poor sleep and poor eat, too. They sleep in the clothes they plow in, and wash their hands when they are so dirty as to prevent muscular action. The donkey and the man are in accord in life and ideas, more so than the man and his wife. He makes both beasts of burden. I saw an Arab woman carrying a child in her arms, and a five-gallon urn of water on her head, and following at the heels of her husband, who was gnawing at a long stick of sugar-cane. They will make a meal off of a two-foot stalk of sugar-cane. It is a great article of merchandise, brought down from the Upper Nile, and sold as a cheap luxury and sweetmeat to the poorer classes of Arabs, and they are nearly all poor. Flour-cakes, beans, and peas comprise the principal part of their diet.

The thing that first comes to my mind in picturing that delicious ride to Cairo, is the lonely white-

burnoosed Arab, squatting in the clover-field, watching his cow or donkey eat, or riding on donkey or camel across the fields and far away. These objects are as constant as the fields or the trees. They are next to the sky, and the broad expanse of land, the picture itself. It is life to them—this wandering and squatting. They have been doing so since the days of Abraham. They get no further forward. It is in their blood to keep company with their animals, and sleep in their dirty burnooses on a thin mat.

The irrigation system is seen in all its fullness on this ride. Water is obtained at a depth of about ten feet, and raised by a wheel circled with earthen jars, much like an exaggerated bucket-cistern. This wheel is driven by oxen, and the water emptied directly into ditches, and carried over the land. These pumps or cisterns are everywhere. Often the wells are worked by an old-fashioned well-sweep, which might be regarded as a slow process for irrigation; but the Arab is a steady and vigorous worker when he gets at it, and so is able to irrigate a large land-space in a day. So the reader will see that the inundation of the valley by the rise of the Nile is not the main dependence of the inhabitants of Egypt. They would starve if they relied on this providential provision.

It was after dark when the gas-lamps of Cairo gleamed about us, and the dark-skinned conductor announced to our car that we were at Cairo. We drew up in a big stone depot, where had gathered several hundred Arabs and Turks, whose continuous and apparently inflammatory gabble made the

situation very confusing. I had hardly stepped to the platform before one big Arab grabbed my satchel, or tried to, and though I said "Gaze," which meant I was provided for, he kept grabbing at the satchel, and saying: "Yes, yes, Gaze;" but at that moment the Gaze agent appeared, and, with a few well-directed blows of Arabic anathema, made the fellow desist in his enforced service. With a great deal of demonstration, fierce looks, and angry brandishing of the arms, we got through the crowd and to our omnibus, and were soon happily located at our hotel, The Royal, in time for a late dinner, and a good, clean room. After dinner, 9 P. M., we could n't resist the temptation to go out on the actual streets of Cairo, and see the strange life in all its real glory. In the vicinity of our hotel, which is in the English portion of the city, the buildings are large and beautiful, the streets well paved, the sidewalks broad, and often in the colonnade style, and European civilization has touched with its grateful influences many features. But the Arabic and Turkish life overflows it all, streams through the streets and gabbles on the corners. I was accosted by a donkey-boy, who had the least smattering of English, to engage him for my donkey-rides while in the city—"the good donkey, good boy, gentleman, take my donkey." I soothed him with generous promises, which I afterwards met, and found he was true to his representations. But of the donkey-rides anon; they are enough for a whole letter.

The next morning we arose to sight-seeing, and, after a breakfast of coffee, eggs, bread, and butter—

English, you know—we set out in carriages, under the pilotage of the Gaze dragoman, to see the strange sights—the mosques, the bazars, the pyramids, the Sphinx—all the phases of modern life, and the grand relics that have stood thousands of years, through dynasties, nations, and races, to be the fruitful objects of curiosity, study, and wonder to the modern howadji.

CAIRO.

VIII.

I BEGIN this letter sailing on the Mediterranean from Jaffa to Smyrna, at which place it will be mailed. Within the past two weeks I have enjoyed a series of rich experiences. I have donkeyed through Cairo, communed with the Sphinx, climbed the big pyramid, visited the underground temples of old Memphis, sailed the Nile, encountered the surges of Joppa, stood in the cave where Christ was born, bowed my head in his sepulcher, plucked a leaf from the garden of Gethsemane, climbed to the summit of the Mount of Olives, stood on the spot of the Transfiguration, and saw the Dead Sea, like an emerald, shining at the foot of the mountains of Moab, and the Jordan twining in glistening curves to the north; but of these things I must speak in their order, and I will not reach them in this letter.

I closed my last epistle with my arrival at Cairo, and the beginning of a week of sight-seeing, and every day full of the liveliest interest. Some people treat Egypt as a science, so that the knowledge of it is all systematized and put in catalogues, where each fact may be caught in the index, and found unfolded in the text. I can't look at it in that way, and the reader of these letters is referred to the encyclopaedia, if he expects more than the pictures of

Eastern life, and the impressions of a quiet gazer upon the monuments of a forgotten age. In what dynasty this pyramid was built, in what age these walls of sun-dried brick were reared, or in what century arose that dismal old mosque, the dragoman tells you with a broken tongue, whose Arabic tendency is apt to make several centuries' difference every time he construes his dates for the English-speaking pilgrim. But no matter for a few centuries in Egypt—it is all very old; and “antique” is about as common on the lips of the dragoman as bak-sheesh with the gamin of the pyramids. And my donkey-boy, one day, while we were trailing along the Mouski, dabbling with bazars, sought to lodge himself profoundly in my favor (in view of bak-sheesh), by calling me “my good gentleman, my beautiful gentleman,” and (mixing up his complimentary adjectives), “my antique gentleman,” thus, in his simple-mindedness, bestowing on me the merit of a mosaic.

The morning after our party arrived (February 24th), we started in carriages for a drive through Cairo. It was a fair morning. There was a delicious coolness in the air. The sun shines more gloriously in Egypt than anywhere in the world. Its beams are soft and silvery, and they touch the earth with a gentle radiance. I jumped on the seat with the driver, a dilapidated-looking Arab, in order to see everything, and ask interminable questions; but he couldn't speak a word of English. He grunted Arabic to all my interrogatives, and so I had to trust to the dragoman in the lead carriage

for such information as important points would suggest, and my "Guide to Cairo," which was in my pocket. But really, there is so much to see, that one's own observations keep him busy.

The streets of Cairo are full of people. The main streets and narrow avenues, where the bazars are, are crowded, so that the driver is constantly yelling and storming at pedestrians and minor vehicles to get out of the way. It is very amusing to listen to the commands of the driver, and the retorts of the commanded, and the angry controversies that will arise when there is a narrow escape from collision. Arabic is a vociferant language. It sounds mad easily; and when two drivers, or a driver and a walker, disagree upon the little matter of right of way, you would think they would rip up the pyramids by their explosives of anger. These controversies were always as bloodless as they were amusing. But notwithstanding the acrimonious displays, the Arabs and Turks, who fill the streets, are very good in getting out of the road when thus signaled, especially if the occupants of the carriage are Europeans or Americans. A man or woman gives way to a donkey, a donkey to a camel, a camel to a cart, and everything to a carriage. This thing of getting out of the way is an important matter in streets filled as those of Cairo are.

And how are they filled? With all the variegated customs of Oriental life. The red fez and the white (?) turban are everywhere. The great baggy trousers and the floating burnouses of the men; the haicks and veils of the women; the dirty gowns of

the boys, and the scarcely more pretentious dress of the girls,—are the features of the apparel. They stand in clusters on the street, squat along the sidewalks, cry their wares, drive their carts, engineer their donkeys, and smoke cigarettes, in one stirring, scrambling mass of humanity—Arabs, Turks, Syrians, Egyptians, Nubians, Soudanese—each class with some symptom of garb to disclose their relation to mankind. The women's faces are marked, on chin, brow, and cheeks, with blue pigments, and very many of the men, especially those from the Upper Nile, bear three healed gashes on each cheek.

Over the brick or stone paved streets, past mosques, palaces, bazars, hovels—the driver cracking his lash, making the boys, donkeys, and gamin scoot for their lives—our carriage ascends the street of Mohammed Ali, toward the Citadel Mosque, an elevation that commands the view of Cairo, the country around, and many miles up the Nile. When half-way up, I glanced back over the gray city, with its somber domes and silver splints of minarets, across the Nile, fringed with palms and verdured fields, to the edge of the trackless desert, and there caught my first glimpse of the pyramids, dreaming in the arms of eternity. It was only a glimpse, a fleeting picture; but back of it I saw the painter, the relentless Fate, with his brush of oblivion, leaving only a speechless sign.

We were soon at the Citadel Mosque, which stands on a lofty and historic spot. It is a splendid structure, of fine pillars, beautiful mosaics, vaulted roofs, and windows of lovely tracery. At the door,

big-turbaned and gray-bearded Turks met us with slippers, which we had to put on over our shoes; for the floor of Mohammed is sacred, and must not be polluted by the dust of the street. Within the great court was a pool for the ablutions of the worshipers who entered the mosque; but as we did not bow to Mecca, the washing was not required. The interior of the mosque glittered with crystal chandeliers. There are alabaster columns, a pulpit of curious carving, a gorgeous niche on the Mecca side, to which all worshipers bow. The mosque was built in the fourteenth century, of rock taken from the pyramids, then destroyed, and rebuilt on a grander scale after the fashion of the Sofia at Constantinople.

There were many worshipers bowing to the floor of the mosque while we were within. They bowed thrice, and repeated snatches from the Koran, quite oblivious to the presence of spectators. I walked near to two old Turks, sitting cross-legged, repeating the Koran. One rehearsed while the other prompted. It was done in a solemn sing-song, and with an absorption and earnestness that was wonderful. The old fellows were buried in their task; it seemed as if each word stuck to their souls and made them forget the world. A dozen of our party stood around them and gawked at them; but they did not pay the slightest attention to the intrusion. They were with Mohammed in the distant Aidenn. They were lost in the comforting sentiments of their religion. I don't remember ever to have seen the truth quite so absorbing as the error which these grim old Turks were fondling to their bosoms.

From the parapet of the mosque is the most enchanting view in Egypt. Here one can look down on the whole city, which is so closely built together that one can see only the ashen roofs, spired here and there with minarets or rounded with domes. One can not see a street, but a vast expanse of roofs; and so, no people. To the left are the ruins of an old wall. Winding to the southward is the Nile, glinting like a jeweled strand in the morning sunlight. The pyramids of Sakkara, twenty miles away, thrust their peaks from the gray waste of desert to the blue sky; and to the west, Cheops and his attendant pyramids, eight miles away, rise to the horizon in the majesty of their mystic silence. Here one is truly spellbound by what he sees and the thoughts that arise from the splendid vision. It is not only the grandeur of the outlook that impresses one, gazing from the citadel, but the splendor of the reminiscence that encircles every object with an aureola of glory. It is not those pyramids down at Sakkara, gems of grace in the waste as they are, but the magnificence of old Memphis, its temples, its statues, its noble art under them, that makes one's pulse thrill. It is not Cheops, in its ideality of immensity and eternity, but the ambition of its builder and the departed civilization which it attests, that enrapture one and cause him to stand mute and tremble. Every fact in Egypt is an epic, beginning in the morning of the world and sighing its last requiem now.

There are three hundred mosques in Cairo, and if you let your guide lead you, he will take you in all

of them; but after visiting two or three, and gazing at the dark tombs of their builders, their columns, alabasters, mosaics, and sacred spots too numerous to mention, one grows very weary, not to say disgusted. Every little stain in the pavement is the blood of some infidel, and every depression in the stone the footprint of Mahomet or of some of his satellites. We went through several mosques, got surfeited with the monotony and murky gabble of the dragoman, and sighed for other scenes where we would not have to drag our feet in huge slippers over holy floors, and dole out baksheesh to wrinkled old Turks standing guard at the doors.

Our guide, probably, noticed our indifference to the dismal legends of the mosques, and soon led his charge down a narrow street lined with Turkish bazars. Here was a change from rot to life; and such life! The street was ten to fifteen feet wide, and absolutely crowded with people, so that our horses had to walk slowly, and the driver had to bawl every yard or so, "Shemalech, shemalech!"—look out—and then the team had to nose its way through, while the wheels grazed many an inhabitant. They were all Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, to the manor born, gabbling, trafficking, smoking. The bazars, little rooms four to ten feet square, were stuffed with goods, according to their kind, in the midst of which the Turk, sitting cross-legged, awaited his purchaser. Some threw out gentle invitations to come and buy, while others sat in solemn dignity, immersed in their own thoughts or conning the Koran. The various trades and traffics occupied

sections of the street together. Here were rows of bazars run by the drapers; the coppersmiths, there; the tailors, yonder; the grocers, shoemakers, jewelers, elsewhere. Thus they congregate, and the displays of their wares on the streets made a continuous row of the same merchandise for many rods.

Up and down the narrow streets went men with hogskins filled with water; the baker, with big trays of pastry; the milkman, driving his fresh cow, and clinking his cups to announce his presence to those who might desire milk fresh from the cow; the lemonade and other drink man, carrying a curious glass urn with a long faucet, retailing his liquors. There was bread—great spotted cakes of it—in piles, on trays or counters, at every turn. In little cafés men sipped coffee from tiny cups, or wine or beer from big glasses, and, by way of diversion, played dominoes or cards. The sugar-cane peddlers were numerous, with armfuls of the juicy stalk, which they cut into pieces to suit purchasers. Through such a scramble of quaint humanity we rode for over an hour, till lunch-time came, when we left the Oriental market, with its clamor and confusion, for the airier spaces and cleaner comforts of the Hotel Royal.

Afterwards I took a donkey-ride for several hours into all the streets of varied quality and reputation, under the guidance of a donkey-boy, Ali Hassan, which experience, with more of the life and business of the people, and the singular traits of my good donkey and his boy, I will describe in the quieter leisures of the future.

AT THE PYRAMIDS.

IX.

THIS has been a most interesting day. It is a little cool, for Egypt; but by noon the sun has warmed the air so one can lay his light overcoat aside. This morning (February 25th), while waiting for our carriage, in which to take a drive to the pyramids, the khedive passed by, on his way to his palace. First came the two couriers or forerunners, Egyptians dressed in white, but bare-legged from the knee down. Over their short tunics or gowns were gold-thread vests. They carried white rods. They were graceful runners, and it was a very pretty sight, as they swiftly passed by, shouting to the people to clear the way. After them trotted two dragoons, followed by a handsome team hitched to a plain box-bed buggy, in which the khedive sat, holding the reins. Another sat beside him. Then galloped a troop of cavalry. There was no emblazonry or ostentation in the khedive's outfit, and no one would have suspected royal dignity except from the military accompaniment, and that was meager. The khedive is a handsome-looking fellow of twenty-one, dressed like an American citizen except his fez, and gracefully recognizing the people along the street by an occasional military salute. In the evening I saw a portion of his harem

taking an airing in their landaus. They, too, were preceded by white-dressed forerunners, and their outfit was rich. I was standing near where the landaus passed, and I saw the olive women, their lustrous eyes peeping over immaculate veils. They sat like statues in their creamy garb, and seemed not in the least attracted by the stirring scenes of the street or the stare of the curious.

It is eight miles from the hotel to the pyramids. We take an ample lunch in our carriage, for the hostelry at the pyramids is a high charger; and, besides, we want to look while we lunch. I had imagined a dry sandy ride from the Nile to the pyramids, the donkeys sinking into Sahara and moving at the rate of a mile an hour. But it was all very different. Our horses galloped over the splendid Nile bridge, which is always thronged with pedestrians, donkeys, camels, carriages, and then upon a magnificent boulevard, lined on both sides with great locust-trees, whose tops interlaced over the road—a verdured arcade—close to the foot of the big pyramid. One can not fancy a finer ride. The road is smooth and level, and the horses trot the whole way. But anxious as one is to stand by the side of the pyramid, he is not in a hurry. The avenue is filled with Oriental life—donkeys, camels, all kinds of vehicles, carrying all sorts of truck, and all manners of Arabs in every phase of their fluttering dress, going up and down, up and down, all the day long; and our driver rails and storms at those who get in the way, and lashes with his whip the lazy donkey or camel that tardily yields the right



BASE OF CHEOPS.
Showing construction and pilgrims ascending.

98
10/10



of way. What loads the men and women carry, and how they pile the burdens on the donkeys and camels! The whole population seems intent on carrying something—sugar-cane, clover, oranges, brush, gnarled bits of wood—somewhere. On every vehicle there is a bundle of green clover, wisps of which the driver feeds to the team when he stops. The donkey carries it, and the donkey-boy feeds it to the animal as they walk along. Green clover is the animal staff of life. It covers the land. On both sides of the raised pike on which we go to the pyramids it greens the Nile bottoms, up and down, as far as one can see, and grows to the very verge of the desert sands.

Soon after crossing the Nile bridge we come to the great museum of antiquities, and we drive in on the beautiful grounds, and alight at the door of a spacious structure, where is gathered the wealth of relics found in the graves of the almost forgotten dynasties of Egypt. Within is a labyrinth of rooms and a wilderness of relics. I pay my shilling to the solemn old Arab who sits in the anteroom, and begin the inspection of the relics; but they are thousands, and one soon stifles on antiquity and hankers for the sunlight and current events. Endless are the hieroglyphics, the monoliths, the statues, the sarcophagi, and the curious forms of antiques gathered from buried Memphis and Thebes. One loses himself among these vestiges of a civilization whose only history is written under the sands. Here is the story of their life, their purpose, their sentiment, their faith. To art, and not to literature, we

owe all our knowledge of what passed in the youth of the world. I hurry through hall after hall of the well-preserved antiques, to the big room of the sarcophagi, where old Rameses II rests. After a slumber of four thousand years he reappears, and greets the stare of the nineteenth century with a solemn grin. As I look on his mummied remains, my mind wanders to the past, to the days of Moses and the flight of the children of Israel; and here before me is the tyrant that forced them to make bricks without straw, or, to perpetuate their slavery, pursued them to the Red Sea. In my Sunday-school days I maintained a thorough hatred of old Pharaoh on account of his many misdemeanors; but time changes all things, and as I looked down on his face of dried skin and bone, my resentment gave way to the contemplation of the vanity of things terrestrial. Here was a great monarch turned into a relic for the Turk and Christian to grin at. Rameses had company in his new *régime*. Around him were Seti, Ramaka, Masahirta, Aahmes, Rashenen, Thotmes II and III, and many other regal luminaries, whose light went out long before the torch of present-day civilization was ignited. From them to Plato, Herodotus, Pericles, was nearly as long as from Plato to now. But there they were, rows of them, guarded by a watchful Turk or Egyptian, sleeping their eternal sleep in a museum. So perfect were the mummies, that if a citizen of those far-off days who knew them in the flesh should suddenly come to life, and visit the parlor of the Pharaohs, he would, by a look into their faces,

recognize the very expression of their countenances, and say: "This is Rameses; this is Seti; this is Masahirta."

After wearying ourselves in the museum, we resume the carriage, and start for the pyramids. They are in plain sight as we drive along; and soon we begin to see the pilgrims ascending Cheops, the larger one. They seem like bugs, scrambling along the northeast corner. And now we are at the base, looking up at the rugged sides. I propose to make the ascent, and forthwith am surrounded by a crowd of Bedouins, yelling, pulling, pushing me to employ them. I never got into such a scramble in my life, and I had to shake them off and show fight. I had left the matter of employing Bedouins to assist me in the ascent to my dragoman, and he at the time was attending to the matter, through the old sheik who controls the tribe there. My brother was having a similar experience. Finally, I got my "boosters," and started. The stones of which the pyramid is built are about three feet thick, and five to ten feet long, and form steps. These are broken and dislocated in places, so that one can climb quite easily with the assistance of the Bedouins, each of whom, with one's hand, pulls one up the high steps with as much speed as he cares to use. It makes one very tired, and he has to rest several times. Some who started when my brother and I did, gave out and retired to the base. We landed on the summit quite out of breath, and ready for a good rest. But one quickly forgets the fatigue in the sublimity of the view. My pen gets

tame in attempting to describe the impressions made upon me by the scene from that historic height. The vision was boundless, save only where the round earth and the blue concave meet,—north and south, the green strip of Nile Valley, with the luxuriance of palms and the silver ripples of the river; to the east, the domes and minarets of Cairo, and beyond them the desert stretching to the Red Sea; on the west, the billows of sand in a trackless desert as far as the eye could reach; near by, the other two pyramids, the mysterious Sphinx, and the columns of his temple. Southward among the palms is buried Memphis, and around it, many pyramids. To all this scenery, beautiful and sublime, comes up the memory of the ages full of sentiment and suggestion. It is a moment of eloquent silence, and for an hour I sat and drank in the inspiration.

And yet there was little silence, for the Arab guides insisted on trying to sell their old coins and spurious scarabei. We would command silence, and for three seconds they would obey, only to begin the jabber, and break the spell of the splendid scene. It is easy to descend, and I came down by myself, having disposed of the Bedouins in front, so that if I slipped, they could catch me.

When near the bottom, we entered the tunnel that leads to the interior of the pyramid. Here the ascents and descents were so slippery, and the dangerous places so numerous, that we allowed our guides to extend to us their greatest caution and assistance. The tunnels are so small that a person

has to stoop, and so close and hot that he perspires, and wishes soon to get out. The attractions within are hardly worth the serious efforts that one makes to get to them.

As soon as we reached the ground, my guides got on each side of me, and said: "Now, pay." But I pushed them aside, and went through the crowd of Bedouins to the sheik and dragoman, to settle the pay there, which was four shillings. But, as usual, the settlement created a noisy controversy, which the old sheik had to terminate by raising his staff over the disputants. It makes no difference how clear a contract is, it is sure to kick up a fuss. There is always an extra claim for something; and baksheesh is regarded as an implied item in the contract; so I gave a shilling extra for baksheesh, and that created more clamor.

The Sphinx is not very far from the pyramids; but as I had got pretty tired climbing those heights, and especially the tunnels, my brother and I hired a couple of camels, and we rode to it. There was a good measure of poetry in that ride on camels over the desert. Our camel-boys kept close to us, and looked up at us, praising us—"Good Melikan gentleman, is he good camel; yes, he is good camel, like Melikan gentleman"—and so on, thus putting us in stew for baksheesh over the shilling agreed on for the camel.

The colossal figure of the Sphinx has excited more wonder and curiosity than any object in Egypt. It is a lion's body with a human head, cut out of the solid rock at the edge of the desert. It

looks to the east, and is half buried in the sands. Its body is one hundred and seventy-four feet long, and fifty-six feet high. It is badly mutilated. Its nose has been knocked off, and its lips crushed in places. There was a covering of masonry; but this has been quite removed, leaving the solid rock of the figure. I can't say that the image itself is as impressive as I expected it would be; but the associations and the sentiment that surround it compel one to stand in awe, and imitate the speechless "immensity," as the Arab name for it signifies. It is supposed that this great image was sculptured to influence the gods to resist the encroachments of the sands on the verdant valley of the Nile; but when the sands came up and buried the image, the popular impression was that the gods resented this overture, and so the Sphinx fell into disrepute. Then its nose was knocked off, and other indignities offered to its person. And yet, with all the disfigurement, there is something in the great placid face, something in the majestic look, that arouses the profoundest emotions, and stifles every inclination to trifle in its presence.

Close to the Sphinx a temple had been exhumed. I had passed the entrance to it to go to the front of the Sphinx, and was trying to urge my camel down a steep bank to get at the feet of the image, when the old Bedouin in charge of the temple remains, whose solicitation to visit the temple I had resisted, said, in good English, "The camel not go down there;" to which I jokingly responded: "He's got to; I did n't come four thousand miles and not

see the Sphinx." "Yes, you come four thousand miles, and not see the grand temple of the Sphinx." I had no notion of missing that either, and found it really one of the most interesting sights in Egypt. It was built four thousand years ago, of huge blocks of red granite and alabaster. It contained, when uncovered in 1852, seven statues of Chefren, the Pharaoh of the Sphinx, and they were finely executed. Long since, before history began, the sands blew over the fair structure, and buried it from sight, till the inquiring spirit of the nineteenth century rolled back the sands, and exposed to view its marvelous beauty.

The baksheesh boys about the pyramids and Sphinx are very persistent. They do not seem to understand the significance of "No," even when enforced by angry looks, and a shake of the head. They will run after your carriage, and hang about you in the face of every form of American denial; but when we learned the Arabic words "emp-sheesh," or "la-la," and uttered them with emphasis, disappointment was apt to overtake them, and they would abandon all hope. But it is very curious how young they begin learning to clamor for baksheesh. I have seen them, in their mother's arms, thrust out little hands that would n't hold a piaster, and half articulate "sheesh," at the first sight of an American; and they learn to recognize an American or Englishman as soon as they do what baksheesh means.

The sheik of the pyramids has about forty Bedouins in his tribe. He has been in authority

over twenty years. He is a tall, spare man, with gray whiskers. He rules his tribe with an iron hand. At one time, in a scramble over the job of boosting some howadji up Cheops, one of the Bedouins failing to be silent when commanded, the old sheik gave him a blow with his long staff, which caused the demonstrative fellow to wince and retire. There is no appeal from his club. The Bedouins have abundant reasons to concede all to him, for he gets all he can for them. He holds out for the last piaster. On one occasion, a Bedouin demanded pay for some service rendered a friend, who occupied the carriage with me. The sheik insisted on his paying. My friend said he had; the sheik was in doubt, and got in our carriage, and rode with us to the pike, a quarter of a mile distant, in order to work the shilling out of the pilgrim. My friend insisted that he had paid it, and, finally getting mad, declared vigorously to the sheik: "I paid that once. I won't pay it again; I'll lick your whole tribe first." Whether it was the fire in my friend's eye, or the threat in his language, that made the old sheik quail and retrace his steps, I do n't know; but he did. They have a great fashion of demanding second payment. I bought a scarab on the top of Cheops, and the Bedouin of whom I bought it, and whom I paid, followed me around for an hour, wanting pay for that petrified bug a second time.

I may say, what I omitted to say in the proper connection, that the surface of the pyramids was not always rough. The steps were originally closed in, and the surface perfectly smooth. On the second

pyramid, a portion of surface, covering the apex, is yet preserved in its original condition, which makes the ascent of that pyramid quite impossible.

A pleasant ride back over the beautiful avenue, and through the changing and varied life of Egypt, in which streaks of the Occident blissfully relieve the Orient, we cross the Nile bridge, get caught in the whirl of Cairo streets, and, in the midst of houses and flickering humanity, the pyramids fade away into the gloom of the desert, but yet appear, and ever will, clear and beautiful forms rising against a sunset sky, in the delicious memory of Egyptian days.

A DONKEY-RIDE.

X.

I AM writing this letter as our ship is sailing amid the classic isles of the Ægean Sea. All morning long the airs of my school-days are blowing through my memory, and I leave my table often to go out on deck to gaze at

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,"

whose purple outlines break the hazy horizon to the north and south. Fain would I linger among them, frolicking with the gods of old, or unfurling fancies with the Muses that have made sacred every cliff and summit and silver stream. I see in my mind's eye Pythagoras, Homer, and Alcibiades in Samos, Chios, and Andros; and back of them, in the misty valleys where the grape purples and the flocks climb, there are Diana and Apollo, and nymphs and dryads flitting by the score; but I must tear myself away and resume my work, which I left off at Cairo, and tell of experiences there.

A donkey-ride through Cairo is a real pleasure. It gives one a certain right of way through the crowds, that one can not enjoy on foot. It also releases one from all responsibility of thinking of the course he takes. You mount, and the donkey and the donkey-boy do the rest. The donkey-boy runs

behind with a long stick in his hand, which he uses frequently on the donkey's rumps, or thrusts it forward to the side of the donkey's head, to guide the animal along the busy thoroughfares. One of these donkey-boys, and they are often men, will trot after his donkey for hours. They always keep up with the donkey, however fast may be its speed. You might just as well expect a locomotive engineer to leave his throttle as a donkey-boy to leave his donkey's tail. They are one and inseparable. One must not think he betakes a tedious task when he mounts a donkey to ride the avenues of Cairo. The donkey is an easy rider. His little clippety trot causes only a gentle vibration. It is not a jolt. It does n't make one sore. It is only a rhythmic motion that harmonizes one's sensibilities with the great throbbing world about him.

So one morning I took a donkey-ride. It was n't long before I found the boy and the desired animal. In fact, they are very thick about. But I had promised a certain boy that when I took my ride, it should be under his guidance, and for three days after he kept his eye on me, and solemnly reminded me every day of my promise. His name was Ali Hassan, and he had such an adorable look when he besought my custom, that I felt that I was doing a comely act to engage him. He began calling me "a good gentleman," "O, such a nice gentleman!" and would soften the compliment with such soothing accents, that I came near melting; and then he would praise his donkey, and shift his tender adjectives from me to his donkey with such facility

that I grew almost jealous. Then he would praise his clothes, and, looking up beseechingly, ask me to notice that he had better clothes than the other donkey-boys. His burnoose was of striped silk, and his turban was of dainty folds. The flanks of his donkey were an exhibit of art. The hairs had been shaved in such a way as to make a picture of quaint curves. The name of the donkey was Lily of the Valley. All the donkeys are thus richly titled. It is a portion of their excellence. It gives poetry to their gait.

When I mounted Lily of the Valley, and gently trotted down the street, I found that all the praise bestowed upon the donkey was richly merited; and when Ali ran up by my side and asked, "Is it good donkey?" and I answered that it was, I thought I saw down in the depths of his lustrous black eyes a vision of baksheesh. I bade him go to the Mouski, at which he drifted to the tail of the donkey, and, giving it a rap over the rump, we glided gayly to this celebrated street, which begins at the Esbekiyeh and terminates at the sandy hillocks of the Caliphs' Tombs. This street, and especially its intricate ramifications, is the scene of Oriental traffic. When a stranger stays on the Mouski he is all right; but when he once enters the narrow side streets, he enters a labyrinth from which he can only, with difficulty, extricate himself. And here is the glory of the donkey-boy. I tell him, Go everywhere, but get me back to the hotel at one o'clock; and so through the wilderness of tortuous lanes I go, and watch with deep interest the shifting scenes until the very

variety descends into monotony. At times it is difficult to penetrate the crowded streets; but Ali's incessant clamor, and cries of "shemalek," and other Arabic warnings, invariably provide me a path. One is made aware at every step that the donkey-boy feels, in his own conceit, that he has a mission as sacred as the bearers of the ark of the covenant to the Holy Rock. At one time the donkey-boy pointed to an "Egyptian street," and when I said, "Go down it," he looked up with an expression of wonder and alarm. "Want to?" he asked as if still uncertain. I insisted, and he steered his donkey down the long by-street. I saw soon the occasion of his mistrust; for, seated on their divans in open houses along the street, were Egyptian girls fascinatingly arrayed, and evincing the most social tendencies toward the gawking howadji. Ali was much relieved when he got me safely through, and would not return the same way, but took a different route, in doing which he evaded Charybdis only to venture upon Scylla; for he had not gone far when he encountered a dense throng at a cross street, having entered which, Ali, in a confidential tone, told me to watch my pocket-book, for there were very bad men there. Although that necessary possession was in an interior vest-pocket under two coats, I felt great relief when we emerged from the sullen-looking crowd. Navigating a sea of fezzes and turbans constitutes, of itself, a sense of strangeness that is easily converted into alarm.

I was glad to get again into the streets of the better bazars, where my peaceful pilgrimage was

appreciated by incessant solicitations to come and buy. At every few yards, dealers would step up to me with samples of their wares—their silks, slippers, jewelry, rugs, curios, brass utensils, beads, fezzes, etc. Often they would keep their bazars, but at sight of me, would grab a table-cover, or gorgeous drapery, or antique curtain, and unfold it to my gaze, at the same time beckoning to me to come and see. Sometimes they were able, by a few phrases in English, to make me understand that “you need not buy—only look—very cheap, gentleman, very cheap.” If you show the slightest interest in the merchandise, if you look a second time, or ask the price, they “go for you;” they are at your side; they implore you to buy; they even assume you have bought, and try to place the article in your hand. If you object to the price, they may fall a piaster or two, but usually the next question is, “How much you give?” Then beware; you are on ticklish grounds. The very question indicates that the dealer has asked an exorbitant price to begin with. If he asks four francs and you offer three; you are pretty sure to be cheated. In five cases out of six, you could have bought it for two francs, and quite frequently for one franc, if not for three piasters. There were exactly such cases. I bought many little articles, and I never paid what was asked for any of them. This inconstancy of prices made our party a den of bears. They had to resort to “jewling” in order to protect themselves. Often in the evening, when members of the party would exchange experiences, you could hear such snatches

of conversation as this: "I bought that cover for five shillings—the fellow asked nine." Then another would add: "Why, I bought one just like it for three." Whereupon the party of the first part would be very unhappy, and inwardly curse his timidity in not demanding a greater tumble.

One does not have to inquire at a bazar if they have such or such an article. The stock is all displayed at the front. If the dealer has anything more than he displays, he has overlooked it; hence a ride along the narrow streets is a saunter through the stores, and a person can sit on his donkey and dicker with the dealer in the presence of his wares. So my donkey-ride was through streets of color and gilt; amid the odor of coffee and cigarettes; past drowsy camels laden with great burdens, and veiled women crouching on men's saddles, donkeying along the crowded streets; peddlers deluged with beads; bakers bearing great trays of flaky pastry; the clanking cups of the drink-venders; the peculiar black hats of the Armenian priests; the ever-present soldier and his brass buttons; wares upon wares, clatter upon clatter; an ever-shifting mass of strange humanity,—all so dazed me that I quite forgot the gentle tinkle of the threefold strand of brass beads which adorned the neck of my donkey.

During that morning ride I met three funerals worming their ways through the streets. They seemed such ordinary occasions that they did not attract attention, and Ali drove my donkey through them with appalling unconcern. The funeral is a little straggling procession of men and women, the

men in front of the bier chanting snatches from the Koran, and the women behind, wailing and weeping. The singing is doleful, and sounds strangely to the uninitiated ear. The mourners, it is said, are often hired for the purpose, which fact probably makes the affair so unimpressive. In the center of the procession is the bier, borne on the shoulders of four men, who are relieved by others at frequent spells. This duty is performed, as the last honor to the deceased, by his neighbors and friends. Before the bier is borne a pyramid, on which is placed the turban or shawl of the deceased, and some trinkets that he wore. Ali suggested that we follow a procession to the interment; but as it was only a deposition of the body in the grave, accompanied by a wail and a chant, I concluded to forego the privilege. Passing an alley where numerous little flags fluttered, I asked Ali what it meant, and quickly he steered my donkey there under the flags. He informed me there was to be a wedding there that night, and offered to take me up and see the bride and her mother. Such familiarity was not to my liking, however it might have been to the bride, though I suspect she was a little piece of innocence nine or ten years old, and could not have resented the intrusion of a gaping antipode. By the way, I saw a wedding procession coming down the Sharid Abdeen one night. It was a line of fine carriages, the one in front carrying the bride, surrounded by outrunners bearing torches. The horses went on a gallop. It must have been a wedding in high life, for the occupants of the carriages were well-dressed,

fine-looking people. The bride was a sweet-looking little girl, and seemed dazed amid the shaking torch-lights.

I passed on my ride an office or shop, where I saw a man operating on another's eyes, which leads me to remark that sore eyes abound at Cairo to a fearful extent. About every third person had something the matter with his eyes. If they were not actually sore and granulated, they were wounded or put out in some way. The extent of this malady was one of the most sorrowful things I saw in Egypt. Unless arrested, it will annihilate the nation.

All Cairo guides are daft on mosques. They will steer you into one of them before you know it. After a fellow has seen three or four mosques, he gets tired of them. The same old pillars and carpets and domes and lamps and slippers create a monotony that finally becomes unbearable, and yet my donkey-boy got me into two that morning, before I was aware. "Very beautiful, very rich, very antique;" and I yielded, furnished the piasters, covered my profane feet with holy slippers, and followed the fat old moslem to the cold interior to see the tomb of some old caliph or pasha, of whose existence I never dreamed and will never think of again. Life is too sacred to be invaded by the recollections of these stale curmudgeons, and I told my donkey-boy I would cut him off of baksheesh if he decoyed me into another mosque. He did n't.

On our return we drove through the large market-building. It was a fine structure, kept clean as a pin, and the array of vegetables, fruits, meats, and

eatables of all kinds, was interesting. Everything we have in an American city market was there. There were lettuce, onions, radishes, spinach, apples, pears, potatoes, artichokes, peas, beans, cheeses of all kinds, beautiful fish, beef, mutton, and a variety of nameless eatables that offer a golden opportunity to the housekeeper to furnish his table. The variety and quantity of cheese is noticeable to the stranger. Most of it is made of goat's milk. It is an important item in the subsistence of the common people, which, with bread, beans, and wine, make the diet of the poor. The vegetable and cheese stalls were presided over by women, to a great extent.

In the afternoon I went on a visit to the Tombs of the Caliphs. They are strung along on the sandy slope to the east of the city. These hills of sand are the débris of a former civilization, for they seem to be little more than the rakings of dirt and refuse of a people that ages ago dwelt on the banks of the Nile. Dig anywhere, and you come to fragments of pottery, masonry, and sun-dried brick. It is the winnowing of centuries. As one ascends this elevation of débris, he comes to the Tombs of the Caliphs. There are four or five of these tombs, made conspicuous by the mosques connected with them, erected in honor of the sleeping caliph, who reigned in Egypt nearly five hundred years ago. The mosques are crumbling, and their beauties of pillar and mosaic fading away. Some of the arches are secured by wooden beams, while cracks appear in the great foundation-stones. Still, there is some old Turk or Turkess always awaiting the approach of the mild-

eyed Caucasian, to request of him a few piasters for a sight of the fading glories of the solemn old edifices. The dome, the minaret, the tomb, the mosaic, the colonnade, the basin, are in them all, but each has its peculiar attraction. For instance, in one I saw the footprint of Mahomet. It was in the solid rock. I much wondered at this, for the rock was of that calcareous character which indicated that it had never been soft, and therefore never impressible. I expressed my doubt to the dragoman, who was well-equipped to fortify my credulity. "O," he said, "Mahomet had a wonderful foot; whatever was hard, softened to its touch, and whatever was soft hardened to his footfall; so, whether walking on deep sand or the flinty rock, it was as a velvet carpet when his foot touched it. Wonderful foot!"

But there was another virtue in that foot, and this was a benefaction to others. In a great rock in another mosque (I forget which tomb it was, though I know it is a sacrilege to mix them up), there were two deep indentations made by Mahomet's heel. There was water in these holes, and a small, elongated boulder near by. Now, if this boulder were rubbed in one of these holes, like a pestle in a mortar, and then gently rubbed on the legs of a lame child, the infirmity would soon terminate, and the child would be able to skip and gambol about like a goat.

While wandering through these grim old structures, thinking of the dismal days of the Mamelukes, and the times of Mahometan magnificence, of which we now behold the shadows, I was trans-

fixed with horror by a noise worse than the wail of a lost spirit, however terrible that might be. It was a cross between the bray of a mule and the laugh of a hyena. "What in the world can that be?" I asked of the dragoman, quite ready to sink from fright. He pointed to an arched portal beyond the court, and there stood a cat, its head thrown back, and giving voice to the most unearthly howl I ever heard. It was not a meow, or any of its midnight variations, such as we hear in America; it was a frightful scream, a prolonged and unearthly howl, sufficient, we thought, to make the bones of old El Ashrof play a rub-a-dub against the sides of the sarcophagus in the corridors beyond. What a country is this! Even the voice of the cat has lost its melody.

I was glad to get away from the Tombs of the Caliphs. They are desolation built on débris, and guarded by beggars that follow you like your shadow, and will not take no for an answer, though you utter it in Arabic, Nubian, Egyptian, and violent English, all combined.

SOME VISITS.

XI.

ONE afternoon we rode through old Cairo, a quiet part of the city, to the Nile, the east branch of which we crossed to the Island of Rhoda, which is reputed to be the place where Moses was found. It is an island of considerable magnitude, where are extensive gardens and fine residences. We cross over in a small boat, which an old Arab pushes with a pole. Near the shore, where the boat is moored, women are out in the stream, up to their knees, doing their family washing, and water-carriers are filling their hogskins by means of big gourds, or dippers, and funnels. The banks are lively with an indiscriminate mass of humanity, chewing sugarcane, smoking cigarettes, and squatting away the sunny hours. On the island is pointed out the exact spot where Moses was discovered in the flags at the edge of the river. There are several of these "exact spots," and which is the true one, if any, is left altogether to the fancy of the observer. I do not place much dependence on the spot I saw, because it was at the foot of a great piece of masonry, which made it too arduous a task for the imagination to picture there the frail ark hid in the shadows of the bulrushes. But that was three thousand five hundred years ago, and though the father of

his adopted mother can be seen over in Gizeh, not a mile distant, it is now quite too late to have him correct or verify the legends of the dragoman. The bulrushes have disappeared, and nowhere along the strand does a green flag wave.

At the head of the island is something removed from the land of dreams—something that Seti, Thothmes, Rameses, never heard of—and that is the Nilometer. A square well, twelve or fifteen feet in width, is sunk in the island to the depth of fifty feet or more. It is walled with stone, and is provided with a stairs to the water below. In the center of this well is a pillar, metrically marked, to show the rise of the Nile. The river is the glory of Egypt. It feeds the people. Never was a nation so dependent upon a natural resource as Egypt upon the Nile. So the Nilometer is watched with deep concern. If the water ascends to the twenty or twenty-two-foot mark, stops, and descends, woe to the people, for food will be scarce. If it reaches the twenty-five-foot mark, there will be gladness and plenty in the land. But if it keeps on, and ascends to twenty-eight or thirty, floods are indicated, and the land is covered with disaster. So close together on the gradient of the Nilometer is the record of smiles and tears! Famine at twenty; ruin at thirty; and happiness half-way between.

I walked down the steps to the water. It was at its lowest depth, February 24th, and will so remain till the summer solstice. Then the Abyssinian rains swell the tide, which keeps advancing till September, when it recedes, and reaches its lowest

depth again by New Year's. The flood not only brings water to refresh the land, but a rich humus from tropical regions to fertilize the soil. Hence the valley of the Nile, an emerald strip of ten miles between the sandy wastes, is a prolific region, where all the year the grass grows green, and one crop follows another—wheat, cotton, and maize successively in a twelvemonth. The river at Cairo is about as wide as the Ohio, but hardly as deep, and the channel is so tortuous that piloting a steamer is a skilled occupation. When the inundation occurs, the stream widens to the desert, with houses, villages, and boulevards peering above the flood.

From the Nilometer to the mosque of Amr is only a short ride, and that we visit, because it is the oldest mosque in Cairo, and because it has some interesting features. It is a square-built mosque with a capacious court, surrounded by columns of all orders, brought from everywhere. One of these has a peculiar history. It was once at Mecca, and Amr, who was a gifted adherent of Mahomet, desired that it grace the colonnade of his mosque at Cairo, and not desiring the trouble of transporting it in the ordinary way, took out his whip, gave the column a fearful swipe with the lash, and commanded it to hie itself to his mosque at Cairo, and the obedient column sailed through the air, across the blue seas, and alighted in place in the colonnade of the mosque. There seems to be no doubt of this, for there was the mark of the whiplash on the pillar. Whoever doubts so plain a narrative is ill-prepared for another, but I will relate it. In the court of this mosque is a deep

well. That, too, was brought from Mecca. The sacred story is this: When Amr dug his well, there was no water. It was as dry as a powder-horn. This condition offered to Amr an opportunity to display his influence with Allah. He thought he would like the divine waters of Mecca to fill his well; so with a few waves of his jeweled hand, and the utterance of some mystic incantation, he sent the waters gushing and sparkling through the earth from Mecca to Cairo, and filled the well, and there the water is to this day; for I threw a stone into the well, and heard it dance and shout. I have some faith in these legends, because I found a remarkable oracle near the front gate of the mosque. This oracle was in the shape of two smooth porphyry pillars, very close together, which constituted a singular test. It was an arbitrament of integrity. Its decision was absolute and irrevocable. Whoever was able to squeeze through between those slippery columns was an honest man. I did it. The mosque tells no idle tales.

From Amr mosque to the Coptic Church is a few minutes' walk. The Copt is an Egyptian Christian. He traces his lineage back to the days of Cheops and Menes. Through the changing centuries, the memory of a lofty ancestry has warmed his heart with pride. He has staid by himself, and hid from the dusty sunshine of latter days. When Christ, with his father and mother, fled to Egypt to elude the atrocities of Herod, the Copt caught the gentle light of his coming, and dwelt in its mild radiance. The Moslem came afterward, with his tyranny of

faith. Egypt trembled in the flash of the Turkish cimeter, and turned to Mecca for safety and repose. But the Copt hid or fled, and in secret places maintained his worship of Jesus of Nazareth. So he was ostracized and pursued with religious hate, suffering every day for the faith of his soul.

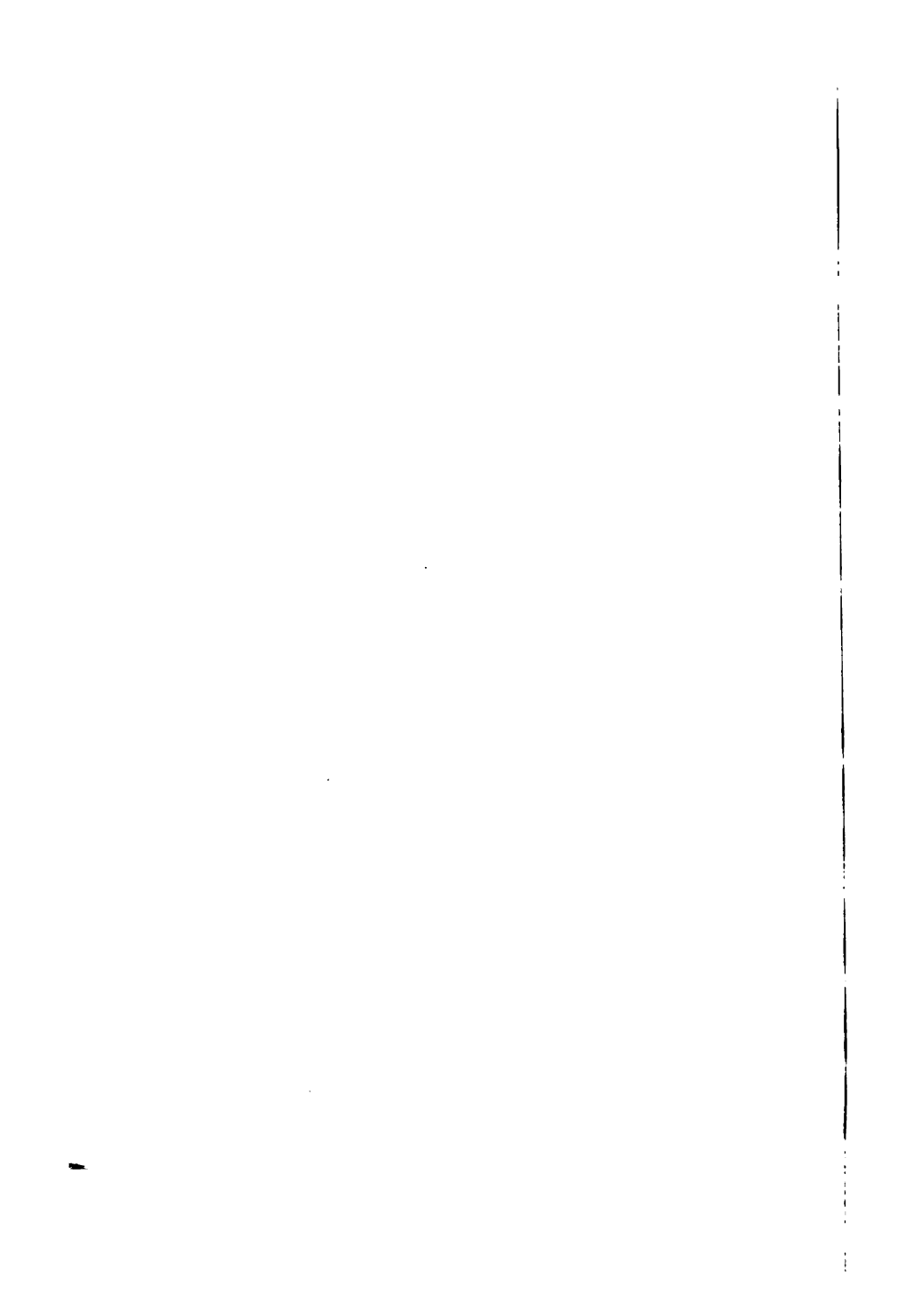
So I was prepared for the sight of a church wholly different from a mosque, for an edifice without dome or steeple, or any prominence that would attract attention; but I scarcely expected an underground church, a chapel beneath the level of the land; but so it was. By a gradual descent we reached a heavy door which was opened, and we were ushered into a narrow passage, where we were provided with tallow-dips, and then led through dark halls, down gloomy staircases, till we came to the altar, inclosed by artistic railing. Outside are cumbersome benches for worshipers; within the chancel, burning lights, the organ, and seats for the choir. Through a dark passage in the solid rock we are led to a branching room, and there are three large niches or seats, hollowed out of the living rock, one at the end, and one at either side, where it is said Joseph, Mary, and Christ hid and rested in their flight from the Holy Land. These sacred spots give this church special renown, and the priests derive quite a revenue from pilgrims who visit the subterranean shrine. These niches are held in great reverence, and are pointed to with divine pride. Whether the holy family sought these hidden chambers or not, one thing is sure: it was a secret and unsequestered region, which they would most probably have de-

sired. On our way out, a decrepit Copt begged a fee for showing us a big wooden key, which opened the heavy gate, through which we gained entrance to the sepulchral temple, and which was reputed to be the key in use when the Copts sought the dismal seclusion, rather to save their lives than to worship God. At the entrance many half-naked children begged for piasters, and they tried to enforce the claims, and arouse sympathy by baring their arms, and exhibiting small Greek crosses picked into the skin with India ink. As they exposed the crosses, they held out their hands for baksheesh, saying: "Me Christian girl, see; baksheesh, baksheesh, please." The poor Copt! For centuries he has been reviled and persecuted, and to-day he is a misanthrope, with a grievance against the world. You can read his oppression in his face, and his history in his gait. No daylight in his church; no love in his heart. That sanctuary lies across my memory like a deep shadow.

A visit to the mosque of El Azhar is one of the richest experiences in Cairo. It is a large mosque, and once a splendid one, but for nearly a thousand years it has been used for a school and its beauty allowed to lapse; yet its sanctity is maintained, and one must put on great slippers or take off his shoes if he enters the holy precinct. When I passed the gauntlet of the gray-bearded Turks at the gate, and stood within the great open court of the mosque, the common-school system of Egypt was spread out before me in all its grandeur. Scattered over the great stone floor, over an acre in extent, were groups or cir-



A SCHOOL IN CAIRO.



cles of children, of all sizes, ten or fifteen in a group, reciting their lessons and swaying their bodies in unison. They sat cross-legged on the hard floor, no chair, bench, or desk visible, with the teacher a part of the circle, bobbing up and down in the hot sun, repeating short sentences from the Koran as the teacher or some one pupil would pronounce. Not only this court, but all the colonnades, halls, and apartments of the mosque, were filled with these circles of pupils, keeping up their buzz of so-called learning. In the interior apartments of the mosque were advanced classes, composed of sedate and quiet young men, plunged deep in the study of Mahometan gospel or law. The teachers were generally intelligent but serious-looking fellows, and the recitations in the higher classes were quiet and thoughtful, the teacher doing most of the talking. In the center of the circles of pupils were their shoes, and cakes of bread for their dinner. No pupil had more than bread—no meat, or jam, or pie, or cheese—just bread.

The older pupils recited from pamphlets, which they held open in their hands. The younger pupils wrote on or read from tin slates. The slates were usually covered with sentences from the Koran, written in Arabic with ink. I walked among these groups of children, observing them familiarly, as one might examine a pen of sheep at a county fair, the teacher scarcely lifting his eyes in wonder at my curiosity, but keeping on with his tuneful Arabic rigmarole. Finally, I concluded I would like one of those tin slates as a trophy of my visit to the

common schools of Egypt, so I reached over and took hold of a slate in the hand of a small Arab, and simultaneously offered a franc in return, which the pupil hastily seized, letting go the slate at the same time. The other pupils observing the little mercantile adventure promptly thrust their slates toward me, each one intently desirous to dispose of his property on the same terms. My failure to purchase further created intense grief in the whole school.

An amusing incident occurred with another class occupying one of the corridors. It was quietly engaged in copying a sentence. When I approached very near to the circle, one Arabic chap turned his black eyes on me wistfully, and thrusting out his hand, said "sheesh." The magic word started all the other pupils, and immediately I was greeted with "sheesh" from the whole class. The teacher was so slow in comprehending the situation that I expected him to ask for baksheesh next, but he did n't. He quietly took a stick, about ten feet long, and swinging it over the class, gently tapped each "sheesh" pleader on the head, and brought him to the bounds of decorum. Though silence was enforced, the pupils turned their pleading eyes and their gleaming teeth of expectancy on me; for baksheesh, like an electric shock, had paralyzed all thoughts of study and discipline. Think of it—a whole school in revolt to beg. But then, baksheesh is so near the taproot of Arabic evolution that such a scene might be expected. Moreover, as the pay of a teacher in the school is three cakes of bread a

day, and no more, he is so near the strait himself, that the cry of baksheesh possesses a soft and tune-ful sound. His dignity, and not his condition, precludes him from being a suppliant himself.

As I was leaving the mosque, I saw many tired and dirty-looking Arabs, Nubians, Soudanese, lying about the inner corridor of the mosque—some eating, some smoking, some sleeping. These, our dragoman said, are pilgrims to Mecca. From wherever they come, the mosques give them a generous welcome. Here they sleep and rest, and Allah sends them refreshed and cheered on their long, dangerous journey to the tomb of their prophet.

UP THE NILE.

XII.

It rained at Cairo. As I heard the big drops on the glass roof of the patio of the hotel, and saw the streams leaking to the floor, I thought of the wisdom I had gleaned from my geography at school, that it never rained in Egypt. But the disappointment in the rain did not trouble me half as much on this account as on account of the apprehensions of the morrow, when we had planned a trip to Sakkara; and one of Egypt's lovely days was needed for that. The rain kept up all night, and the storm brooded gloomily in the morning. It had turned cold too, and the land of the Nile was behaving itself in every way most unseemly; but we went.

A little tug, carrying twelve, was our craft, which we boarded at nine o'clock, at the river wharf, and soon we were gliding up the river. Despite the cloudy skies and the dank breezes, the voyage was a delight; for was not this the Nile—the most historic river of all history? Who cared for the mud and the clods; for as the boat plowed the channel, did not our minds revel in the splendid memories of the past? And when I looked at our dark-skinned pilot in rope-plaited turban and long burnoose, I wondered if he had seen his uncle Cheops, or played with his cousin Rameses; so near does everything we

see bring us to the glorious past. And when I look back, and behold the misty angles of the pyramids lying against the stormy sky in the west, and see a string of camels plodding across the vision, eternity seems to bend down and blend with the panorama of to-day. The steeple-sailed boats, laden with sugar-cane and grain from the White Nile, glide slowly by, and my thoughts prompt me to cry to the turbaned and white-gowned boatman, wondering at our speedy craft, "How did you leave old Thothmes up at Thebes?" Amid such reveries we skip along the murky river, between Nile-green banks and clumps of date-palm. Yonder is the pale face of the cliff from which the huge limestones for the pyramids were quarried; here a water-wheel turned by an ox, lifting the river to the fields and gardens; there a long-gowned farmer, his folded raiment flaunting and fluttering as he flings his hoe. Ruins of old villages or palaces protrude from the shores here and there. There are handsome mansions of oriental architecture, where the owners of fine farms live in affluence and luxury; everywhere the donkey, briskly walking with his big burden, and the ship of the desert loaded to the guards.

And now we are at Madruchien, nearly twenty miles above Cairo. There are rifts of sunshine, and we are to have a comfortable day after all. Twelve donkeys are awaiting us on the bank, some rigged with side-saddles for the ladies of the party. We mount these donkeys, and gaily gallop over the rolling ground, past fields of clover and groves of palm; but

"Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust."

Beneath our feet is the site of old Memphis, the first city that rises from the mists of history. Menes, the pioneer of Egyptian kings, before Assyria or Chaldea or Judea, turned the Nile from its bed, and in the middle of the green valley founded his capital, which, for many centuries, was the seat of power and the metropolis of splendor and luxury. Here were temples, palaces, statues, and obelisks. Half a million people, far advanced in the arts of life, dwelt on this dark soil. Whatever trophies wealth and ambition could invent or secure to adorn the civilization of the age, this great city possessed. Here rushed the full tide of life, with all its joy, sorrow, hope, love, despair, suffering, luxury, death—the ups and downs of millions in the giddy flights of life; and lo! all are gone and forgotten, and a stretch of black soil, with clusters of palms and a village of dark mud-huts, inhabited by an alien race, is all that is left. Over in a wood are colossal statues of Rameses II and III, discovered lately under the dust of centuries. The traces of brick walls revealed themselves in the torn edges of the soil. Some of these bricks showed streaks of straw, while others were made without this binding element. Could the latter be the bricks the children of Israel were compelled to make? Here was where they worked for the oppressor. Here Joseph dwelt, and Moses, two centuries afterward, made his home. As we ride along, the black-eyed Arab girl comes to us, and in soft, persuasive tones, enforced with gentle pats on the arm, begs us to buy her big brass ear-bangles. The small chaps in dirty shirts issue from

the smelly houses, and clamor for baksheesh. Across the fields the dark-skinned plowman drives his mouse-colored cattle, and rips up thin flakes of ground with his wooden stake. Camels, with great baskets of rich soil, are driven to the edge of the desert, where their burdens are mixed with the sand to reclaim for cultivation a portion of relentless Sahara. Where marble columns once decked the emerald valley the black tents of the Bedouins are spread.

A jolly trot it is through these scenes of buried grandeur. But now we are at the sand, and are climbing the desert. There is an eternal conflict between Sahara and the Nile. The sands overlook the valley, and are constantly threatening it. When old Menes turned the Nile to the east, the desert followed, and its billows rolled over Memphis. On the sandy bluffs, one descends to the temples of the gods, and on pictured walls reads Egyptian life and thought as they were in ages so remote that here alone the strange story is told.

Having ascended the rolling plain of the desert, we pass two or three pyramids, and notably the "Step Pyramid," said to be the oldest in Egypt. Many pyramids are in sight. We are now in the depths of the desert, and a drearier scene one can not imagine. Sand everywhere; not a blade of grass, or a leaf, or a green thing anywhere; not a house, not a beast, not a sign of life. It is the empire of death. It is the mausoleum of a mighty city. We alight from our donkeys at the opening of a subterranean passage, and descend to the door

of a buried tomb. It is the tomb of Ptah-hotep, a prince of the Fifth Dynasty, which reigned five thousand years ago. This prince was a sort of Solomon among the ancient Egyptians, and his wise sayings are recorded in the school histories of to-day. He was a man of lofty ideas, and taught his countrymen the beauty of a pure and upright life.

Within the gate, candles are given each pilgrim, and then an old Arab leads the way through the long halls, and into the beautiful rooms—all this, remember, twenty feet or more under the desert sands. Within is a revelry of Egyptian art. All the walls are covered with pictures, the colors of which are as fresh as if they were painted yesterday. Here is represented the life of old Egypt, and here the quiet philosophical career of Ptah. Egyptian art is the most characteristic of all arts. The human figures are conventional, the faces nearly always being in profile, while the bodies exhibit front views. There is a formality in the step, the raising of the hand, the very gaze, that is suggestive of the tyranny of type. But there is a delicate blending of color that is very effective. The painting is on a stucco or plaster, thinly spread, and so firm that no fractures anywhere appear. But the permanency of the coloring is very remarkable. It is yet clear and strong, and one can get the fine effect as readily as if it were modern.

Another tomb we entered was that of Thi, a magnate of the Tenth Dynasty. It was a complex arrangement of halls in the gloom of the under desert. The pictures covering the walls showed the

events in the life of Thi, and not simply the deeds of renown, but the common everyday career—his domestic, religious, public life; how they lived, worked, worshiped; how they built their temples, navigated the seas, fought their battles. It was a panorama of real existence. In the dull glare of our tapers, we mingled with the life as it filled this land away back in the mists of history, before Jerusalem or Greece or Rome were thought of. We were present where they killed, cooked, ate, married, and were buried. We sat down in their homes, bowed at their shrines, gossiped on their streets, and pulled an oar in their galleys. Before entering this maze of pictured halls, we had passed the "Step Pyramid," the oldest in Egypt, and we carried under the sands the spirit of antiquity, which introduced us as kindred souls into the company of Memphis's leading citizens. It was a splendid visit.

Then to the Serapeum, or the Mausoleum of the Sacred Bulls, only a few steps away. A bull that was found to have certain marks was thought to be the incarnation of the spirit of Osiris, and was consequently worshiped as divine. These marks were a white square in the forehead, an eagle on the back, and a knot like a cantharis under the tongue. When such a bull was found, it was conveyed with much rejoicing to a sacred inclosure, attended by naked women for forty days, and then taken to Memphis, where the worship of Apis was observed with great *éclat*. And when the bull died it was given splendid burial in the Serapeum. Into the subterranean galleries we descended. At certain

distances along the passages, great chambers were hewn in the solid limestone rock, and in each chamber was a granite sarcophagus, fifteen feet long, and eight feet wide and high. The great lids had been shifted from some of these, but the bulls had been taken away. It was gloom intensified in these tombs of the bulls, and we were glad to get out into the desert sands.

For miles and miles around, it is a vast cemetery. Pyramids can be seen in every direction. Signs of brick masonry cover the desert. You dip your hand into the sand, and sift out the vestiges of a long-gone civilization. The landscape is awfully dreary. A wind arises, and the sands fly, but drops of rain beat them back, and we raise our umbrellas, and turn our donkeys to the green ribbon of the Nile, and feel a relief when we reach its plowed fields and groves of palms. Soon we are on the river, speeding down to Cairo, and on the way the setting sun breaks through the dark clouds that all day hid the blue, and, flinging a flood of gold out from the west, bathes pyramid and minaret and the white bluffs of the Nile, in a sea of beauty.

One afternoon we rode down to Heliopolis, five miles distant, on a good road, past the palace of the khedive. A straggling village stands on the site of this ancient metropolis. Only three things claim attention here: A graceful obelisk, that is well-preserved; an old tree, under which, it is said, Joseph and Mary reposed in their flight from Palestine; and an ostrich-farm of a thousand birds. But these are trifles compared with the realization that

we were treading the earth where Joseph dwelt, and lingered on the site of the city which was, probably, his capital when he was a ruler over the land of Goshen.

As we reached Cairo, on our return, we saw in the east a brilliant rainbow, and one end of it rested on the palace of the khedive.

This is my last letter from the Nile, and I therefore forego the pleasure of writing of the many little walks and talks which might throw in much detail to the quiet pictures I have painted; for I must hasten to other scenes, and stroll about in other strange old lands; and yet nothing that comes after will veil the memory of one hour of that golden sojourn in Egypt.

VIA JOPPA.

XIII.

FAREWELL to Cairo! Farewell to the dual city, ancient and modern, Arab and European! Ever will dwell, like sunlight on mountain-tops, the memories of that visit. The grim pyramids, the solemn Sphinx, the stately obelisks, the subterranean drama of ancient life, the gentle Nile, the palms, the tandem camels, the donkey-boys, the graceful minarets, the tide of turbaned life swaying through narrow streets,—to these a long farewell! We are in a railroad car, whirling to Alexandria, and the dim distances, on which the sunset sweetly lies, melt into dreams as the darkness covers the land.

In the compartment where I am is an Arab. He is dressed in European style, save the fez. He is reading an Arabic newspaper. He can talk English some, and I express a desire for the paper after he is through with it. He kindly consents, and at my request writes his name in English and Arabic on the margin. And his title, too, goes down; he is the civil engineer of the railroad on which we ride. A long talk follows, and we solidify a few facts we gather from him in a struggling, broken talk. The locomotive engineer is called a driver, and he gets twenty-five to forty dollars a

month ; mechanics earn fifty cents to one dollar per day ; coal is five dollars a ton. (Coal is mostly coal-dust compressed into brick form.) There is no tax on personal property. A man may have a million dollars in bank, and not pay a cent of tax. The revenues are derived from land and internal and foreign imposts. The land pays more than half the taxes. Our engineer friend was married—said he bought his wife ; has three children, two of them girls, all of whom he loved equally. This remark was made in view of the general idea that the Arab female children are not in favor. When we left our friend at Alexandria, I thought, after all, the human heart is very much the same the world over. The dress, the talk, the manner, the religion, may all be different, but the heart beats very nearly the same. If my engineer friend should come to be my neighbor in Ironton, he would blend into the social status as happily as birds blend with the trees of May.

The next day (March 2d), at four o'clock, our steamer raises anchor and turns its prow toward the Syrian coast. On the way out of the harbor, we see a sunken steamer, over whose deck the waves are beating. It was lost in the gale through which our own vessel had forced a toilsome and violent passage. As night comes on, we leave behind the blinking lights of Alexandria, and on our right the dim horizons that skirt Port Said ; and then into the rough sea we sail, until eight o'clock next morning, when our vessel dances in the roadstead, five miles out from Joppa. The waves are too high for boats to come from shore. We can see the mad surge beat-

ing on the ledge of sunken rock and flinging its white foam fifty feet into the air. There is no harbor or pier at Joppa. Boats must come out to the vessels, and carry the passengers ashore. But the sea was too angry to permit this. In the ledge that lies almost even with the surface of the sea, is a passage-way about five feet wide. Through this the boat must go. It is a risky passage, and when the waves are driven eastward, and sweep over this rock, it is a slim chance that the most skillful pilot can escape the rocks and keep the boat from being dashed to pieces. Here is the scene of Andromeda's adventure. On those cold stones she was chained, because her mother, Cassiopœa, dared to say she was as beautiful as the Nereides. Alas, for motherly partiality! Poor Andromeda was chained to those frothy rocks for some monster of the sea to make a dinner of her sweet body; and just as the monster's paws were planted on the ledge, and his big jaws opened to seize the rich morsel, Theseus, returning from a round of triumphs, stabbed the monster, rescued Andromeda, and, as all the best of human romance ends, married her. They are all in the skies now, in clusters of shining suns, all except the monster—his big jaws are yet open on the ledge.

All day long our ship waited for the waves to go down. Through the night they were still high; but at dawn the surface grew smoother, and then we peered ashore for a sign of the coming boat. The waves were still high, but the wind had fallen, and the white-caps had disappeared. About nine o'clock the black speck of a boat shot through the

surf, and came toward us. Soon we saw the Turkish flag at its bow, and soon we could distinguish the men rowing, sixteen or eighteen of them standing on the benches, and throwing their full strength on the big oars. They sang, as they bent to their tasks, a wild, weird chant of Arabic melody. It was a fair tinge of the Orient. The boat was official, and and brought us letters from home, bright gleams from the Occident, that made us forget for a while the monster of the ledge. Then came other boats, and soon we were shooting the surf and alighting on the shores of Asia.

Joppa is a very old city, and, like all old cities, has been renewed several times. It was an old city when Solomon built his temple; for here were landed the cedars of Lebanon for the edifice. Through its narrow streets Jonah walked when he took passage on the unwelcome vessel. Hither came Peter, and raised Tabitha. Here he saw the vision of the sheet let down from heaven, and the house of Simon the tanner, where the vision occurred, is pointed out. Through narrow up-and-down streets I follow my guide thither, and soon enter a stone house, and the room which was Peter's, over which, on the roof, the vision happened. We are now entering a region where historical spots, I may say sacred spots, are thick as stars. Many of them are authenticated; but to many we must preserve the reticence of an agnostic. If that was not the identical house, it stood there, or thereabout—the same sea beat before it, the same spray planted rainbows in the air, the same hills bent above it,

the redolence of pomegranate and orange dwelt in the sunshine that poured around it—just as it did to-day. The gentle memory lingers. I see Peter talking to Simon, as they sit on the roof watching the sun where it glimmers on the edge of the Mediterranean, and telling of the tender smiles and gleaming black eyes of Tabitha, as the fountains set their red currents dancing through her frame again.

The whistle of a locomotive breaks up my reveries, and drags me to the depot to take the train to Jerusalem. The railroad was finished in the summer of 1893. It is fifty-two miles long, and well built. It belongs to a French company, and is run in the French language. Much significance is given to the construction of this railroad. It is regarded as the harbinger of the return of the Jews. Referring to the re-establishment of the Jews in Jerusalem (Isaiah lxvi, 20), it is said they will come on horses, chariots, litters, and "swift beasts." Now the word "Kirkaroth" in the original, translated "swift beasts," has n't a shade of meaning that relates to either of these words. The real meaning of "Kirkaroth," as linguists declare, is "swaying furnace;" and what better description of a "swaying furnace" than a running locomotive? Stand on a track, and watch one coming. The King James translators, no doubt, knew the meaning of the word; but its true translation was ridiculous to them, who had never dreamed of traveling on a "swaying furnace." How the very root meanings of words uphold the Bible! What did old Isaiah know of locomotives?—and yet he saw, away ahead, these

swaying furnaces, and men traveling on them from the uttermost parts of the earth.

From Joppa one can see the mountains of Judah and Benjamim to the eastward. Between them and Joppa lies the plain of Sharon, a beautiful expanse of twenty-five miles. Through this to the mountains the railroad runs. It is goodly land, covered with green. Wheat-fields and pastures of clover and grass stretch north and south, as far as one can see. Groves of olive-trees and clusters of figs deck the verdure. Roses of Sharon sprinkle the plain with beauty. The shepherd, in his white gown and with his long staff, standing amid his flocks, is seen just as he was two thousand years ago. Adobe villages are here and there. Along the road white towns appear. Here is Ramleh, the Arimathea of old, where Joseph, one of Christ's disciples, dwelt. From a tower here, one can see from Mount Carmel on the north to Gaza on the south, a sweep of a hundred miles. A short ride further, and the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, is pointed out on the left of the road. On the right we are shown a hill where the Ark of the Covenant once rested. And now we are in the region of Samson's exploits. We see his birthplace on a hill; and, not far away, the spot where his father-in-law lived; and near by, the very field where he expressed his chagrin by tying firebrands to three hundred foxes' tails, and letting them go into the ripe wheat. Off on a mountain crest is Latroon, the home of the penitent thief. All this plain of Sharon is included in the

land of the Philistines, a foe which gave Israel repeated disappointment and defeat. When Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt, he could have taken a very short cut through Palestine, were it not that the people here were a strong nation, and would not have permitted such a parade over their territory. Besides, Philistia was really included in Canaan, on which the heart of Israel was bent; and so their course was eastward beyond the Dead Sea, and under the cover of the mountains of Moab.

The elevation of Jerusalem is two thousand three hundred feet above the plain of Sharon. When the railroad strikes the mountains of Benjamin, it is a dreary ride thenceforward. The mountains are steep—piles upon piles of adamant, and with not enough soil upon them to grow a thistle. As I rode among those cliffs, I wondered how anybody could have ever fought for such territory. Dreary, desolate, sterile, for miles and miles; yet the Philistines and children of Israel kept driving each other out of there for centuries. On the decline eastward, toward Jerusalem, there were haggard attempts, here and there, to collect a little soil in small terraces, wherein to plant a few vines or a fig-tree or two. I do n't recollect seeing a solitary person or a habitation from the time we left Sharon till we began rushing down the descent of the mountain on our approach to Jerusalem. Here patches of soil began to appear, and yet, to the very walls of the Holy City, it was stony and desolate. Whatever might have been the case with other parts of Canaan, milk and honey never flowed there.

And now we are at Jerusalem Station, where the train stops, half a mile from the Joppa gate. There is a clatter of hackmen and a chaos of excited excursionists—a bedlam that destroys all the poetry that one could imagine would halo an arrival at the Holy City. When we enter the hacks, the coachmen, with teams three abreast, drive like mad toward the city, each one eager to get there first. The safety of the passengers does not concern them; they drive to beat, and hub touches hub, and street loiterers scramble to get out of the way. The passengers shriek at the driver and punch him with umbrellas to get him to stop his wild racing; but he takes the demonstrations as protests against his being so slow, and he renews his lashings, and flies up Gihon to the Joppa gate, and past it, in a fury that equaled a Saracenic rush on the grim old walls.

At a hospice outside the walls, in the Russian quarter, about halfway between the Damascus and Joppa gate, I throw down my grip, and, with five others, in a six-cotted room, make my home during my stay in Jerusalem. Our party of excursionists have filled the hotels, and I am part of the overflow; but the quarters are clean, if they are not gorgeous. Our landlord is Mr. Rolla Floyd, an agent for excursions, and he is very solicitous about our comfort. Our dining-room is a tent of pretty design, and our dinners are served *table d'hôte*—roast-beef, mutton, soup, artichoke, potatoes, endive, dessert, fruits, nuts, etc. A jolly time we have at the romantic caravansary. The house has no stoves or places to warm one, and as the thermometer was

forty-three degrees above zero a part of the time, brasiers were brought in to raise the temperature. Mr. Floyd came from Maine, United States, twenty-two years ago, to see the second advent of Christ, which he ardently expected to witness. He took his station on Mount Zion, and watched the Mount of Olives with hope and joy. He expected to see Christ float down on the historic summit in a cloud of glory. But the Redeemer failed to come, and Mr. Floyd was so disappointed that he never returned to America.



BETHLEHEM.

XIV.

It was Sunday evening when we arrived at Jerusalem, and by the time we had adjusted ourselves to our strange surroundings, and had eaten our dinner, it was fully dark. While at table, our guide announced to us that there was an Episcopal Church not far from the hotel, and if we desired to go to service that evening, he would be pleased to accompany us. Several assented; and so, after dinner, led by the guide, we filed down the dark streets, along the north wall, toward the Damascus gate, where we entered the walls, and found the church near by. The guide carried a long Chinese lantern, whose light was greatly needed; for the street near the wall was muddy and desolate. A lantern is a necessary appendage in wandering the streets of Jerusalem at night; for the Turkish guards are very apt to arrest a man whose presence is not thus signaled. We found the church a very comfortable edifice, large enough for two hundred and fifty people; but the attendance was only about seventy, and most of these men, among whom were fifteen or twenty native Syrians and Arabs, who held the prayer-book and followed the service. There were three ministers in the chancel, and one of them, a young Englishman on a tour, preached an off-hand,

racy sermon, on the text, "What think ye of Christ?" How attentive one really gets to a sermon on such a text, preached only a few rods from Calvary and the Holy Sepulcher!

I scarcely slept that night. Knowing I was in Jerusalem kept my thoughts rambling over the rare privilege all the night long. It was not far past midnight when I began to hear tramping feet in front of my hostelry, and thus it kept up until the first streaks of dawn, when I arose, and, looking out through the thick slats of my window, I saw an almost continuous stream of Russian peasants, bound for somewhere. They were men and women in heavy rough garb, and they carried small bundles and tin teapots. They uttered no words. They passed silently by, except the shuffling of their heavy shoes.

While all in the house yet slept, I arose and strolled forth. First, I ventured to the Joppa gate, and entered the city. So variegated are the population and the surroundings that one is hardly noticed. The peddlers and booth-tenders were gathering about the gate, getting ready for the day's traffic. As no one could talk English, I kept on without attempting to get directions, took a street to the right soon after entering, and followed it clear to the south wall. It was Zion Street, and I was on Mount Zion. I saw very few people. One old Armenian woman was trying to build a fire in the middle of the street. I passed two or three sleeping dogs, one of which got up and wagged me a welcome, as if to say he was glad to see me. The



MOUNT OF OLIVES.
Gethsemane inclosed by high wall in central foreground.

wag of a dog's tail expresses the same thing in any language. I met two or three young fellows, all Armenians, for I was walking through their quarter. An old Jew, faltering and bent, shuffled across the narrow, rock-paved street, and disappeared in an alley. These were all the persons I met, but I kept on through the cold silent street, till I turned out from that high-walled avenue into a cross street, and there in the east, rearing its beautiful summit against the gray dawn, was the Mount of Olives, about which cluster the fairest thoughts, the sweetest fancies that gild the pages of Time. I stopped and looked long at the historic spot; and I thought of the time when Christ, coming to the Holy City, stopped on the crest and gazed upon Jerusalem in deep sorrow, and uttered the prediction of its coming doom. I thought of the entry of Christ amid the hosannas of the people, and the sad night at Gethsemane when he wandered up its dark and silent slopes. I thought—O, how many thoughts there are!—but I must leave them, at least till I climb the mount. I went on down to the end of the street, past walls of houses, seeing not a soul and hearing not a sound. Then I retraced my steps, lest I get lost, and returned to the hospice, when my companions in travel were just getting out of their cots, and punishing their faces with cold water in iron washpans.

We concluded to go first to Bethlehem, and carriages were ready after breakfast. (Speaking of breakfast, the style is English at the hostelryes—bread and butter and coffee, and an egg if you want

it; but no meat, no potatoes, no hot cakes.) It is six miles to Bethlehem, and thither we start on a trot. We pass the Joppa gate, along the Gihon Valley on the west, where Solomon was crowned, and the Hinnom Valley on the east—the Tophet and Gehenna of the Bible—and the plain of Rephaim, where King David defeated the Philistines; and then, on a smooth, hard road, leading southward through a hilly country, amid scenes that awaken tinted memories and fill the soul with tender and loving emotions. Along this very road Christ often walked. Here is a field where, the legend runs, a man was planting peas as the Savior passed by; “What are you planting?” Christ asked, and the man answered impudently, “Stones;” and stones were the result, and stones have been the only crop there since. Surely the story has this confirmation—the field is covered with stones now.

Half-way between Jerusalem and Bethlehem is an elevation of the road, and from there one can see both cities. Near there is a well, from which the wise men stopped to drink, when the bright star appeared the second time. At the roadside, a few rods from the well, is a large stone with a depression, which a vivid imagination might regard as a man’s shape. It is said to be the imprint of Elijah’s body, made when he slept there one night, while he was fleeing from the wrath of Jezebel. The Russian peasants, of whom there were thousands on the tramp to Bethlehem, would invariably step aside and kiss that stone. From one point on this road one can catch a glimpse of the Dead Sea, a mere

gleam of its green waters nearly hid in the mountains. And here at the roadside is Rachel's tomb, a rather elaborate edifice built by the Moslems; for Jew, Turk, and Christian, all revere the memory of the mother of Israel. Half a mile west of here, and plainly in sight, is Zelzah, where Saul lived, and where he and Jonathan were buried.

A few minutes' ride further southward, and the road leads to an elevation; and there is Bethlehem, a little city of closely clustering houses built of white rock, resting on a ridge and decking the landscape with a fringe of pearl. Bethlehem has about six thousand population. It is compactly built; has narrow, straggling, paved streets, with scarcely a level stretch anywhere. The houses closely line the street, and seem larger and costlier than the apparent requirements demand. The main room in front is usually a booth or shop, and I could see the lonely workman within, intent on his shells, slippers, or olive-wood. The inhabitants are, for the most part, of some class of Christians, and they are above the average citizens of that clime. They are brighter in action and words, dress better, talk better, and give a pilgrim some glance of recognition. It is said the blood of the Crusaders runs in the veins of many of the population. The trade in mother-of-pearl and olive-wood relics is lively, and one has to run a gauntlet of traffickers when he reaches the little plaza fronting the Church of the Nativity, the object of one's mission to this place.

This church, which is over the manger where Christ was born, is an aggregation of buildings cov-

ering a large area. We descend a stone stairway at one corner, and enter a cave, which is known as the Chapel of Jerome, where that saint lived for thirty years, translated the Greek Testament into Latin (Vulgate), and was buried. From that cave, by way of a dark, narrow passage, we entered another, the Tomb of Eusebius; then through another dark aisle into the Chapel of the Innocents, where many of the bodies of the children slain by Herod were found; through another subterranean gallery to the Altar of Joseph, where, it is said, Joseph had his dream that bade him flee into Egypt. Then through another dark aisle, lighted only by the little tapers we carried, and we emerged into a rectilinear cavern, whose walls were covered with velvet and embroidered hangings, and whose darkness was dispelled by soft-colored lights. At one end was an altar adorned with silver and gold lamps and sacred ornaments. I had scarcely entered the place when I felt deeply impressed by a spirit of reverence that silences speech and drives away careless thoughts. It was the birthplace of the Savior. Into this gloomy cave the Son of God came from heaven. From here he went forth to save a world. Here began the centuries. Here started the only true civilization of the ages. Here hope was born, and poor humanity comes with its fears and sorrows for consolation and relief.

At one corner of the cave, an alcove, or recess, about six feet square, is excavated in the living rock. It is lower than the main portion of the cave, and two steps lead to the floor of the alcove. On one side a bench has been left by the excavation,

and this bench is the manger. It is covered by a beautiful granite or marble slab. The walls are hung with velvet and embroidery. Silver and gold lamps are kept burning all the time, attended by Greek, Armenian, and Latin priests. These lights shed a mild glow over the manger. While I stood there, fixing in my mind the picture of this sacred spot, people were coming and going constantly, most of the pilgrims being Russian, and all would fall on their knees and kiss the marble slab with profound fervor. It is said this slab has been kissed away and renewed two or three times. This act of devotion did not appear singular; it seemed rather in harmony with the feelings inspired by so sacred a spot. A man, however fitful and wayward may be his mind, is very sure to bow his head and lift his heart by the side of the manger of Jesus Christ. Whoever goes to the manger and stands in the silence of that solemn scene, is sure, if he leans out his soul, to hear the songs of the angels which the shepherds heard in the pasture near by, nineteen centuries ago.

We ascend the steps from the cave to the church above. Here is a massive structure, built by the mother of Constantine in the fourth century. Forty pillars, said to have been taken from the temple of Solomon, support the roof. Beautiful shrines and chapels, owned by the divisions of the Christian Church, open into the great auditorium. These shrines are most lavishly ornamented. Here priests are constantly on duty, and the faithful from all the world come to renew their devotion by the sight of the Savior's birthplace. In the natal cave and

in the church, Turkish soldiers are always on duty to protect the rights of all in their visit to the holy place. It seems peculiar, and likewise sad, that Mahomet must be present to keep the peace; but so it is.

From the church we took our way through a winding street to the edge of the town, where is David's well, the same from which the three men brought water to David, when he said: "O that one would give me a drink of water of the well of Bethlehem, that is by the gate!" In order to get the water, they broke through the hosts of Philistines that held Bethlehem. From the eminence where the well is, one can look down the valley and see the field where the shepherds watched their flocks when the star appeared. It is a lovely little valley, and the grass was green on the gentle slopes. There, too, we saw the very field where Ruth, the bright-eyed Moabitish woman, gleaned the barley when Boaz came by and fell in love with her. And beyond the pleasant valley of these poetic scenes, we see a graceful summit where Herod is buried, and which place, it is said, the Crusaders held for forty years when they tried to capture Jerusalem.

Retracing our steps from this interesting outlook, we passed what is known as the Milk Grotto, a spot held sacred by both Christian and Moslem. It is an ample and beautiful cavern in the limestone, entered by a descending passage. What gives it prominence is the tradition that here Joseph, Mary, and Jesus were in hiding for a while; but the incident that is told of this occupancy, and is so universally believed by the ignorant and credulous, is,

that Mary, in the exuberance of her lacteal supply, spilled a few drops of milk on the stone floor, and this gave special virtue to the cave; so that women, who lacked this natural resource, were speedily remedied by a visit to the cavern, or by eating of cakes in which some of the dust of the limestone floor had been mixed. These cakes were sold by the women who kept the cavern; but I observed that none of the ladies of our party offered to purchase any.

Walking back through the narrow streets to the open space near the church, where our carriages were, I noticed the number and activity of the venders of relics and mementos. They had for sale beads, shell and olive-wood trinkets, and they pushed their merchandise with vehemence and low prices. They were as persistent as the baksheesh boys. They would n't accept a negative as a finality. They would go at you with lower, and still lower price, till finally you would have to succumb.

It was a lovely day. The sun was genial. The skies mildly blue. The fields were green with growing wheat. The uplands were decked with the olive. Spinning over the white streak of road, we met hundreds of Russian peasants on their way to Bethlehem. They had come from the snows of their north country to refresh their poor souls with the sweet memories of their religion and so powerful is the concrete to their simple minds, that, as they went along, they bowed down and kissed every tomb and rock and well which some prophet or apostle might have touched in those far-off days that were more divine than these.

JERUSALEM.

XV.

JERUSALEM was called Jebus before David's time. It was the city of the Jebusites. The apex of Mount Moriah was the threshing-floor, which is the meaning of Jebus. There was fighting over the city in the time of Joshua, and from then on down to the fifteenth century, A. D., it has been the scene of more battle and bloodshed than any spot on the globe. It has been captured and recaptured, its people killed or carried away, and its buildings and walls wiped from existence. The metropolis of religion has been wrapped in flame, and soaked with blood, and, almost ceaseless through the centuries, the voice of woe has been heard from the citadel of Zion. Poor old Jerusalem! It is now a relic, and glorious only for the shadows that fall upon it.

It is not a large city. It is inclosed in high walls, nearly square, and hardly half a mile from one side to the other. The valley of Jehoshaphat is on the east, Hinnom on the south, Gihon on the west. On the plain northward, many buildings have been erected outside the walls; likewise beyond Gihon. There are sixty thousand people within and without the walls. They are Jews, Turks, Arabs, Syrians, Russians, Greeks, etc. It is the most heterogeneous population on earth, and it speaks forty different

languages. There is very little level place within the walls. The streets straggle hither and thither, up and down. They are narrow, dirty, but mostly rock-paved. The buildings are of stone, and some quite pretentious; but they are strung together, and look dilapidated. The stores and the manufactures are limited to trinkets and relics. Jerusalem's present is empty and insipid; its past is grand and exciting. As one walks its streets, he is not interested in what is, but what was.

The city covers Mount Moriah and Mount Zion, gentle elevations, that are hardly entitled to the name of hills. The Tyropœan Valley between has risen by the *débris* of centuries. There are broken slopes northward and eastward from the twin mounts. We entered at Joppa gate, and soon turned to the right into Zion Street, which takes one into the Armenian quarter, and past an Armenian convent that contains eight thousand pilgrims. On the right is the site of the temple of the Jebusites, and the towers of David. It is the highest part of the city, its stronghold, from which the Jebusites defied Israel, and from where Israel in turn defied the Assyrians. Beyond the walls that frown upon Hinnom is now an incongruous mass of stone buildings, crowded to the southwestern corner. Here is shown a part of the original wall of the city—a streak of stonework—upon which later walls are built.

One of the first buildings we enter on Zion Street—and it is embraced within the Armenian Convent—is St. James Church, said to stand on the spot where St. James was killed by Herod's orders.

Here are his tomb and his chair. It is an elegant church of mosaics, paintings, rare pillars, and sacred furbelows. Three stones, about three inches in diameter, protrude from a wall within an altar—one from Sinai, a second from Jordan where the Israelites crossed, and the third from Mount Tabor where the Transfiguration, according to some, took place. These stones the pilgrim may kiss if his heart so inclines. And many do incline; for it is a devout place, and worshipers are coming and going all the time.

The next place we come to in this strange stroll is the house of Caiaphas, where the Savior was brought before the high priest, scribes, and elders, after that awful night at Gethsemane, as related in Matthew xxvi. The building is said to be the identical one of Caiaphas, and we entered the very audience-room where the preliminary hearing was held, and where Christ was insulted and struck. Whether it is or not, one's memory runs back to that terrible experience, and pictures the Savior standing here in the midst of his accusers, and submitting to the insults, with sweeter patience, than he did to the hosannas on his triumphal entry to the city. How the ages turn and whirl on this little event! Outside the door stands Peter, listening, trembling, denying. The maid goes by, the cock crows, and God has not a friend on the planet he spun. Caiaphas's house may have tumbled when Titus came; it may have disappeared in the Saracen blasts; but more enduring than rock and walls is the tender reminiscence of that deepest sorrow.

Close by, under a black dome, are the tombs of David and Solomon, and within the same inclosure, an upper room, where, it is said, the Lord's Supper took place, and, by some 't is held, is the place where the apostles were assembled on the day of Pentecost.

We returned to King David's Street, where, at the American consulate, we obtained the joint assistance of a Turkish and an American official to escort us to Mount Moriah. This the Moslems hold, and no one is allowed there except under the lead of a Turkish officer. About thirty-five acres of the less than two hundred acres inclosed by the city walls, comprise the Haram El Sherif, or the Mahometan Holy Ground. Within this inclosure is Mount Moriah and the site of Solomon's Temple. Here is the threshing-floor, the Holy Rock, covered by the mosque of Omar, the grandest mosque in the world, and in many respects the most artistic structure. The El Sherif is a green space. There are grass and trees. No other buildings are allowed there. Until within a hundred years no profane feet were admitted within that inclosure. Only Mahomet's followers were permitted to gaze on the Holy Rock.

It was down a long narrow street, past traffickers of all kinds, and masses of Arabs and Jews, Armenians and Greeks, selling beads, fruits, salted fish, grain, and divers sorts of trinkets, that we wound our way to the site of the great temple. As we were about to enter the sacred inclosure, the long halls or porticoes, from which Christ drove

the peddlers and money-changers, are pointed out Just within the Haram El Sherif is the site of the judgment-hall, in which Christ was condemned. But the great object of interest in this Mahometan inclosure, is the apex of the mount, the Holy Rock, within the mosque of Omar, which stands where Solomon's Temple stood.

The beauty of Omar, the fascination of its delicate art, the grandeur of its dome, the softness of its carpets, are all quite lost in the memories of this sacred region. Here is a rock fifty-seven feet long, forty-three feet wide, and rising about six and one-half feet above the ground. It is the crown of Mount Moriah. Here Abraham was arrested by a voice from heaven, when he was about to offer his son as a sacrifice. Here Elijah came to pray. This rock David bought of Araunah, the Jebusite, and brought here the Ark of the Covenant. Here was the altar of burnt-offering in the temple of Solomon. Here, according to the Mahometan, was written the unspeakable name of God, which Jesus alone could read. Here the Savior often came and prayed. From here, according to the Moslems, Mahomet ascended to heaven on his winged steed El Burak; and to this spot the Kaaba shall be brought from Mecca, when the trump sounds the Judgment-day. This rough rock is one of the most authentic of the sacred spots of Jerusalem. There is absolutely no question concerning it. About it flit the strangest and sweetest memories. It is the one place sacred to Moslem and Christian. Through the same shaft or opening in the rock, through which the blood of the

sacrifice was carried from the altar of the temple, Mahomet took his mysterious flight to heaven. The big, venerable Turk, who convoyed us through the sacred precincts, was so courteous to the gentlemen, so gallant to the ladies, that we could not for a moment feel that we were at daggers' points on the little matter of our souls' salvation.

As we were about to leave the mosque, we passed two old Turks squatted at a grated opening near the north end of the Holy Rock. We were informed that if any of us desired to secure a residence in heaven when we die, all we had to do was to toss some coin on that little grating, and an undeniable prayer would be wafted to Mahomet to this end. There were some of our party who would not consent to lose this only opportunity of their lives to get to the better land, so they threw money on the grating, and the bearded old Turks smiled a genial O. K. as they raked in the coin. One of the company, little appreciating the value of this golden chance, threw down an English penny, which the solemn Turk brushed aside and refused, when our dragoman remarked: "They won't send a soul to heaven for copper money." Whereupon we thought of our contribution-boxes at home and their immense lack of saving grace. So nearly the desire for heaven and the desire for money coalesce and mingle in the same groove! For centuries no foot of Christian or Gentile was permitted in Haram el Sherif. It was pollution; it was desecration. But as pilgrims waxed many and carried purses, and they were willing to pay for the desecration, the

Moslems compromised with their consciences, and let the pollution go on; but they drew the line at the Jews. No Hebrew can gaze upon the altar of his father Abraham.

Here is the Mosque-el-Aksa, and near by some great cavernous substructures, known as Solomon's stables. But there is not a vestige of Solomon's temple; in fact, not a thing beyond the Holy Rock and the site itself, which, one can be sure, is invested by sacred memories. All else is glamour and myth. The Leaf Fountain, the Gate of Paradise, the Throne of Solomon, a dozen glimpses of legends blink and twinkle in one's fancy, and leave no trace. Up there in the wall of Aksa, a pillar protrudes. From that, across to the summit of Olivet, a slender rope will be stretched. On the last great day, when Gabriel blows his trumpet, and all nations gather for judgment—the souls of all gone and yet here—across that rope they will take their flight to Olivet or heaven, or to Jehoshaphat or hell. As the unfaithful flit along the cable, down they will go into the dismal valley. So believes the Moslem. As I stand there near the Holy Rock, and look up at the pillar, and then at the distant crest of Olivet, and listen to the sweet voice that comes floating down over Gethsemane, I say to myself: "I will not trust the rope."

As we leave the gilded structures and cross the grassy plat of the Haram, we see the Mahometans gather for worship. They assemble in a long line, facing the mosque of Omar; and then, repeating

their prayers, bow thrice to the ground, several times. I like the devotion of the Moslem; it is wrongly directed, but it has the zest of a strong and abiding faith. To our right, as we cross the deep grass, decked with olive-trees, is the Golden Gate of Jerusalem. Here, in all probability, was the east side of the temple, along whose porches Christ often walked and conversed; and the Golden Gate was the Gate Beautiful, where Peter lifted up the lame man and bade him walk. The Golden Gate is walled up, and we pass it by on our way to the northeast corner of the Haram, where we make our exit into one of the principal streets of Jerusalem, which leads to St. Stephen's Gate, only a few rods away. Thither we go, and pass through to the outside, where we expected donkeys awaiting us, to make the ascent of the Mount of Olives. As they had not yet arrived, I wandered down the road to Kedron, and stood on the stone arch that spans the now dry brook. On one hand rose the walls of Jerusalem; on the other, the Mount of Olives; and this, the Valley of Jehoshaphat. At the base of the mount is the Tomb of Mary; not far from there Absalom was buried; farther down, over graves upon graves, are the pools of Siloam; and just beyond, the Hill of Evil Counsel, where Judas planned to betray Christ; and right in front of me is Gethsemane. As one stands here, in his mind are focussed the fairest memories of all time; and he drops his head, and thinks, and thinks, until his thoughts are carried away by the stories of a life of

sacrifice, and by the profoundest problems of human destiny.

I am aroused from my reverie by two beggars extending their hands for alms. Ugh ! the lepers ! I turn from Gethsemane, and drag my thoughts in the dust.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

XVI.

THE slopes of Mount Olivet reach to the Brook Kedron. Between the dry bed of the ancient brook and the steeper ascent of Olivet is the Garden of Gethsemane. It is now a rectilinear inclosure of hardly half an acre. It is a rather severely cultivated spot, and surrounded by a high artistic fence. Within are grass-bordered walks, very straight; beds of flowers, and bowers of verdure. The idea of garden has possessed the religious projectors to give it a very conventional form. It lies on the hillside like a geometrical problem. One can hardly realize that it was such a garden where the Savior spent that dreadful night with his disciples. It is too exact and angular. Its rigidity depresses the verdure and flowers. That here was the garden seems highly probable; but it was, no doubt, a shapeless tract of vines, olive and fig trees. And that would be more in keeping with Christ's experience that night of all nights in his life. We went to the gate of the garden and walked in. A kindly monk was there to show people through, to give them a leaf or flower from the garden, and to receive a little fee for the love of others. A neat walk paralleled the fence, inclosing a plat of verdure; but what are

leaves and bushes to the memories of that night of gloom? I scarcely see the pretty flowers or the graceful vines; beyond them all, I see the three disciples and Christ awaiting in the darkness the arrival of his enemies. Here lie the disciples in deep slumber; yonder, whitening the dark night, Jesus disappears to pray. Here come the crowd, led by Judas, seeking Christ. The Holy One appears, is kissed, betrayed, and taken away. It is a reminiscence of sorrow and tears.

Leaving the gate of Gethsemane, we started on our climb up the Mount of Olives. It is a hill about five hundred feet high. A broad, winding, ragged path or road, leads to the summit. It is a clayey, stony soil, with many olive-trees growing to the very summit of the mount. We are in the midst of many interesting objects. Here is the monument of Absalom, hewn from the solid rock, and surmounted with a graceful column. It is said the Jews throw stones at this tomb to express their disgust at Absalom's disobedience. Near by are the tomb of Jehoshaphat and the pyramid of Zacharias; both places of interest to all pilgrims, but especially to the Jews. At the latter place the children of the Captivity prolong the doleful strains of their ancestors who were carried to Babylon. To our right, on both sides of the valley of Jehoshaphat, are crowded graves. For centuries the ashes of the dead have enriched the soil on the lower slopes of Moriah and Olivet. It is a favorite burial-place; for here in Jehoshaphat the dead, so the belief runs, will have the first chance in the great resurrection, for

over it the heavens will burst into bloom, and Christ descend in a golden radiance.

Our path up the mountain is the same that David traveled barefoot, when he fled from Absalom; and it is the same that Jesus often trod when he retired to the quiet of the mount or went to or came from Bethany. It is a warm day, and as our donkeys did n't arrive, we walked up the mountain. We stopped now and then to rest, but it was not time thrown away. We turned our faces toward Jerusalem and its lofty walls. Most prominent of all objects is the Mosque of Omar, standing where Solomon's Temple stood, and brought into bold relief by the grassy plat held sacred by the Moslems. Beyond is Zion, a mass of stone buildings now, but in ancient times the citadel of Judea. Lying close to the south wall is the valley of Hinnom, called also Tophet and Gehenna. Beyond are Aceldama and the Hill of Evil Counsel. Below is Siloam, near where Kedron joins Hinnom. Beyond the north wall is a hill, the sight of which makes one's pulses thrill, and one's thoughts converge to the mightiest event of all history. It is Calvary, or what the greater part of the Protestant world regards as the true Place of the Skull. Near where we stand is Gethsemane, and yonder Golgotha—hardly five minutes' walk between them, and fitly near; for the crucifixion began in Gethsemane with a kiss and ended in Golgotha with a spear.

Soon we reached the western brow of the mount. The summit is broad and somewhat cultivated. We pass through clusters of Arab hovels, and are be-

sieged by beggars and baksheesh boys and girls. Two of the ladies of our party who had wandered ahead, were stoned by the ratty baksheesh boys because they would not deliver, and hurried back for protection; but the young Ishmaelites had scampered down the mountain. We walked along a dirty road, past dreary stone huts, to the eastern brow. In one of these houses we saw the same kind of a mill at which two women would be grinding, when one would be taken and the other left; possibly on the very spot that Christ spoke of it in Matthew xxiv, 31.

One of the important spots pointed out, and extremely important if true, was the place where Christ ascended to heaven. It is marked by a little canopy or arch. Empress Helena located the spot, but it is quite certain she was mistaken. What a majestic sight it would be if one could, with one sweep of the eye, see Gethsemane, Calvary, and the spot where Christ ascended to glory! What vision could fill the soul with loftier reflections? There is a tall tower, a Russian shrine, on the summit, where one can climb and see nearly all Judea. We took our position on a beautiful outlook at the eastern edge of the crest, where we could see Palestine in any direction for thirty miles—to Moab on the east, to the land of Gad on the north, and to Simeon on the south. It is a mountainous country, hill over hill, as far as one can see. In front of us, fourteen miles distant, lies the Dead Sea, its smooth, green surface, gleaming in the afternoon sun. Beyond are the mountains of Moab, a most dreary-looking

region. Opposite the north end of the Dead Sea is Mount Nebo, where Moses was permitted to view the Promised Land. It is exactly the height above the Dead Sea that Olivet is—four thousand feet. Northward lay the valley of Canaan, through which the Jordan, a thread of silver, winds to the Dead Sea. Beyond is Mount Gilead. Yonder is where the Israelites crossed the Jordan, where Elijah smote the stream with his mantle, and where Jesus was baptized. Thus, like a strand of pearls, the sacred incidents are strung together. We can see the site of Jericho, the mount where Christ was tempted, and the spot, a ruined castle now there, beyond the Jordan, where John the Baptist was beheaded. O, how jubilantly the memory goes rollicking over that glimpse of valley from Nebo to Gilgal! I can see the long column of Israel winding out of Moab and approaching the river Jordan. How slowly, how hesitatingly it moves! It is now in the valley it has sought for forty years. A new generation has succeeded the column that came out of Goshen. Joshua is at their head. Jordan rolls at their feet. It is a narrow stream, scarcely a hundred feet wide, but a deep strong current. It parts, and the hosts walk over into Canaan and encamp at Gilgal. I can see them making ready their ram's horns for the attack on Jericho. I can feel the very mountains yet quivering beneath the blasts of the advancing hosts. Thus as I look through the crystalline spaces and see the emerald-gleaming river, I gaze across the ages and behold the curtain rise on the prologue of Christian civilization.

Down at the right, hardly two miles away, is Bethany, where Christ often went for rest and quiet. It was the home of Mary and Martha, two of those sweet spirits, gentle and trustful, that were then, and are now, stronger pillars of Christ's mission than priest or Levite. All that is now left of the Bethany that softly slept in the valley in Christ's days, is a supposed site of the house of the two faithful sisters.

It was here, on this summit, the abode of poverty, filth, leprosy, and transcendent memories—an outlook upon which Canaan smiles and Moab frowns—that Christ spent the last hours of his mission on earth. Here he met his disciples, and gave them that beautiful, serious talk that has been a glow to after ages, and is the morning sunshine to every soul in darkness or in doubt. The afternoon was lovely. A golden air rested on the broad crest of the mount. Chapel, shrine, and hovel seemed almost spectral in their silence. Tranquillity became objective, and stood about in incoherent forms. The old gardener leaned on his hoe, and looked at the rich soil, and seemed lost in thought. The world sleeps on Olivet. It will never get over its sweet dream.

We return by another and steeper path, which leads through groves of olive-trees. It is a rock-path of the hill, and where the path is cut, hard, glistening limestone appears. From this point of view one can see up the valley where the Kedron ran, and across the north wall where Jerusalem grows. It is within this region that Jerusalem is to

be rebuilt according to the prophecies. The Tower of Hananeel, just within the Joppa gate, is the southwest corner. So the city restored will leave Zion, Moriah, and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in the suburbs. Nine-tenths of the building of Jerusalem is in that direction, and strong and extensive edifices are being erected, mostly, however, for the entertainment of pilgrims coming to enjoy personal association with the loftiest reminiscences of time.

At the base of the mount we reach again the road that leads to St. Stephen's gate. Here is the Tomb of Virgin Mary, a modern building, kept bright and clean. It is visited by hundreds every day, especially in the early morning. The interior of the tomb, which is roomy and attractive, will hold fifty or more visitors. Between this and Gethsemane is only a few rods distance. Beggars are numerous here, and their appearance is distressing and repulsive. Our guide cautioned us not to let them come near us or touch us, for there are lepers among them. They are very persistent, and they beg in such liquid, tender, beseeching accents—especially the women—and extend their hands in such dignified subserviency, that one is made to feel almost sure they are professionally equipped for their unsavory tasks.

We pass again over the stone bridge of Kedron, up the inclined road to St. Stephen's gate, again into the streets of the city, and in a few minutes are on the Via Dolorosa, or the Sorrowful Way, which Christ took when he bore his cross to Calvary

amid the jeers and insults of the populace. In all history there is no such journey as this. The Prince of Peace, the Savior of men, carrying the cross on which he was to be crucified, along this way walked, and fell beneath its weight.

HOLY SEPULCHER.

XVII.

A WALK along the Via Dolorosa, or the path that Jesus went when he was led to Calvary, is one of impressive memories. That was the saddest and grandest procession the world has ever beheld. The scene is not now as it was then. Comparatively new buildings line the narrow street. A rocky pavement covers the way. It is a dreary, monotonous avenue. Nature has not adorned a spot along the way. Walls and houses of rock, with few signs of life, frown on the pilgrim as he strolls up the silent thoroughfare. A few dirty children, some miserable beggars, a donkey now and then, comprise the activity of the dolorous street. These are so shabby and insignificant that they scarcely arrest one's attention. One's thoughts run away back, through centuries of war, desolation, and tremendous change, to the procession of suffering and grief, and to the single figure in it, uttering not a word of anger or reproach, while he slowly walks along, reviled, persecuted, and scourged.

A short walk from St. Stephen's gate brings us to the pool of Bethesda. Within a court is a deep excavation of irregular shape and strongly walled. Two flights of steps lead to the bottom of it, which is possibly sixty feet down. I descended, but found

very little water. What there was came from a small subterranean stream.

A little further on the same street is Pilate's palace, or the site of it. Here is the "Ecce Homo" arch exhumed from the débris near by. Here begins the Via Dolorosa, the place where Pilate turned Christ over to the mob, where the cross was placed upon him, and he began that awful march to Calvary. I followed the same path past the stations of that agony, and on to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which is about ten minutes' walk from Pilate's house. Along the way are signs or placards, announcing the sad events of the journey.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which is the central object of interest in Jerusalem, is a great, shabby, antiquated structure, or rather an aggregation of structures. It was built by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, in the fourth century. Helena was a woman of great devotion, vigor, and perception. She spent much time in Palestine, locating from tradition, history, and topographical conditions the various sacred spots. Nearly all these places have been designated by her. The manger and the sepulcher she pointed out from the best intelligence of those early days. The almost unanimous opinion of the ages is that her decisions were right. At least they have not been successfully disproved. The strongest dissent is from her location of Calvary and the sepulcher. These are now within the walls, and yet we know the true spots were outside the walls. To this it is answered, that the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher was outside



VIA DOLOROSA.
Pilate's House to the right.



the walls that stood when Christ visited the earth. The people in the fourth century must have known the locality of this mighty event. The learned fathers of the succeeding centuries did not question it. To-day all Christian devotion is directed to that spot. The other Calvary, near the Damascus gate, does not bear the insignia of worship.

In front of the church is an open space, which is used as a market-place. Here Jews, Arabs, and Christians, surrounded by their wares, mostly beads and trinkets, catch the devout pilgrim on his way to the sepulcher. It is quiet, and no one is disturbed or observed if he walks straight to the door of the church and enters. The Turkish soldiery stand guard within. The interior belongs to Christendom, by the grace of the sultan. The architecture and adornment are really beautiful, but the interior is usually too dark to allow one a perfect view. It is not, however, the *tout ensemble* that engages one's attention. It is the sacred spots under the capacious roof that lure the soul.

The first object one sees when he enters, is the stone of unction, to which the body of Christ was brought to be washed, anointed, and dressed for the tomb. It is a stone ten feet long by four wide, and is elaborately adorned. Half a dozen worshipers were kneeling before it, and kissing it while I stood there. 'T is said the stone has been kissed away and renewed several times. To the left, about forty feet, is a mark showing where Christ's mother stood and watched to see what would be done with the body. To the right of this, and in the middle

of the church, under the splendid dome, is the holy sepulcher—a cave cut from the living rock, and surmounted by a canopy. For a cave thus to loom up from the floor of the sanctuary, seems strange; but it must be remembered that the excavation, to afford room for the church, has left the sepulcher. On one side of the tomb is a small opening, through which, by stooping very low, I passed and stood within the sepulcher. Forty-two gold and silver hanging-lamps shed a mild radiance over the sacred scene. Handsome draperies of velvet and tapestry covered the walls and the sepulcher where the dead Christ once lay. I could not help noticing the similarity of the manger and the tomb. The former was slightly roomier, but six or eight persons would crowd either. In each, to the right as one entered, was a bench cut from the living rock, running the full length of the cave, and between two and three feet wide. This bench was the manger at Bethlehem, the sarcophagus at Jerusalem. In this solemn place one's mind is crowded with thoughts, which words are too languid to express. Articulation seems profane in this center of holy reminiscence, and one can only look, and say in his heart, "Here, on this rock, in this dark cave, lay the mangled body of the Son of God." Two old pilgrims from snowy Russia enter, and kneel and kiss the tomb, and as I watch their deep and loving devotion I think how the great heart of humanity beats and throbs around this rock.

Near the opening of the tomb is a rock of irregular shape, about two and a half feet in diameter,

which, it is said, is the original stone that was rolled away. But all these movable objects, so easily the prey of superstitious invention, I accept with several large grains of salt. There is enough of enduring, natural objects that might be true, to test one's credulity, without running into the contingencies of the fancy. From here I went to Calvary. Now, to say that Calvary is inside the church will astonish many of my readers, but so it is. Only a hillock is the Place of the Skull. It is about twenty feet from the summit of the Mount down to the floor of the church; and from the door of the sepulcher to the place where the cross stood is about seventy-five feet, by an eye estimate. The ascent of Calvary is by stairs. The crest is adamant. An altar covers it. In the rock are three holes, all within a space of ten or twelve feet, where the crosses stood. The rent in the rock, referred to in the Scriptures, is disclosed. It was a plain, deep, actual crack in the rocky summit. It takes a stretch of imagination to see a Calvary in all this—at least the Calvary that has long been located in my mind; but when I see that half of the hill has been cut down to make room for the church, and I look back to the time when there was no church, and I see a characteristic knoll here—why not Calvary?

I descend the stairs, and from the floor of the church look at the perpendicular face of the hill, left by the excavation to make more room for the structure, and here I see an object that strangely interferes with sacred emotions. Directly underneath where the cross stood, a grave has been exposed,

and in it the remains of a man. The skull and a part of the skeleton of the body are plainly discernible. There are streaks of reddish stain through the rocky face of the hill, from the point where the cross stood to the skull below. Those streaks, says Superstition, were made by blood from the central cross, and that skull, thus anointed by the blood of Christ, is Adam's. I dislike very much to introduce an account of such a miserable sacrilege in the narrative of my observations, but it will serve to explain how very gullible is the devout man when he is very ignorant. That vile subterfuge has no place on Calvary. It is a horrid nightmare disturbing a dream of love and sacrifice.

There are many memorial marks scattered throughout the great church. Here is where Mary stood when she saw Christ and supposed he was the gardener. There is where he revealed himself to her. Under an altar are two holes, called the bonds of Christ. Yonder is his prison. This is the spot where they parted and cast lots for his garment. Here was where Christ was crowned with thorns. All these sacred spots are inclosed in some altar or chapel erected by the Greeks, Latins, Armenians, or Copts. One can hardly step without touching the precinct of some holy memory. Every feature of the great tragedy has its memento. There is a chapel to the penitent thief, and here an altar of the centurion. In a Latin chapel is the column to which Christ was bound. It is inclosed, so it can not be seen. But on an altar handy to it is a stick about two feet long, called the Rod of Moses—the

same, we presume, with which the leader of Israel smote the rock and caused the waters to flow. Pilgrims take this rod and thrust it through a hole in the inclosure and touch the stone column, then kiss the end of the rod. Our dragoman performed the act for us, but I do n't believe it was accompanied by much faith. Another mark, somewhat amusing, is a star in the floor to indicate the center of the world, and *mirabile dictu*, to commemorate the identical spot from which the earth was taken to make Adam. As I stand there in the center of the world, and on the native heath of Adam, and look across the church and see him sweetly slumbering in his grave, I begin to feel that the mythical glory of the first man dwindles to the actual vanity of the last, and that Adam and I take part in the great drama of earth together, even if I lag superfluous on the stage.

Another sacred spot, under this wide-spreading roof, which we visited, is a cavern sixteen feet below the floor, where Helena discovered the three crosses. This cavern is fifty-one by forty-three feet, and is called the Chapel of Helena. We also saw the sword, spurs, and tomb of Godfrey, the great Crusader, who was one year king of Jerusalem. We visited several rock-cut tombs, all within the area of the church, and among them beheld the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph. They were simply two deep recesses in a honeycomb of caves. While penetrating these low-arched tombs, I remember we encountered a big, burly Arab, who got into our way with such boldness that I feared for a moment

that he had designs upon us peaceful pilgrims, and intended that we should slumber with Joseph and Nicodemus in that subterranean gloom.

We left the church with our emotions somewhat mixed. We had seen many trifling things erected into monuments of sanctity, and some foolish things invested by superstition with holy memories. Some may be true—but no matter. There was an expanse of mire, miasma, and tangled vines; but above them all were two sunny headlands, touching the blue sky, and filling the heart with joy and hope—Calvary and the Tomb. The shadows of a late afternoon were on the streets of Jerusalem, as we left the church, and passed once more the haunts of traders, and caught the sickening hum of their traffic. The battlements of Zion were bathed in the gold of the west, and Olivet shone in the soft tints of the sinking sun, when we emerged from the Joppa gate, and turned toward the Russian quadrangle near the north wall.

That night I went out shopping, and wandered till after nine o'clock among the little stores of jewelry, souvenirs, trinkets, and bric-a-brac. In some of them were salesmen who could talk a little English, but our trading consisted of holding up an article and asking *combien*, or how much? when the answer would be the number of francs or shillings. But Jerusalem is a poor place to buy anything. It has very little that a person cares for. It is poor, very poor, except in sacred spots and tender memories.

SMYRNA.

XVIII.

WE left Jerusalem March 6th, and returned to Joppa, where our steamer lay in a smooth sea. In the afternoon we sailed out into the blue Mediterranean, leaving the mountains of Judea, the green plain of Sharon, and the white walls of Joppa, to fade in the distance and disappear in the night. Long I sat on the promenade deck, and watched the receding shores of the Holy Land as they melted into a dark horizon and a flash of stars. Soft airs played about the vessel and fondled the darkening sea. It was an hour of delicious revery. I was again with the shepherds watching their flocks; I gazed upon Canaan from the crest of Olivet; I strolled amid the dark bowers of Gethsemane; I saw the Moslem kiss the green sward where Solomon's temple stood; I walked down the Via Dolorosa in that parade of woe; I stood on Calvary where the rocks were rent; I bowed again in the solemn silence of the Sepulcher—all these things came to me like bright visions, and they entered my life as the stars enter the sea, and held me in sweet enchantment till the band struck up, and happy dancers fluttered to the wide deck and suffused their souls in the rhythm of the waltz. How near to each other are the effervescence and solemnity of life!

When I went out on deck the next morning, blue skies circled a crystal sea. The Levant was behind and the Ægean Sea ahead. It was afternoon when we saw the first land, the island of Rhodes, on our starboard—a bare and dreary spot. All islands at a distance seem like rocky steeps and wastes, and yet they lie in the dim distance like embodied dreams, and arouse one's fancy into infinite play. Especially do these of the Archipelago—the sacred islands, suffused with the mighty past and glowing with poetic myth and story. Helios may have raised Rhodes from the sea. He cares for her yet, and lavishes his wealth of gold on her. But where is her grandeur, her glory, over which kingdoms quarreled and thousands died? Persian, Greek, Roman, and Turk have robbed her valleys of their verdure and her cities of their wealth. Not a gleam of spire, a glow of village homes, or a glimpse of pastoral joys in all the island.

I heard a serious suspicion floating about the decks this morning. It reflected upon a very esteemed gentleman, Dr. Park, of Buffalo, New York. It is rumored he secured a young Egyptian girl, at Cairo, to take home with him; that he kept her in the hold of the vessel, and, for two whole days after leaving Alexandria, he had not given her a mouthful to eat. Some friend made bold to speak to him about it, and to refer to the dark talk going around the ship. The Doctor exhibited some emotion, and shaking his head sorrowfully, said: "I fear it is now too late—food would not do the girl any good—she has already been dead three thousand

years." The Doctor had purchased a mummy in Egypt, for a present to the Buffalo Medical Society, of which he was president.

And now we are among the islands of the Ægean Sea. There is hardly an hour that we do not see a fleck of land lying somewhere in the emerald waste. All afternoon we sit on the promenade deck and watch the storied islands come and go. It approaches very near to lotus-eating to stretch out in one of those ship chairs, on a broad deck, in a blue-skied, soft-aired afternoon, and watch the dreamy isles of a glinting sea rise and fall along the horizon. The deck is full of people. Some are walking, singly, or in twos or threes. Some are reading; some sleeping. There is a spirit of contentment and joy wherever one looks. The young people are twittering. There, a bachelôr and a fair maid are leaning over the railing and watching the big green bubbles and the lace-fringed waves; here, a deck steward tucking a shawl more neatly about the feet of a languid matron; yonder, three or four men spinning a faded yarn, and laughing ringingly at the tangles of it. From the brass band aft floats a rhythm along the decks and out over the sea, so sweet that it might evoke a naiad or a mermaid to burst through the creamy foam, and give us one sweet smile, to let us know that old Homer and Sophocles and Hesiod have not dragged these gentle phantoms of the soul down to Hades with them. They have not. I saw a naiad on Samos. There is a strand of white surf bending to an inlet, along whose soft and leafy shores the rolling waves flung

their white tufts. At one time, a pearly plume, taller than the others, leaped from the apex of the surf, tripped and danced on the green sward, tore a twig from a low-hanging bough, waved it gracefully over the sea, and was about to beckon to me, when the gong sounded for dinner, and the phantasmal loveliness melted into the edges of the surf.

When, the next morning, the band played the reveille, the good ship was quiet within the harbor of Smyrna. When I went on deck, before breakfast, there lay the United States war-vessel, the *Chicago*, between us and the shore, and the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the golden morning air. I had seen the old flag in battle; I had watched it streaming in smoke as it led ranks of blue to the red throats of the cannon; but never was it quite so beautiful and inspiring as on that foreign shore. Up yonder on the summit of Mount Pagus lies Polycarp, the first bishop, who was slain for his Christian faith, and against this historic background floats the first emblem of religious liberty.

Smyrna was a Grecian city, the only one remaining in Asia Minor that figured in the annals of that nation. It is now half Turk, quarter Greek, and the remainder miscellaneous, in a population of two hundred thousand. It is a city of many handsome stone buildings, but most of the structures are low and squatty, and built of wood. The streets are narrow, dirty, and the worst paved I ever saw. A corduroy out of repair is a joy in comparison with most of them. There is much traffic in the city. Every sort of merchandise is for sale. It is a carpet,

shawl, and curtain emporium. At a carpet-store our party of four was most delightfully entertained. We were given chairs, and offered cups of Turkish coffee and cigarettes, with which we toyed while the clerks unfolded rugs and curtains of lovely texture and pattern. As we wandered along the stores, or rather bazars—for the rooms were often not ten feet square—the proprietors, mostly Turks and Syrians, would come from their stalls and coax us to come and buy of them. The prices would be the most that they had the cheek to ask to the least you had the cheek to offer, which made a difference of several hundred per cent. Our ship was a godsend to the Orient. Its arrival was heralded by a markup of prices. It was looked for for weeks. What else could relieve these congested marts—these rows of stored richness from Persia, India, and the islands of the sea? I saw very little buying outside the meat and fish stalls. There were crowds on the street, and, from a big mosque we passed, I saw hundreds and hundreds of Turks issue.

Our party of four had a guide who took us to a first-class restaurant for lunch. It was a Turkish establishment, but, to all appearance, quite like such an institution in America. They had a great bill of fare in French, and we had a jolly time in getting what we did n't want. Our guide ate with us to assist us. I noticed he got a good, square meal; but our finicky notions brought on our discomfiture. We had macarøni, sardines, tomatoes stuffed with hashed meat, fresh peas, and a Turkish dessert, very sweet and very good. When we had finished

our lunch, which we had ordered *à la carte*, the herculean proprietor wanted to charge us for *table d'hôte*, about five dollars for the crowd, whereupon we arrayed our dragoman against him in wordy antagonism, which was, however, so weakly maintained on our side that we could n't cut down the charge more than a franc. My observation is that a dragoman, though he seems to bristle with javelins in protest against the extortion of a native proprietor, has an understanding with the dealer that he is not at all dangerous—that his belligerence is really soft and fuzzy.

Smyrna has a cloudy reputation. We were told that a European or American has need of care in walking the streets, for pocket-books were in danger in broad daylight. But I saw nothing even suspicious. I walked up a narrow street alive with Turks for half a mile, my brother and I being the only occidental strangers among ten thousand Smyrnians, and we were not accosted, and hardly noticed by any, and our dress, amid a wilderness of fezzes, vests, and baggy trousers, must have appeared very peculiar. We lost our way, and wandered crosswise toward the harbor, promenading lonely streets, and looking into shops and wholesale stores, in happy security all the way.

The city is more beautiful from the harbor than it is within. It is spread up the base of Mount Pagus. We rode through the rough streets of the Greek quarter to the suburbs and part way up the mount, where we got an outlook of the crescent-shaped city, the far-away mountains, and the mag-

nificent harbor. Faint traces of ancient walls, shrines, and theaters are pointed out; but Smyrna has been captured, destroyed, and rebuilt over and over. It was in its glory in the days of its Grecian supremacy; but in the Christian era it has been the prey of cruel monarchs and rapacious freebooters. Over yonder, on the banks of the purling Meles, Homer was born, and in a cave hard by, 't is said, he wrote his epics. Here was one of the seven cities of Asia addressed by St. John from his cave in Patmos. It seems that the apostle's appeal to steadfastness has been in vain. Luxury and effeminacy, the greatest foes of national integrity, made easy the advent of the despoiler, and Islamism followed close behind, to stamp the decline with the seal of her despair.

From Smyrna to Ephesus is forty-eight miles by rail, and a large number of the party went there to view the ruins. There are scarcely more than foundations left, for everything of value that is portable has been carried away. Still it is interesting as the site of the Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world. The ride to Ephesus was full of interest. Along the valley were fair farms, with grapes, figs, wheat, corn, cattle, and sheep. The visit was a little marred by rain.

At night the second cabin of our steamer was cleared and adorned for dancing. The American war-vessel near by was the inspiration of the ball. Our lady passengers blossomed in their happiest gowns and smiles; the young gentlemen hauled their creased spiketails from steamer-trunks, and

parted their front hair in deeper flakes; the naval officers came over, blinking in brass buttons and bending in stiffest bows at the damsels and the more pretentious matrons; the band struck up a waltz, and beauty and gallantry sailed in on the rhythmic swim; the courteous old tar, our captain, spanned the fragile waist of an American beauty, and spun in jolly jolts around the cabin; the frothy lemonade figured in the light-voiced intervals; and thus the moments trickled softly by—how long, I do not know; for I went to bed under the music, and swooned away to the old bassoon sawing the waltz of Weber, and did n't wake up until our steamer was speeding past Chios on its way to the land of Plato and Pericles.

We left Smyrna at two o'clock A. M., and reached Piræus at four in the afternoon, a distance of about two hundred and forty miles. It was a pleasant trip past Chios and Andros, and over the gleaming sea where the gods and goddesses of the misty antiquity often reveled, and classic heroes sailed. There was a rough sea, and the big ship danced right gaily when it was halfway over. Before noon the shores of Greece rose from the western horizon, a dim outline of mountain range, and a hundred fancies came up with them, borne on the flight of sweet memories of books and studies in youthful days. Yonder, literature and art were born, and there the gentlest philosophies arose to bless mankind. Past Andros and Chios and Ægina and Salamis we go—every island memorable in the history of the world. One little island is pointed

out as the scene of Byron's Corsair. Yonder is the mountain peak where Xerxes sat to see his immense navy destroy the Grecian fleet at Salamis. And here is Piræus—the port of Athens—an inviting harbor, and beautiful city surrounding it. Our big steamer comes within two hundred feet of the pier, casts anchor, and we hurry off. Athens is six miles away. A railroad runs thither. We find the station, buy three railroad tickets, handing the agent a gold pound sterling (20s.) and he gives us the tickets and 24s. in change, for gold is thirty per cent premium. And now we are flying across Greece to Athens. The itinerary prepared for the excursion put the course of the vessel from Smyrna to Constantinople; but owing to the presence of cholera at the latter city, Athens had placed a ten days' quarantine against vessels coming from there; and so the schedule was changed, and we went to Athens first. Malta, also quarantined against Constantinople, and that interesting place we will have to omit. But just think of us bold adventurers—if Athens and Malta dare not defy the cholera, we do.

ATHENS.

XIX.

THERE are three ways to go from Piræus, the port of Athens, to the renowned city—by rail, an electric train, and the pike. I tried each way, either coming or going. The distance is only six miles. From the bay, when the ship comes up, one can see the white buildings of Athens, the Acropolis, and the Hymettus Mountains just beyond. The bay is a beauty, and Piræus is the vestibule to Athens.

One can easily see the difference between Asiatic and European tendencies and ideas in crossing from Smyrna to Piræus. The language in either case is impervious, but the life and activity show a marked change in the fourteen hours' trip. You might go up to a Greek in Piræus or Athens, and expect an intelligent answer to your question, for he seems so like "one of us." He dresses, walks, rides, and eats very much like an American or Englishman. One is getting home when he leaves the Levant and throws down his grip in the land where Diogenes pottered around with his lantern and Socrates loafed about on the street-corners. It is a land that belongs to mankind. All gentle souls are citizens of Greece. Women once more appear, and adorn the avenues of life. They emerge from the

gloom of Asia and Africa, and stand forth in happy relief on Hellenic shores.

There is not much to tell of the topography of Greece. It is very much like Southern Ohio, except that its hills often rise to mountains. It is nearly in the same latitude, just a little north, but has a more benign and equable temperature. Its climate inclines to a tropical character, and very meager provision to warm one is made in that classic region. But material advantages are not what made Greece. Its products were of secondary influence. The blue skies that bent so softly over the land, the gentle breezes from surrounding seas, the misty mountain ranges, the quiet valleys, were symptoms of a divine spirit that pervaded the land. There, nature and religion are identical. The varied landscape is the expression of heavenly purpose. The soul is related to the crag, the waterfall, and the smiling slopes. The poetic aspects of nature were the ordinances of God. So it was, before war and trade came to rupture the spiritual communion.

But Greece is now only a dream. Reminiscence is enthralled by it. You fly in a car across its fields, you gaze at its purple summits, you look into the beautiful faces of its maidens, you walk along the busy streets of its capital, you talk in gestures to the shopkeepers—wherever you go, whatever you do, the angels of the past flit by, and fling into your heart the fairest reveries. You stop in your thought, your words, your look, and say to yourself: "And Plato lived over yonder, and Aristotle taught school there, and Pericles came up to this temple, and Al-

cibiades walked along that street, and Themistocles sat in yon theater, and on the side of that hill the persuasive tones of Demosthenes yet linger, and—" But the strand of memories has no ending.

Athens is a city of eighty thousand population. In ancient times it had twice that many. Sixty years ago it was a village of three hundred people. Greece became so abject that it was robbed of its monuments and statues without protest. The English pillaged the temples, and carried away most of what the Turk left. But there has been a reversion in sentiment, since a degree of national pride has been restored, and no further desecration of classic ground is permitted. Still, ever will the pilgrim to Greece be disappointed with the intelligence that this and that noble relic have been carried off to the British Museum. There ought to be some Congress of Nations to compel the British to restore to the sky and mountain background the triumphs of Hellenic art.

My first touch of Athens was a cemetery from which the débris of centuries had been removed, leaving the tombs and statues. It was on one side of the pike over which I rode in a carriage from Piræus, and is a suburb of old Athens. The perfect sculptures had been removed to the museums, leaving only the defaced ones. How one's soul rises in wrath when one contemplates the vandalism everywhere seen in the realms of art! There was an age of the world when the hordes from Asia, and Europe too, wreaked their spite on the beautiful and graceful marble. The hand of the hero, the

nose of the demigod, the beautiful feet of the nymph, have suffered from ignorance and brutality, and everywhere one sees these mutilated specimens of art appealing to the soul of the present for some glance of loving recognition.

Modern Athens is a beautiful city; has two or three wide, straight avenues; but most of the streets are narrow and irregular. The hotels, business houses, residences, museums, school-buildings, are substantially and elegantly built, nearly all of stone. Life is fashionable there. Business is fairly good. The people seem happy. All these blessings come from Plato, Pericles, and Phidias. It is the benediction of memory that built up modern Athens. It keeps King George on the throne. I went into the Hotel D'Angleterre, and sat down to an elegant *table d'hôte* dinner, where the full-dressed waiters served the highly-civilized food with courteous precision, and where ladies in sumptuous attire, foamy with laces, sipped Samian wine and toyed with ices; and, I thought, all this beautiful extravagance is founded on a remote ideal. 'Tis not the soil of Greece, but the soul of the world that sustains Athens. Forget Socrates and Homer and Aristotle, and all this glory will pass as the mist.

Having an hour or so before twilight, on my first arrival at the city, I walked down a beautiful avenue, past the Palais Royal, meeting hundreds of Athenians on their evening strolls, who were chattering much after the style of a similar American multitude, except that it was all Greek to me. One might have been sauntering down Madison Avenue, New

York, for all the visual impressions one caught; but when I arrived at the end of the street, and looked out on a level area, decked with graceful columns, the gossipy, glittering present vanished, and I walked in an assemblage of gods, heroes, orators, sculptors, and poets. Not knowing of what temple the beautiful columns testified, I asked a fine-looking man, who was slowly pacing up and down among the ruins; but he shook his head and paced on, with his eyes cast down, and apparently in deep musing. I tried a second time to get the name from him, but he walked on mindless of my query, for he could not talk a word of English; but I knew our thoughts ran in the same groove. I lingered there till the twilight of the day met the twilight of history, and the spectres of oblivion were losing themselves in the shadows of night. I visited the place the next day, when I had learned that it was the great temple of Zeus Olympus, one of the most noted ruins in the world, and next to the one at Ephesus, the largest. The erection of it was begun by Pisistratus in 531 B. C., but it was not completed till Augustus, the Roman Emperor, turned his genius and pride upon it. Sixteen columns stand, some lie there fallen, the remainder of the one hundred and twenty have gone. When it was in its grandeur it covered almost two acres of ground. What a beautiful sight it must have been! In what grand devotion did they esteem their gods to erect such inspiring structures!

Near this magnificent relic the Acropolis rises like Gibraltar. It is a great hump of adamant thrust

up over four hundred feet above the surrounding levels. It is the most prominent object in all Greece. All the great people of classic days have stood upon the inspiring height, or bowed on its summit in prayer to the Goddess of Wisdom, whose favorite shrine was there. There was no place outside of Olympus where the gods delighted so much to visit as this. It was a shrine as well as a fortification, and Minerva, who shone there in gold, blessed alike him who came in armor, or him in sacrificial robes, or him in philosopher's stole.

We retraced our steps toward the hotel, about half a mile distant. It was a cool evening, the thermometer ranging in the forties. The streets were everywhere lively with people. It was some sort of fête day, and occasionally we would see a young man or woman in mask, walking in conscious joy along the sidewalk. There was no drunkenness or boisterous conduct. There were parents out with their children; young lovers meandering with their sweethearts; alert business men in confab over the events of the day; the family carriage rolling along; the policeman lazily lounging on the corner; and the young gamin calling to his associate across the street—the old variety of human nature that you see in any American town. I could hardly harmonize all this drift of commonplace with the classic reminiscence through which my thoughts had been streaming; but when I looked back and saw the ruins of the Parthenon against the evening sky, I imagined I heard the people still discussing, as between Pericles and Thucydides, even to the steps of the hotel.

It was a beautiful, luxurious hotel, the Fifth Avenue of Athens. Every seat was taken at the dinner table. A band played in a balcony at one end of the room. The service was quiet and good, and the dinner, from soup to toothpicks, a symphony in cooking. And when it was all over, the price was up to the dinner—\$1.25 in gold. I altercationed the only man who could talk English about the hotel on his treachery to Grecian currency, but he was invincible, so I handed him a 25 drachma bill and he handed me back 17 drachmas, calculating the currency at 33 per cent discount. Thus the debility of modern civilization exists under the shadows of the Acropolis.

After dinner we wandered out in the brilliantly lighted avenues, and sauntered down the narrow, tortuous side streets, which seemed quite silent and tenantless. There appears to be no more irregularly constructed city in the world, when one is off two or three main thoroughfares, than Athens. One loses himself in a very short time.

There was no room at the hotels that night, so our crowd went back to the ship at Piræus. The cars run thither every hour, and we left at ten o'clock. While waiting the incoming train, we were informed that the Queen of Greece was coming on it, and so we gathered at the platform and arranged ourselves in lines to see her. When the train stopped she emerged from the compartment of a common coach, and, accompanied by a few companions, walked across the platform. The gentlemen tipped their hats, and the queen bowed her

head and sweetly smiled. She was rather a plain-looking woman, with kindly, expressive face; wore no gewgaws, and put on no airs. There was no more royalty apparent about her than about the pleasant, intelligent gentlewoman who is your neighbor. Seeing such a noble lady was some compensation for our not meeting Aristides and Cimon.

THE ACROPOLIS.

XX.

WE hired two landaus one morning, and rode from Piræus to Athens. There were seven in our party, and we paid one dollar and twenty-five cents each for the landaus and the guide all day. A guide is a very necessary adjunct to an oriental pilgrim. He should possess two qualities—clear articulation and a disdain of red liquor. Ours that day had neither. He had a mushy talk and a scent for the nearest wineshop. But he knew the places of interest, and took us there. That was a great deal in Athens.

It was nearly an hour's ride, on a lovely morning. The road was dusty, and big wagons came and went, carrying the traffic of Athens. There were fields of wheat and grass, and garden blooms, and clusters of olive-trees. The sun stood above the mountains, and the bluest skies bent over the classic landscapes. There is no sky so sweetly, so lovingly blue as that of Greece. The sun is the religion of Egypt; the blue sky, of Greece. It is the gentle benediction of the gods. Yonder, where the soft azure touches the crest of Hymettus, one can see the gods mingling with mortals.

Upon entering the city we went down Rue du Piree, across Menander, Socrate, and Minerva

Streets, to Rue du Eole, a broad, beautiful avenue, out which we drove to the Central Museum, a magnificent structure filled with classic sculpture, gathered from all parts of Greece. Then to the Polytechnique, where, among the interesting exhibits, are collections of Schliemann's finds on the site of Troy. In these two granite edifices are the fairest tokens of Grecian civilization. They tell us that over two thousand years ago, when Europe was a wilderness, and Rome was in her youth, the human soul, evolved along Platonic lines, arose to an appreciation of the loftiest grace and beauty. There is, of course, in this array, the whole range of human nature, from the rude, passionate depths of earth to those forms of grace, so pure and ethereal, that one's thoughts, rising to them, hover in the presence of the angelic unseen; yet one feels, walking the golden way through the colonnades of intelligence and inspiration, out into the sunny glare of Æolus Street, that he has been among the spirits of a grander day.

Thence, past homes and business places, along crowded sidewalks, to the university, the pride of Athens, where one thousand five hundred students devote themselves to law, theology, philosophy, and medicine. Beautiful beyond description is the classic structure. In front stand two columns surmounted by colossal statues of Minerva and Apollo. They were touched with gold. Against the heavenly blue they seemed more divine than statues, and if one could not fall on his knees before them, he could lift his heart in praise, not of Minerva, not of

Apollo, but of an art so blessed by heaven. As my friend, the doctor, said, it was the most magnificent vision in Greece. Within the structure, painting added its trophies to sculpture. But this, of course, was all modern, and it is amid the past we came to wander, and so, when our guide gets through at a vintage near by, g'lang we go down University Street, past the palace gardens, past the arch of Hadrian and the beautiful columns of Zeus Olympus, to the Stadium.

We cross the Ilissus. O, silver stream of poetic days! I am at last on thy golden strand. Alas, how the vision parts! Is that old, wrinkled woman washing her husband's patched pants the naiad that danced along the wavelets and reclined in the shining sand of my young dreams! Drive on, O Alcibiades, lest the whole vision crumbles. And if Ilissus goes, I fear the soul will not drink even of Simois or Scamander.

The Stadium is a natural amphitheater, six hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and six feet wide, from base to base. The slopes were marble-seated, and would hold an audience of fifty thousand people. There were the races and the gala times when the Athenians assembled for the display of youthful prowess and athletic sports. The tiers of marble benches have disappeared in the limekiln, and only the grassy slopes remain, except at one end of the amphitheater, the foundation of the throne of the master of the games may yet be seen.

Near here we saw a funeral cortege moving to a cemetery. It was in full gallop. On the hearse lay

the corpse, in its grave clothes, exposed to the public gaze. There was no coffin. Afterward, we met a child's funeral. The dead infant lay on a pillow, which a man carried in his arms. He walked as fast as he could. The mourners followed, weeping, and all trying hard to keep up.

Then we go to the Olympian, under the arch of Hadrian, passing the ruins of the Eleusinium, the strange Lantern of Diogenes, and stop at the Theater of Dionysius, at the base of the Acropolis. Here is a marble stage and tiers of raised marble seats, the lowest tier being of ample-backed chairs, where the priests sat. In the center, about a third of the way up, was the throne chair, a very conspicuous object, which each of us in turn occupied during the discussion of a lunch which we had brought from our landau to devour while in our fancy we listened to one of Æschylus's or Sophocles's plays. It was a fair conceit to sit where Pericles, Socrates, and Aristotle sat and listened to the deep tragedy of Æschylus or the pungent wit of Aristophanes, even if the realization came in revery.

The base of the historic cliff is a succession of shrines, temples, and sacred grottoes; but these we pass, and drive along a smooth pike to the west end of the Acropolis where we ascend the classic heights by a winding road. Climbing the pyramids, ascending the Mount of Olives, and reaching the summit of the Acropolis are the three high-water marks of an oriental journey. Each is the center of its own peculiar memories. From the pyramids one beholds the morning of history; from Olivet, the life

of Christ; from the Acropolis, the first golden effulgence of art, literature, and philosophy on the annals of mankind.

The Acropolis is as prominent a topographical object as either Cheops or Olivet. It is the first thing seen in Athens. It was the Athenian Gibraltar. It is a limestone rock, rising nearly perpendicular four hundred feet on all sides, except the west. Its summit is a plateau, one thousand by five hundred feet. Time and again it stayed invasion. But not as a war relic does a pilgrim seek its beautiful crest. Mythology decked it with her noblest inspirations. Art reveled here in her loftiest aims.

There is now only a shadow of its former grandeur. It was war, not time that blighted it. The Propylæa, the entrance to the mount, one of the fairest dreams of art the world has ever seen, is a chaos of rocks. One climbs among ruins to the top to see the noblest ruin of all history, the Parthenon, the temple of august Athena. This was the achievement of the Periclean age. Minerva's gold and ivory statue within the marble temple divided admiration with the pillared shrine. It was Phidias's greatest triumph. On the right, the graceful ruins of the Erectheum stand, about which cluster legends of dim antiquity.

* I go up to the portal of the Parthenon, and stand among its handsome pillars. I look over the marble ruins, over the city suburbs, and away beyond to the Bay of Salamis, and as I think of the glory of ancient Greece, I take from my pocket a slip of paper on which I had written before I left home, to be



ATHENS.

The Acropolis, Temple of Theseus, and Mars Hill.



read in the Parthenon, the following lines from Byron's "Childe Harold:"

"Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven; but thou, alas!
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire;
Goddess of wisdom, here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years that bade thy worship to expire;
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow,
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow.
Ancient of days, august Athena, where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won and passed away—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour,
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each moldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power."

The Parthenon is a Doric structure, two hundred and twenty-eight feet long by one hundred wide. It is of marble, from Pentelicon near by. It was built nearly five hundred years B. C., and remained in fair condition until the seventeenth century, when it was used as a magazine by the Turks. The Venetians attacked the citadel, a shot fired the magazine, and the beautiful temple was rent by the explosion. Much of the lovely art remaining after the explosion was carried off to England by Lord Elgin.* Still the ruin is inspiring, as much by the noble memories as the graceful columns. The outlook is grand from any portion of the temple. Every

spot has been woven into history and poetry. I walked through the pillared ruins, over the granite floor to the rear, and back to the edge of the Acropolis. The grassy plat is almost covered with fragments of marble. From the brink of the rock there is a fine view of the city. Far to the left, in a green suburb, was Plato's garden, where the first philosopher of all time taught his disciples. In another direction, toward the east, is the spot where Aristotle kept his school; yonder the Theseum, the most perfect temple relic of early Grecian days; a little farther to the right the tower of Æolus, the god of the winds. Near by is the Stoa of Hadrian, the porch of a fine gymnasium long since vanished; then the quaint monument of Lysicrates, the first exhibit of Corinthian capitals in Attica; then the Arch of Hadrian, and the grand cluster of columns of the Olympian Temple. All these lie near the Acropolis. Beyond stretches the beautiful city to the Plain of Athens, through which Cephissus runs to the sea. The lofty peak of Lycabettus sentinels the land to the east, and beyond, the Parnes range stretches northward. Southward is the Hymettus, on whose sunny slopes grew the wild thyme. Long I looked on this enchanting scene; but I saw more than the splendid city and its pride of ruins—I saw Miltiades coming in from Marathon; Themistocles going down to his ships; Socrates sitting on the steps of the Theseum, talking to a crowd; Pericles riding down Æolus Street in his rattling chariot; Demosthenes haranguing the people against Macedon; Aristotle walking over to the academy yonder to hear Plato.

Leaving that entrancing brink, I returned to the west side, past the Erectheum, an Ionic temple with its dream-like hall of the maidens and many poetic legends, to the front of the Parthenon, from where another array of classic relics attracts the gaze. They lie close around the Acropolis. There is the Pnyx, the Grecian forum, a platform of living rock, where Demosthenes, Æschines, and Pericles spoke to the people. Close by is Socrates's prison—a cave in the hillside—and a little farther on, the Hill of the Nymphs; and then the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill, a rocky knoll, joining the Acropolis, immediately in front of the entrance to the classic summit. Each of these objects of interest I visit. It is a moment of thrilling memory to stand where Paul preached, where Socrates died, and Demosthenes addressed the Athenians. I would like to escort the indulgent reader from that lustrous eminence, at the portals of the Parthenon, down among these memorable scenes, and unveil the golden memories of each object; but where would these letters end?

SAILING THE ÆGEAN.

XXI.

AT four o'clock, on the morning of March 11th, our steamship sailed out from the port of Piræus, through the bay of Salamis, and into the Ægean Sea, bound for Constantinople. When I went on the promenade deck that morning, I could see the dim shores of Greece on the west, and could mark the region of Marathon. I was loath to leave this classic land, where first appeared the world's inspiration in philosophy, art, and literature. A gentle influence comes to one from every landscape. The shades of the immortals people the valleys and the crests. But one would better not linger too long, lest the spell be broken. The divinities have gone. Pericles, Plato, and Aristides are memories. The nineteenth century presses hard on Attica. One catches a whiff of its greed and empty splendor at every corner. Well, after all, History keeps on repeating itself. Poor old Athens! with all thy glory and great names, thy genius and beauty, no spot on earth was more the game of selfish ambition and low demagogism than lies in the shadows of the Acropolis. The keen demagogue, with his vile arts, abused Greece more than Darius or Xerxes. Plato and Phidias were outdone by Pisistratus and Alcibiades. There was a mortal taint under Pericles's gilt.

The political moral for to-day gleams in Athenian annals.

'T is Sunday morning. The great steepes of Andros are melting into the southeastern horizon. The waves of the sea twinkle in the soft sunshine. There is joy in walking the promenade deck, and the passengers are out pursuing their "constitutionals" with vigor and merry talk. New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Paul, and divers points of the New World are sunning themselves on the Ægean Sea, and sailing with Agamemnon, Xerxes, and Themistocles among the storied isles. A glimpse at this moment: The Chicago editor is talking to two ladies and waving his hand out over the sea—something about Ulysses, I suppose—no, they laugh—it's a joke. The New York commodore has a long sea-glass pointed toward the Grecian coast—he sees Xerxes's ships anchored off Marathon. Two gentlemen from Grand Rapids, locked arms, and walking and talking seven times around the ship, which is a mile. The doctor, solitaire, in his marshmallow shoes, the embodiment of the sunshine, now encounters a bevy of beauties from Gotham and elsewhere, and classical memories flit into social effervescence. The big coffee man walks the deck, and anon strains his eye at a distant island, and I wondered if thus Ajax gazed at Tenedos. The Chicago ex-judge is deep in his chair, and deep in Baedeker too. Ah! here comes my friend, everybody's friend, from Philadelphia, he of the silver crown and Scotch cap—he's part of the morning sunshine. That man with the Olympian

step and the red fez is Mustapha Pasha of the Empire State—the best known man on the ship. And there is the gentleman from Boston explaining archaic chronology to some ladies, who are sipping lemonade, which the deck steward has just brought them, and one breaks through an olympiad with the remark that “these fingersnaps are awful good.”

But the curtain must fall. It is church-time. The audience is gathered in the second cabin. Religious service on shipboard is a duty with a golden fringe. All the seats are occupied. We are very fortunate—two bishops aboard. They come in their lawn surplices. There is a gentle roll from the organ. The prayers are said; the responses are made; the sermon is preached; Jupiter looks down smilingly from Olympus, and Neptune keeps the sea smooth for us. One sees a new aspect to the passengers in a church service. The zigzag diversities of the deck change to a loving uniformity in the second cabin. The repeating of the Lord's Prayer levels up personal peculiarities, and makes common ground of the Ægean Sea, Wall Street, and the Colorado canyons.

Toward noon it became cold, and big ulsters were got out for the deck, for we must stay there, as we are sailing classic waters. Toward the middle of the afternoon Tenedos appears in front, and a streak of horizon to the left is Lemnos. And yonder, beyond Tenedos, are the shores of Troy. Every moment is filled with visions of the past. It is the golden height of reminiscence. To the southeast, Mount Ida appears, where Love gave Beauty an

apple and brought ruin to Ilium. There is the strand before which the Greek galleys stood; there the plain of Troy, where the ten years' conflict raged; and beyond, hid in the mists of time and under the dust of centuries, Priam's capital, the home of Hector, Cassandra, and Æneas. It is a bare, level land that I see stretching to the dim mountains; there is no monument, pillar, or ruin in the dreary waste; the scene of Homeric glory is as blank as Sahara.

But memory tolerates no desert there. The tents of the allies cover the plain. The cohorts form and advance with spear and sword. The Trojans dash from their walls, attack, and retreat. Agamemnon rallies his forces; the tumult and excitement of war rage. There is Ulysses, inspiring the Ithacans; and Menelaus, most interested in the fight, hurls his Spartans against the gates of the city; and Ajax there, terrible in battle, and Diomedes and Patroclus, and heroes only known to song; and Achilles, yonder in his tent, pouting because Agamemnon took his fair slave, till Hector kills Patroclus, and the bloody sequel, and the wooden horse, and the downfall of Troy—all a grand panorama of romance and war, in which the gods came down and took a hand, and thus kept the Olympian Council in a perennial hubbub.

That was in the dusky past. Centuries after it all happened, Homer gathered up the shreds of legends, and wove them into a great epic, in which the poetry far transcends the history. But over there was Troy, and the nineteenth century digs

through the dust of three thousand years into old Priam's palace and the temple of Venus, and gathers vestiges of a dazzling civilization. I saw them at Athens and Constantinople, a varied collection of coins, jewelry, ornaments, household articles, appliances of skill, and lovely specimens of art. Schliemann comes to support Homer, and invests his heroes with flesh and blood. Ilium vanished before Tyre or Babylon appeared, and before David took the Ark of the Covenant to the Holy Rock of the Jebusites. It was a city when Memphis was in its glory; but a vagrant muse tells its story of splendor. An archæologist opens its gates of oblivion, through which a few rays flash. I watch the poetic shores till they are lost in the distance, and our steamship speeds up the Hellespont, where the thoughts swing to new dreams.

The Hellespont is the Sea of Helle. Before Ilium was, Helle, the daughter of a goddess, to escape a dark fate, was sent by her mother—on a golden-wooled sheep—to Colchis, from whose back she slipped when it swam the Hellespont, and was drowned; hence the name. It is a broad river, connecting the Black and Ægean, with a bulge fifty miles from the latter, making the Sea of Marmora. It averages three miles wide, but in some places it is not over a mile. There is a marked current. The Turks hold the stream on both sides, and no vessel can navigate the Hellespont without the permission of Turkey. So the European powers have decreed. There are forts at the mouth and farther up the stream. On one side is Asia, and on the

other, Europe. It is a well-populated country. Residences are on either side, but they are of the poorer sort.

And here is the clime of the cypress and myrtle, that Byron wrote about; and yonder the Bride of Abydos lived and wept. From this point to that, Leander swam to make love to the pretty priestess; and here the cruel waves swallowed him and her. Byron, who has made the Hellespont, as well as the whole Ægean Sea, rich in the romance that rivals the claims of classic lore, declares he boasts only of three things in his eventful life: 1. That he can snuff a candle with a pistol-ball at twenty yards; 2. That he wrote the Corsair, a poem that sold to the extent of sixteen thousand copies, in a day; and 3. That he swam the Hellespont. If the first and second were as easy as the third, fame would lie within the grasp of almost any good swimmer. He might have to float for a breathing spell, two or three times, and then the effort would not prove exhausting. It certainly would not, if he found a Hero at the other side, ready to welcome him.

In ancient days the invaders of Europe and Asia struck for the Hellespont. Near Abydos, Xerxes crossed on his two bridges of boats, strewn with sacred myrtle and perfumed with incense from golden censers. Here, too, the old Persian bound the Hellespont in fetters and scourged it, because the former bridges had been washed away. Alexander crossed his army here when he went forth from Macedon to conquer the world. At Dardanelles our boat stops to report to the Turkish officers.

Our second officer and physician, in a white yawl, manned by trimly-dressed sailors, skimmed to the quay, where, in a little house close to the sea-wall, they disappeared, and were gone for a long time. We have to report in daylight before we can run up the strait. While there, the artillery from a fort near by salutes the setting sun, and the boom of a cannon in a fort farther away adds to the thunder that crashes against the crags of Europe and rolls away over the plains of Asia Minor. The yawl returns; the Turkish officers are satisfied that we are peacefully intent, and that we are not prepared to increase the cholera, already at Constantinople, so our steamer throbs and moves up the beautiful channel and along its winding shores, until dark, when we enter the Sea of Marmora and glide across its peaceful waters to Constantinople.

In the morning, when I went up on deck, the steamer was anchored out in the Bosphorus before the triple capital of the Turkish empire. Along the sea, up the Golden Horn, and around the shores of the Bosphorus, stretched the great metropolis. It was a beautiful sight in the crystal air of the early morning. From the water's level, up and down the rolling site, to the crown of Pera and to the valley of the Golden Horn, the great city arose and fell. Up from the wilderness of houses swelled the domes of many mosques, and about each one clustered graceful minarets. The dome and the minaret always touch the blue sky together. Along the shore, close down to the water, were great white palaces. Shipping from all the world dotted the green waters. Little

boats with fruits and trinkets fluttered about our big craft. We could see from our ship the busy streets, and the great population moving hither and thither.

Byzantium, the predecessor of Constantinople, was a Greek city founded several centuries B. C. It was the prey not only of Asiatic plunderers, but of the conflicting forces of Greece. It was a lazy, luxurious place, and never had sufficient spunk to rise above the virtue of a victim; and so it blazed and flickered till Constantine came, in the third century A. D., who built a new city, and brought Christianity to bestow upon it vigor and independence.

A little propeller steams up to our ship. We step aboard, and in a few minutes are in a sea of fezzes on the streets of Constantinople.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

XXII.

I FIND no fault with Constantine for moving his capital from Rome to Byzantium. He had more than political reasons. The natural glories of the Tiber are not to be compared with the Golden Horn. The seven hills of Constantinople are held in loving embrace by the beautiful arms of the sea. It must have been exceedingly fair in its innocence, before civilization had covered its graceful slopes with houses, or fringed its silver strand with unshapely craft.

Our launch lands at a dilapidated pier. Nearly everything about Constantinople appears old and worn. We go through a narrow street, and emerge on a broad avenue of Galata, on the east side of the Golden Horn. Here is a great crowd, expecting the passengers of the *Fürst Bismarck*, and a gathering of carriages, concerning the use of which arose a great contention, verging on blows, between the Cook and Gaze Touring Agencies. One side, it was alleged, had engaged a certain number, which the other side had bought off by higher offers; hence the muddle, over which controversy a large portion of Constantinople's population presided with abounding curiosity. A little higgledy-piggledy confab between a coachee and a pilgrim will attract a big-

ger audience in an oriental city than a dog-fight in the purlieus of an American metropolis.

We get our landau, and in a moment are on "The Bridge of Boats," crossing the Golden Horn to Stamboul. The bridge is about a third of a mile long. It is a wooden roadway, built on a row of heavy, square barges, anchored in the bay. A small toll is collected from each person who crosses. There is a continuous throng going and coming—men, women, carriages, horses, donkeys—from early morn till late at night. One sees all Constantinople on that long, rattly, shabby, dirty bridge. Once a day or night, a draw in the center is opened to let boats go in or out the Horn. There is busy life at the Stamboul end of the bridge. Booths and stands of all kinds of traffickers, with loafers and dogs, greet the pilgrim as he enters the rough, narrow, dirty streets of that side of the Golden Horn. The costume of the population is a conglomerate of burnoose, baggy trousers, European coat, hat, and fez. The turban is not frequent. It is Arabic. The fez is Turkish, and universal. European dress predominates. The houses of Stamboul are small and irregular, mostly of wood. The appearance is shabby.

Our first drive was to St. Sophia Mosque, a few minutes' distance, near Seraglio Point. This grand shrine was built in the sixth century for a Christian church, and was so used for a thousand years, when the Turks captured Constantinople, and changed the Church of Divine Wisdom to a Mahometan temple. The exterior is not particularly attractive,

but the interior is grand and inspiring. The diameter of the dome is one hundred and seven feet, while its height above its own base is only forty-six feet, indicating a very slight curvature, to give strength to which pumice-stone and light bricks were used in its construction. So it stood till this century, when an architect reported its weight too great for the building, and increased the strength of the support. There are forty beautiful windows in the rim of the dome. Four graceful arches bear it up. Eight porphyry columns, from the temple of Ephesus, support the sides of the nave. The vast interior impresses one with a feeling of awe, which, however, is frequently invaded by concern for one's slippers. One has to cover his profane feet with huge slippers, to keep pure the sacred rug-covered floor, and the plaguey things keep coming off in the midst of one's enthrallment, and he is scarcely aware of the sacrilege until the watchful Turk, whose business it is to keep an eye on one's pedal integuments, dashes at him with a horror that one might expect if he were pulling old Mahomet by the nose. The sanctity of the place got a severe tweak when the guardian Turk jumped at my friend, the doctor, and pointed at his bare burnished boot, which, in a moment of abstraction, had escaped the sanctified slipper. Mingled dread and amazement brooded over our little clan, as we stood stretching our eyes for the recreant calfskin. In the meantime, the doctor stood on one foot, the picture of despair. After anxious searching, the lost slipper was found. My brother had it on. He was

wearing three. He had encountered a missing slipper, and his fear of polluting the holy precincts was so overwhelming that he socked his foot into it, to make sure of the sinlessness of his footsteps.

One night we went to St. Sophia to Mahometan worship. Three thousand glass cups, in which oil-wicks floated, contributed a dingy light to the vast interior. We unbelievers were admitted to the gallery at a dollar apiece. The entrance to the gallery was through a long, stone-paved incline, through which carriages might drive. The gallery is capacious; 't is also historic. Here met the Council of one hundred and fifty fathers which added the amplified Holy Ghost declaration to the Nicene Creed; but it must have been in the church built there by Constantine, since the greater St. Sophia was not built till two centuries afterward. At the service that night were probably one thousand five hundred worshipers. They stood in lines, about fifteen feet apart, across the church, facing Mecca and the altar. Their shoes and sandals were placed in lines in front. The service consisted in the Imam chanting from his altar a doleful refrain, and a response in concert by the congregation, varied, now and then, by the worshipers dropping on their knees and bowing thrice to the floor. There is no doubt about the intentness of the Moslem devotion. Every heart seemed lost in the service. After all, it was a solemn scene. The glorious architecture, the three thousand dim lights, the solemn prostration of fifteen hundred men, the wailing chant that filled the big spaces of the mosque, touched the hearts of

the unbelievers gawking from the galleries, if not with a sense of solemnity, at least with a respect for the sincerity of the Islam worshiper. The service lasted an hour, when the lights were fanned out, and we left the smoky, oil-tainted air of the mosque for the star-lit night. But there were more than stars shining that night. All the domes and minarets of the city were illuminated. Pera and Galata and Stamboul glowed in circles and fantastic designs of soft light. Insignia and sacred phrases gleamed from hundreds of mosques. It was a celebration of the close of the fast of Ramadan.

Ramadan is a great season in Constantinople. It lasts a month, during which time, from early morn—as early as one can distinguish a black thread from a white one—till six o'clock, no Mahometan will eat, drink, or smoke. He should not even swallow his own saliva, or take medicine. In lieu of the latter, he must do some good act—confess a fault or relieve the poor. More good that will do some time than medicine. There was a Ramadan fête day in the suburbs of Constantinople, and we rode out to see. There ten thousand people were gathered in crowds that straggled over the green knolls—whole families, lovers with their sweet-hearts, young sprigs from stores, swains, and laborers, all in their best gear, having a happy time. The chief features of interest were little mask parties of two to four, on foot or horseback, wandering everywhere, preceded by music, usually a hand-organ, borne by one fellow and ground by another. So simple a project seemed to be a great pleasure to

those directly concerned, while they always awakened the quiet curiosity of the crowds through which they meandered. Another feature was the dances, thickly sprinkled over the common. Small parties of women and men, usually the former, gaudily and fantastically dressed, attract circles of delighted spectators by their tame and shuffling dancing, except, with the women, there is a touch of the muscle-dance, the same that was excommunicated from the Chicago Midway, though, probably, not as loud as the Midway type. The women were abundantly though cheaply dressed, and there was nothing strictly offensive in the merry-making. Among these scenes the good-natured crowd sat and strolled and repressed their appetites until the boom of the cannon announced six o'clock, when there was a happy clamber for bread and coffee. So strict is the fast that not only these simple diversities are resorted to, to enable the devotees to accomplish their self-denials through the day, but nearly every one carries a strand of beads, which he runs through his fingers as he sits or walks, simply to engage his thoughts. They would talk as they fingered the beads, but in the intervals there was some little sentiment or prayer that each bead evoked.

We rode all over Stamboul—saw the remains of its old walls, the site of the ancient hippodrome, several obelisks and towers, and the cistern of one thousand and one pillars that General Wallace speaks of in the Prince of India. This cistern is an immense artificial cavern, whose roof is upheld

by three hundred and thirty-four columns, each column being in three parts, which makes the one thousand and one. There was no water in it, the era of its usefulness having long since passed. It was lighted by grated openings in the roof. Some people occupied a side recess with a shop of some kind. We visited other cisterns, not so large, some of which contained water. They were built centuries ago, and were the dependence of Constantinople when the city was under siege, a condition that was almost continuous.

One day we were near a big mosque, when close to twelve o'clock; so we concluded to wait and hear the muezzin call from the minaret the hour of prayer. As we waited and watched, for a long time, the Turks came to and went from the mosque in great numbers. It was the great business of the noon hour. When the muezzin appeared, he was so high up in the minaret that he seemed small, and one could barely hear his voice, which lapsed on the air in wavy monotones. From each of the four minarets called the muezzin. He walked around the white tower or leaned with his hands on the iron railing as he sent out his beautiful summons: "Allah is most great. I testify there is no God but Allah. I testify that Mahomet is the apostle of Allah. Come to prayer. Come to security." This is the noon call. In the morning and at night it is different. But what a signal to break into the occupations and excitements of the day! It is a reminder that part of the business of the world is to turn to God and lift the heart in prayer. There was some-

thing highly poetic in the turbaned priest away up in the graceful spire throwing out on the sunlight the invitation to holy duty. It might have been, with equal propriety, a Christian call.

Everybody has heard of the dogs of Constantinople. They are indeed a noticeable feature of the population. They are a tawny wolf-breed, and are all related to each other. They seem to be held in the highest esteem, for they occupy the most conspicuous places along the streets and sidewalks, and are never molested. If they cover a street corner, the biped citizen goes around them. Three or four dogs lie across the pavement, and snooze in perfect tranquillity a whole afternoon. I asked an English storekeeper, before whose store five were lying, to whom they belonged? He said, "The city." And how are they fed? "O, they have regular feeding-places—certain families keep up certain gangs." As we talked, a man went into a side street, a block or so away, and threw out the contents of a pan. One of the five dogs was awakened from his sleep by the precipitation of the refuse viands, and quietly arose and leisurely walked to the place where the man had emptied the pan, and the other dogs awakened in turn and proceeded thither. They did it with dignity. There was a touch of self-respect in their manner. They went leisurely, returned leisurely, reclined leisurely, and soon were asleep, where the women had to step into the street to get past them. The storekeeper remarked, as he stooped down and patted one on the head: "Each dog has his own street or neighborhood to live in. There

he stays from pupdom till old age. He never thinks of going over on another street or to another section of the city; and it is well, for if he does go, the dogs over there will jump on him and drive him back." Just then there was the howl of a dog in the distance. "Ah!" said we, "some impatient citizen has caned a canine off the most prominent place in the sidewalk." "O no," responded the store-keeper; "it is some dog that is being attacked for getting beyond his bailiwick."

My brother having a strong letter from the State Department commending him to the kindness of all United States diplomatic officers abroad, we called at the hotel of the American minister on Pera, and presented it. We were received with a cordial welcome. Judge Terrill, of Texas, is the minister, and a noble-hearted man he is. We told him we desired such facilities to see the sights as might be within his power to extend, and he promised to do what he could. He said he had applied for permits for friends to visit the treasury and the palaces, and had only secured permission for fifteen, which had already been disposed of; but he was then about to go to dine with the sultan, when he would try to increase the number, and if he did, he would remember us. Our reception was most agreeable to us, and as the minister bade us good-day, he asked us to call in the morning and learn the result of his visit.

It was near sunset, and we went to the Galata tower, near by, and climbed to the top, nearly two hundred feet. From that eminence one can see all



CONSTANTINOPLE.
Showing Galata Tower and Bridge over the Golden Horn.

of Constantinople, along the shores of Marmora, up the Bosphorus, on both sides of the Golden Horn, until the city sprinkles itself thinly over the plain. Across the Bosphorus is Scutari, and just below, a meager village, where ancient Chalcedon was. Below us on a roof clothes hang out drying, and English children are playing. Farther down on the street the great population teems. All around are minarets and towers. The sun setting on a murky horizon throws a mild glow over the city and the quiet waters that lie around it.

We go to the Hotel de Byzance, where the road runs, over which Mahomet dragged his galleys to the Golden Horn. It is a comfortable English hostelry. There I met at dinner, Mr. J. D. Short, the United States Consul-General for Turkey. He was an Indiana editor, and as we were of the same party that toured the Yellowstone Valley together four years ago, we mixed in our dinner-talk the happy past and the eventful present.

STAMBOUL.

XXIII.

IN Stamboul are the Turkish bazars. They are great stalls, lining narrow, covered, up-and-down, winding streets, and packed with varied merchandise. Each stall has turned itself inside out, and one sees the entire stocks unfolded before him as he walks through the streets. Each kind of merchandise has its own particular quarter. Here is a flare of shoes, there a flush of fezzes, yonder a blur of dress-goods. In each stall the dealer stands and eyes you as you go by, very often soliciting you to come and see his inviting wares. They are sometimes exceedingly demonstrative. The pilgrim from Atlantis is their special delight. They will see him coming around the corner, and immediately hustle to project the most attractive articles before his gaze, and almost despair if he goes by unswerved by the blandishments. If you escape them, they are apt to blame the guide; for it is highly probable that all the guides are under a mild pecuniary influence. Going through the jewelers' bazars, I was surfeited with the gleam of diamonds and the glare of turquoises, sooner than the ladies of the party, so I walked on ahead with the guide, when a jeweler from a stall opposite came to him, and engaged him in violent Turkish, which the guide informed

me was an assault on him for not leading our party down the enraged dealer's side of the street.

Many of the passengers of our steamer visited a quaint store, with which Far-a-way Moses was connected. This dreamy and unselfish individual had acquired his title during an attendance at the World's Fair. He was at the pier when the steamer landed. His store is not among the bazars, but only a block or so from them. It occupies a house much like a residence, each chamber devoted to some particular merchandise,—this room for antique embroidery; that for rugs and carpets; another for silk goods; another for bric-a-brac, and so on. They reaped a harvest from the *Fürst Bismarck*. I saw one passenger count out two thousand dollars in gold as his contribution to Far-a-way's allurements. Buying in these stores has this disadvantage—you do n't know when you have beaten the dealer down to the lowest possible price, and you feel it a duty to do so; for even the one-price stalls prepare themselves for the emergency. And the disadvantage comes in when, comparing notes with a friend afterward, you learn that he had more deftly dealt with the poor victim of a storekeeper, and got his wares a shilling or two lower.

We went to lunch at the bazar Delmonico. It is not right among the bazars, and the street to it is destructive of a keen appetite. Dirt, filth, and noisome smells were the prelude to the tony lunch. We took macaroni, beefsteak, Turkish sweets, and coffee—nothing very rare, rich, or elaborate—and the charge was four dollars and a half, or thereabout,

for four. We had the bill made out in writing; and two items, which we protested that we never got, were resolved by the elucidation of our able dragoman into napkins and service. If they charged us for the chairs we sat in, it was hid in the mysteries of the Turkish language.

One of the most interesting museums in the world is in Stamboul, near Seraglio Point. It is not as large as some repositories of relics, but the contents are deeply interesting. In the grounds outside, the iconoclast has done his work completely. Of the scores of classic statues, we did n't see one from which the nose had not been knocked off. There they were—almost pleading for sympathy—those graceful, eloquent, divine, noseless creatures of marble. Inside, there were relics from buried Troy and Babylon. There were many specimens of cuneiform writing, taken from Khorsabad and Kayoumjik. Hundreds of statues of gods and goddesses from all over Greece and Asia Minor. A wonderful display of sarcophagi—the one said to be that of a general and friend of Alexander—the finest in the world. The sculpture on the sides and ends, of battle and hunting scenes, is a triumph of art. A great brass serpent's head, with a history too long for these vagrant letters. A helmet, with the skull within, just as it was chopped off in crimson war. An infinite statuary of those old divinities of Greece evolved from every whim and crevice of Nature, and from the superior geniuses of mankind, nearly all of them with mutilated lips, broken noses, crushed ears, legless, armless, and sometimes headless. We

thought we observed in the young Turk a tremor of voice and a pathetic accent, when he introduced us to Juno without arms, Venus without lips, and Minerva without a head.

We were fortunate in being of the selected score who were admitted into the palaces, and the sultan's treasury of jewels and precious bric-a-brac. We took carriages from the American Legation on Pera, and drove across to Seraglio Point, a lofty angle that divides the Golden Horn from the sea. There, in a large inclosure, was for centuries the sultan's home. It is a spot of surpassing beauty. From the beach below stretch the bright waters of the sea of Marmora. Southward, across the Bosphorus, Asia Minor rolls away in low mountains. On the east smiles the Golden Horn, and beyond, the peopled summits of Pera. We abandon our carriages, and enter the inclosure through a high portal, the same (or possibly its successor), which gave to the Turkish sovereignty the title of Sublime Porte, a parallel circumstance to the naming of the potentate of Japan, who gets his title Mikado, which means Sublime Porte, from the grand entrance to that ruler's palace.

When within the gate, we cross a grassy area to the treasury and the main buildings of the palace. At the door of the treasury we wait for some time the arrival of the key. There is a cluster of officers about the entrance, and a file of soldiers to accompany us and watch us during the visit. The structure is not pretentious. There are two rooms about thirty feet square. Common glass-cases cover the

walls; narrow stairways connect a second tier of cases above. In the center of the first room is a throne from Bagdad, a capture of long ago. It is crude and insignificant in form, but is covered with pearls and diamonds. With that meager contraption a man would be a millionaire. The shelves along the walls of the room are covered with sapphires as big as one's fist, great chunks of rubies, staring turquoises as large as almonds, diamonds as plentiful as pebbles, all sorts of gems piled about on the shelves as ordinary as the clutter of a junkshop. There were weapons of all sorts—spears, swords, scimiters, pistols, and muskets—each with a history as rich as the tracery of gold and silver or the laughing gems on their handles. Vases of rarest workmanship and finest material, as big as hogs-heads. Clocks, optical instruments, mechanical designs, scientific appliances of divers forms and purposes, and curios of latest invention, were scattered about in great profusion. One tier of cases contained the armor and dress of each great sultan, from early times down to the present. It was a representation of the sultan just as he was, showing the change in attire and weapon in successive ages. From the curious garbs and handles of the scimiters were flashes of jewels. What a waste of diamonds! What an utter misappropriation of turquoises! I opened my hand before a lustrous diamond inside the glass, and turning to a Turkish soldier, who seemed to be watching me, shut it frenziedly, as if to say, "How I would love to have you!" But the soldier stared, quite unable to discern the poor human

frailty that was fooling with him, so he followed and watched me more closely. I suspected he would search my pockets when I went out, but he did n't.

The Seraglio was built by the Turkish conqueror of Constantinople, about three centuries ago. It is not much of a building, or rather, not much of a series of buildings, compared with the other palaces. It is elegant and beautiful, but not imposing. It is a lovely retreat, not a stately structure. In the rambling rooms there is a sense of luxury everywhere felt; but the glory of the Seraglio is its position, on the high point between the sea and the Golden Horn. From the broad balcony on the sea-side, the view is enchanting. It is high above the waters, and is strongly walled, though there is a strip of green between the base and the sea.

While enjoying the lookout, servants came with rose-leaf jelly, and waited upon each visitor. One servant carried a silver salver on which was a small glass jar of the jelly, surrounded by spoons. Each guest was invited to take a spoonful of the jelly, and then place the spoon he used on a salver carried by another waiter. That was the extent of the eating—a spoonful of jelly; but it was delightful, and the guests smacked their lips in eloquent compliment. Rich Turkish coffee was then served in an adjoining room, each guest receiving his little cup from a silver pot; after which the gentlemen were treated to cigarettes. It was a dainty refreshment, and added to the poetry of the experience. It helped the fancy to fill the Seraglio with tinted

memories of the long ago, when the sultans dwelt there in the surfeit of luxury.

Then to carriages, and across the bridge to Galata, through the crush and activity of Turkish life, we drive to the palace built by the brother of the present sultan, up on the shore of the Bosphorus. The brother was missing many months ago; was found with a fatal incision across the jugular vein; and it was suspected that the neat job was the act of another, whose name was not sought for with aggressive pertinacity. The palace is as handsome a structure as there is in the world. It is built of marble. There is a confusion of stately rooms, gorgeous staircases, elegant halls. The floors are natural wood, smooth as glass. The mantels are clear or colored crystal. The ceilings richly paneled and inlaid with gold or silver. The walls are handsomely papered or frescoed. The rugs and window-hangings are the richest that could be made. The balustrades of the grand staircase are of glass. Art reveled in every touch, and fancy ran at will in spending money. It was said the building cost thirty-five million dollars. The throne-room is the finest room in Europe. It is the extravagance of beauty. The scene almost takes one's breath. The art gallery is a long, narrow hall, whose walls are covered with masterpieces. The bath-rooms have alabaster walls and floors, and glass ceiling. The private rooms are ideals of luxury in their furniture, their draperies, and their rugs. Everything seemed too grand for utility. It is said (about the only authority in Constantinople), that the spendthrift character

of the builder—as evidenced by the palace—was the reason why his mysterious death was not deeply mourned. The palace grounds are beautiful. On one side, tropical verdure; on the other side, the green waters of the Bosphorus.

On the afternoon that we left Constantinople, our steamer ran up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, a distance of fifteen miles. The width of the strait varies from a half to two miles. On the west is Europe; on the east, Asia. The banks are high, and the level bottom quite narrow, ending in abrupt and irregular hills. The shores are lined with little villages, farms, and residences. About four miles up we passed the celebrated Roberts College, an American institution. The students, knowing of our approach, crowded the roofs, the verandas, and the shore, cheered, and waved the Red, White, and Blue, and our ship responded by running up our colors, and the band playing "The Star-spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia." The passengers answered the greetings of the students by continuous cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs. It was a good old Fourth of July time. There, in the sultan's dominions, to see "Old Glory" suffusing the air, and to hear the shouts of devotion to it, was an inspiring sight. We ran nearly to the Black Sea, where we could gaze upon its dark waters stretching northward, in front of the great forts that guard the strait, where huge cannons are planted, and the Turkish soldier paces his weary beat through the centuries. Two vessels were sailing back over the Black. They had transferred their cargo—nearly a

thousand Siberian exiles—to a French steamer bound for Suez, and the eastern coast of Asia. A thousand Siberian exiles, and a thousand students waving the American flag in the same hour, is a contrast that fills the heart with a mixture of sorrow and delight. It was a lovely excursion, and the Bosphorus lies in the memory of our Constantinople visit like a silver thread.

TO SICILY.

XXIV.

FAREWELL, Stamboul and Pera and the Golden Horn. Our prow is turned to the Ægean, and we are skimming over the silver-glinting Marmora away from thee. The evening sun lingers on thy minarets, as the great city dies away into a blur of white on the edges of the sea. What a mystery thou art! I saw the Western Europe lady, in the latest Parisian gown and feather, step from her landau on Pera, and enter the diamond store—a bright vision, of course, but none of Constantinople. It was a flash from without. And then I looked up at the closely-latticed windows, and saw in my mind's eye, a pair of lustrous eyes, looking out on the crazy world. And there, thought I, is Constantinople behind the screen, shut up under lock and key, away from the flowers, the sunshine, and the soft gales. And there she lies, on the stagnant levels of indolence, just as she was when the crescent and horse-tails were carried across the Bosphorus. There are touches of the Occident here and there, but all else is Turkish and torpid. "What was good enough for Mahomet, is good enough for us."

As I gaze on the fading city, other memories come sifting their thoughts upon me. Yonder, over a millennium ago, was the center of Christian

thought—the controlling force in the formative period of Christian doctrine. The creed that the Christian in America repeats in his Church to-day, emanated from Stamboul. The statement of faith on which Christendom now rests, received its first momentum at Seraglio Point. It was the capital of dogma. Thither came all the scholars and doctrinaires to discuss the fine points of Christian faith. Arius, Eusebius, Athanasius, Eustathius, and the whole array of theological disputants, journeyed here to be near the fountain-head, to color with their opinions the current that was to flow through the ages. And I think of the thousand years of dark history that succeeded, and cleared the way for the coming of the Turk, who stepped before the curtain that let down on the Middle Ages; and as I think of that terrible tide of time, streaked with blood and dark with poison, the night comes down and veils the historic city. We are plowing the Marmora, out of which, in the night, we sail into the Hellespont, and when morning dawns, we are past Tenedos and Ilium, and are sweeping through the bright waters of the Ægean.

Happy sailing all that day among the isles of Greece, and over classic waters. One after another, Andros, Ceos, Cythnos, and smaller islands, appear in gray outlines, and soon lapse again into the underworld. Beautiful hours these, lounging on promenade deck in the soft salt air, talking and reading and dreaming, as our noble ship plows the sea at the rate of eighteen knots an hour. Yonder, on Laconian shores, burst the bags of breezes that old Ulysses took

along, which sent him forth over dreary and dangerous seas to the land of the lotus-eaters. I can see his galley dancing on the Libyan horizon; and Æneas, farther westward, driven by fate—one to beds of amaranth and moly, the other to the downy couches of Dido's court. Farewell, old heroes of the dawn, brave spectres in the earliest mists of time; we send a galeful of sympathies for you—we, scudding over your old track, with our breezes held down by steel bands, of a hundred thousand pounds to the square inch, and snapping our fingers at Neptune and Juno in deep disdain for ever harassing our dear old predecessors. As we sat on the broad deck, fairy hands from the sunlight passed the lotus around, and we ate and ate, and, with half-shut eyes, saw Hellenic shores and mountains drift into a dream of white columns melting away; of soft vales twined by silver streams; of awful battle-fields soaked with blood; of glittering names of sculptors, poets, and orators; of countless gods and goddesses mingling with mankind,—a phantasmagoria of heroic reminiscence lingering in the evening sky.

It is nine hundred and fifty-three miles from Constantinople to the Straits of Messina. On the second night out, when doubling the southern point of Greece, near where the great Ithacan was driven away from the arms of Penelope, and the great Trojan was sent scurrying into the arms of Dido, brisk breezes arose, and the sea became rough; but our vessel, the embodiment of nineteenth-century power and beauty, forsook the paths of the hapless voyagers of the long ago, and kept straight on to

Scylla and Charybdis. The delightful monotony of a ride across the Ionian Sea was broken at night by a novel episode in the first cabin of the steamship. During the afternoon the preparations went on. In the gentlemen's saloon, the games of "poker" and "hearts" were tampered with by numerous little conferences and sly hints of a jolly time ahead.

It was a mock trial, and the stormy weather on the Mediterranean, especially that which afflicted the voyage from Sicily to Egypt, was the subject of complaint. The good Bishop Perry, of Iowa, was dragged in as the culprit. He was charged with conspiring with the elements to bring about severe weather and rough seas, thus destroying the appetites of the passengers, and enforcing an observance of Lent. The upper dining-room was crowded at eight o'clock, to witness the trial. Mr. L. D. Gage, of Chicago, was the presiding judge, and Mr. H. O. Armour, of New York, and Mr. J. W. Scott, of Chicago, his august associates. Mr. Winston and Mr. English, both of Chicago, were the attorneys engaged in the prosecution; Mr. Wanty, of Michigan, and Mr. Tod Ford, of Ohio, were the lawyers for the accused. A jury was impaneled after great trouble. Some had expressed themselves most decisively, either for or against the prisoner, while others had actually been found to have accepted donations of money from one side or the other. There was Mr. Strong, of New York, the venerable business man of uninterrupted integrity, compelled to leave the panel for accepting a bribe from the bishop; while Mr. Benedict, who was suspected of

receiving baksheesh from both sides, was allowed to remain, even being appointed foreman, because, having sold out to both, he would not likely be prejudiced against either. There were some ladies on the jury, but their usual good judgment and fairness were unquestioned.

The clerk, Mr. Charles Smith, of Chicago, read the indictment, arraigning the bishop with the exercise of secret and undue influence upon the powers of the air that control the weather, and thus subjecting the passengers to stomachic disasters and persistent attacks of *mal du mer*, to all of which the prisoner at the bar pleaded not guilty.

Mr. English opened the case for the plaintiff. He described in feeling terms the untold miseries brought on ship by the wiles of the defendant, and how the storms rocked the vessel and paralyzed the appetites of all on board. The jury was very much affected by the opening statement. Then Mr. Tod Ford, for the defense, stated that his side expected to prove there had been no tempests or undue agitation of the elements, and therefore the indictment must fall. In support of the prosecution, witness Paul, of Philadelphia, was introduced. His appearance was arranged for scenic effect and to arouse the jury to sympathy. When called, he arose, and taking off a great ulster, appeared before the court in a suit of spotless white duck, thus revealing to the jury the discomfiture of his bright visions of a tropical climate. This had its effect, but when he described, in peculiarly plaintive accents, the appearance of the defendant, whom witness encountered

on promenade deck early one morning, the jury was ready to return a verdict of guilty. The witness said he saw the prisoner extend his arms over the boisterous waves, and gesticulate to a tall figure (Bishop Walker, of North Dakota), which shadowed him, during which time the sea grew angry and spiteful. Witness Hayman, of New York, told of his meeting the accused in the mosques of Mahomet Ali, at Cairo, and St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and of the peculiar actions of the accused; and he noticed that soon after these visits it rained. The witness seemed unwilling to tell all he knew, and so each of these facts had to be drawn from him by tentative questions.

The defense depended upon the testimony of the accused, of Captain Albers, and a deposition of Jonah, to extricate the bishop from the terrors of the law. The prisoner's own testimony was against him. His protest of innocence was actually aggravating in view of Mr. Paul's and Mr. Hayman's evidence. Captain Albers did n't think we had had such bad weather as a bishop might be guilty of; but the defense was terribly dismayed when the prosecution asked: "Did you ever know of any severe storms on the ocean that a minister or a bishop was not on board to cause them?" and the captain gave an evasive answer. The deposition of Jonah, to the effect that there had never been a storm on the Mediterranean Sea, aroused a skeptical spirit in the jury, especially as one of the lady jurors had lost some ten pounds of radiant flesh while going from Messina to Alexandria.

After argument by the counsel, Judge Gage arose and charged the jury, and while so engaged, observed a court attendant hand a sum of money to one of the jurors, whereupon the judge grew eloquently indignant, demanded the money, which he put in his pocket forgetfully, and proceeded with the charge. The jury, after grave deliberation, assisted by the officers of the court and the bystanders, came to several conclusions, which the foreman was about to give, at as many times, when he was called down. At length, however, the verdict of "guilty" was rendered, accompanied by a request for mercy. The court approved of both, and sentenced the accused to deliver a lecture on Jerusalem in the main cabin, the next evening, which sentence, in course of time, was most happily carried out.

The great audience enjoyed the scene to the full. It was so different from the sights and experiences of the past month. The pompous questionings of the lawyers, the hesitating but precise answers of the witnesses, the frequent admonitions of the court, the incorrigibility of the jury, the solemn and sorrowful attitude of the prisoner, were features of the trial, that kept the audience in a breeze of merriment. As well expect the Pyramids, the Mosque of Omar, or the Acropolis, to fade from the memories of the passengers of the *Fürst Bismarck* as that mock trial on the Ionian Sea.

A little incident, to show with what happy spirit every one entered the affair, may be related. Mrs. Perry, the good wife of the accused, sought out Judges Gage, Armour, and Scott, an hour before the

trial; took them aside; whispered gentle words to them; and then deposited in their hands, some glittering coin, adding, at the same time, that she knew the pay of judges was small, and she hoped a small gratuity would be acceptable. In view of the adverse decision, afterward made, it may be explained, that the judges, while fondling and gloating over the coin, observed a rough edge, and on closer examination, found the coin was only an Egyptian copper piece, neatly covered with gold-colored tin-foil, whereupon its virtue immediately departed.

The next morning our steamship anchored in the harbor of Messina, on the north cape of Sicily, the mainland of Italy being only four miles across. The site spans the harbor like a sickle, hence its former name, Zancle. Along the bending shore the town stretches for three miles, and rises in soft, yellow terraces to rugged mountains that hover over the strand. It is a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants; a fair, lively, comfortable metropolis, in a land of oranges, lemons, grapes, and wine; a land of mild blue skies and mellow airs. It has a melancholy history; beginning in the dawn, and lingering through the ages, the victim of war, pestilence, and earthquake, of Roman, Carthaginian, Saracen, Norman, and Greek; disappearing and emerging in blood, blackness, flame; in all the two thousand five hundred years of its history a rapid undulation of joy and woe. That Sunday morning there was a sense of pleasure along the streets. The people were out by the thousands, enjoying the beamy world, and chattering along the streets to-

ward the church, and the military parade. The stores were open till two o'clock. There were touches of elegance and culture in the waste of poverty and ignorance. We went to the old cathedral, built eight hundred years ago, a splendor in its time, but a big shabby antique now. It was crowded with worshipers carrying palms; gossiping, gawking, and praying. There was a military parade that morning that attracted most attention; a review of five thousand troops; an event intended to impress a mercurial and restless population with the power of the Government.

In the afternoon we rode to the lighthouse on the point that juts nearest to Italy. Piled on the shore, thousands of casks of lemon-juice; along the strand, fishers drawing their nets. Flashes of lemon and orange groves to the left. The men, women, and children, in stone houses along the street, lounging away the Sunday afternoon. I climbed the lighthouse, one hundred and eighty feet up, and took a good view of land and sea. Just below me, the narrow strait—this side, Charybdis; that side, Scylla. What horrors these names evoked in the days of my classics! But this tranquil Sunday morning has robbed them of their terrors. The monster Scylla is transformed into a white cliff, at whose feet the sea sprinkles its whitecaps. Charybdis is a sandy shallow, extending toward Scylla. If you steer from the bar, you strike the surf; if you evade the rocks, you run on the shallows; but how much easier to sail the beautiful bosom of the strait, completely indifferent to the dangers of either! If I had old

Homer and Virgil upon this tower, I would make them ashamed of themselves for gulling posterity so effectually with the dangers of this pass. Scylla is so beautiful, and Charybdis so tender, that I would like to go down and rollick with them all the day long. I resent, in their names, the homicides of the epics.

There are many interesting little things at Messina, and one might live there a whole springtime on an even tenor of life; but at eight at night our ship sails through the strait, bound for Palermo, and thither I go.

PALERMO.

XXV.

It is a trip of only one hundred and thirty miles due west from Messina to Palermo. We ran there on a smooth sea, and under hazy skies. Long the passengers lingered on deck, enjoying the soft night air, and watching for old Etna's lofty summit, or Stromboli's glowing crest, neither of which they saw. On the starboard, only a few miles away, old Æolus dwelt. He was Old Probabilities of the mythological world, and there he reigned in an archipelago of volcanoes. He had uncovered all his wind caverns at once, and shook the sea in wrath, when our ship left Sicily for the Nile; but now, the dear old testy divinity was in an unctuous mood, and he scarcely eked a Notus from the prison of the winds.

In the morning our vessel lay in the beautiful harbor before Palermo. The hazy night had ended in an angry dawn. A black drapery of clouds hung from the summits that encircled the harbor. There was a spectral-looking mountain at the right. Its dark form parted a curtain of rain. Beyond, a lovely dale; and where it opened on the sea, Palermo, a magnificent city, where one might linger a long time and be happy. It has been assailed by every nation, blighted by every creed, shaken by earth-

quake, depopulated by plague, burned, massacred, plundered, and yet so brightly it shone that morning, when the storm clouds swept by, that one could have believed it had never sighed or wept. It is a busy city. There is a hurry of crowds on the narrow streets. There are fine stores, filled with goods of European character. The buildings are principally of stone. There are a few interesting churches, retaining glimpses of classic or Saracenic architecture, and inclosing some precious works of art. There is a handsome palace, with a labyrinth of parlors, reception-rooms, luxurious chambers, magnificently upholstered, and hung with costly pictures. Here Humbert dwelt before he succeeded his father on the throne of Italy. A private shrine within, and a magnificent cathedral near by, were constant reminders of the duties and vanities of life. There are over three hundred of these, or one to every thousand inhabitants, which is about the ratio throughout the civilized world, unless the community is very wicked. The city was once Jove's, and then Mahomet's, and now Christ's. When the Norman wrested it from the Moor, in the twelfth century, the three civilizations dwelt serenely together, and Greek and Saracenic architecture blended gracefully in Christian chapels. But it is a fleeting dream. The Bourbon came; luxury and tyranny, too. Somebody took up the Hofenstaufen's glove, thrown from the scaffold, and remembered Conradin. The soft vesper bells, from the towers of San Spirito, at the south edge of the city, chimed in a havoc of blood, and restored three centuries of Sicilian independence.

I am not writing history. These dusty cobwebs hang from every capital and arch of every dingy cathedral that one enters. In the strange mosaic of Hellenic, Saracenic, and Gothic art, inserted all through the grim and sacred piles, one's thoughts must revel through the past. Ah, what else is Oriental traveling? What is Palermo to-day without the parade of Sicilian, Phoenician, Greek, Saracen, Norman, Frank, Goth, and Lombard, with its strange contrasts of Aryan and Semitic life? These memories drift with one along the street, and figure in the traffic of the stores.

I rode out the Via Libertad to the church and citadel on the side of Mount Pellegrino. It is a broad and pleasant thoroughfare. A street railroad runs through it to the foot of the mountain. Along the way I saw some boys "snow-balling" each other with lemons, from which the juice had been extracted. These soft and fragrant missiles seemed to be pleasant substitutes for the hard and icy snow-ball, and the boys enjoyed it, for they could pursue the sport without gloves or frozen fingers. The road up the mountain has an easy grade, and a smooth surface. It is fringed with verdure. In two or three places altars are set up in honor of St. Rosalia. Then we come to a village on a broad bench of the mountain, where are barracks for the soldiers, hundreds of whom are lolling or strolling about. War suns itself at the shrine of the pretty Norman saint of the roses. So, they have come down through the ages—religion and war—hand in hand. We go in the church, a magnificent basilica

of capacious interior, whose lofty roof is supported by many graceful columns. There is an array of Scriptural events expressed in bold outlines and strong colors, covering the walls of the nave. The great altar is a revelry of art, while in a recess in the side of the transept is one of the richest displays of sculpture in the world. It had the finish of ivory, while the tracery of the statuary seemed too delicate for mortal hands to accomplish. It lacked the classic grace, but the technique was surpassingly rich.

We went into the center of the marble-floored church, and looked at the quaint delineations of the making of Adam, the evolution of Eve, the death of Abel, the survival of Noah, the offering of Isaac, and scores of sacred historical incidents, while we listened to the practice of a quartet in an elevated choir to the left of the altar. A lonely priest sat on a bench in front, listening intently to the singing, and apparently giving the singers the benefit of his counsel and criticism. It was beautiful music, and the harmony of voices was perfect. There was a gray-haired tenor, whose tones were as pure as a harp's, and they dwelt in the columned silence of the cathedral like a divine blessing. I could almost imagine, so delicious was the spell, that the notes came from the trumpets of the angels flying over the shrine; but, then, the idealization would have been swiftly shivered had my eyes caught the altar, ready for the heave-offering, blazing in the clerestory.

From the eminence of the church there is a view of the valley that spreads out in the "Golden Shell,"

the crescent plain on which Palermo is built. It is a happy valley of lemon and olive-trees, vines and roses, fig and sumach, and green flashes of wheat and barley. Westward the mountains run together, and eastward they open to the harbor and the horizons of the sea. I remembered, when a boy, of enjoying the evanescent glory of acting Raimond in Mrs. Hemans's "Vespers of Palermo," snatches of which come to me as I saunter hereabout; how Constance encouraged the wounded hero with, "Look around thee! All is sunshine! Is not this a smiling world?" To which Raimond: "Ah, gentlest love, a world of joyous beauty and magnificence; almost too fair to leave." And so I thought, as I saw the fair afternoon dreaming in the valley and gilding with the sunlight the steeples of Palermo. Nature pronounces its gentlest benediction on all this region. Old Æolus treats it with neighborly consideration.

And yet the rain of the morning returned that afternoon. It came as we were wandering through palatial grounds, lemon-groves, and gardens of bloom. It staid as we went shopping down the street. It covered the avenues with umbrellas. Shopping is easy in Palermo. There is an affluent variety, most of which is exposed in some way, and the price, so many lire, marked upon it. Unlike the custom in Semitic regions, the prices are inflexible; and then, the dealer will be tenacious for the lowest price of gold, for the currency there is below par; so that every bargain is an agreement on the price of the article, and then another agreement on the

rate of premium. At one place, I bought a little piece of jewelry, and the dealer allowed only twenty-seven lire for a pound sterling. I revolted, took the pound across the street to a money-changer, where I received twenty-eight for it. One could always get a higher price for his gold at a money-changer's than at a dealer's. These money-changers are the gold gamblers of Italy, an occupation that accompanies a depreciated currency.

Our guide took us to what he called a first-class restaurant for lunch. One of the great contentions in this region, and in the Levant, is to ward off a *table d'hôte* price for a *la carte* order. Possibly, a masterly use of the Italian might do it in the preliminary stages; but the stumbling expression of a fragmentary desire will not overwhelm the whole array. The *table d'hôte* may not be brought, but the bill will. We ordered macaroni, sardines, bread, fruit, and coffee, at a cost of about three lire a person. We had to prod our interpreter to contend against our paying for anything more. Macaroni is regarded as a safe dish in Italy. It is the national viand, and they are supposed to know how to cook it; but we got a better dish at Smyrna than at any Italian hostelry. Macaroni is made clean enough, but the air-drying process is not pleasant to contemplate when a person is eating it. It must be dried in the air, in spite of the dust and flies, for both of which it has gentle attraction.

We had but a day at Palermo, and the drizzling rain hurried us off to the boat long before night. A clammy veil obscured the loveliness of the place;

but from the steamer one could see the murky mountains and the misty valleys, and all the graceful contours of a land of beauty. Some of our excursion had gone out on the cars, fifty miles away, to see Mount Etna; but it was quite hid in a drapery of cloud. Our grand steamship was as great an attraction to the denizens of the localities we visited as their allurements were to us, so they came in coteries—spangled military officers, civil dignitaries, aristocratic personages, dainty maidens, and society chaps, twinkling about in little boats, peering into our dazzling saloon, or bustling about in noisy admiration of the pleasant staterooms or the broad decks. Out in the harbor an Italian man-of-war was anchored. There is something in the air of Palermo that breeds revolt. There is a sentiment of independence in the crumpled crest of Pellegrino. 'T was always so. In the city prison, at the time, were several men who had set up the banner of revolution. The hero of the red shirt had not, effectually and for all time, impressed Sicily with the patriotism of Italian unity under the Sardinian *régime*. And so, the iron-clad lay there, a shadowy supplement of Garibaldi's thousand men. In the evening, after dark, when the promenade deck was full of passengers, watching the lights of the city and chattering over the events of the day, the band on the forecastle of the Italian iron-clad broke forth with "Hail Columbia," whose sweet notes floated over the sea and through the valleys, and filled the land with a symphony of glory. How beautiful to an American pilgrim in a foreign port are the airs

of the old, patriotic tunes, or the flutter of the Stars and Stripes !

Early in the night, we turned our prow out of the harbor and into the quiet sea, and when we awoke in the morning the shores of Italy were in sight, and we were soon sailing up the bay of Naples. And yonder is smoky Vesuvius, and here Capri dreams, and there Ischia smiles. Heaven comes down so close to nature here as to make this the center of poetic thought. Great seers, in ages past and down to later times, came to this region to linger with the skies. But of this, anon. We are at anchor. We go ashore in a panting tug. "Carriages for Pompeii?" Yes.



POMPEII—TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

POMPEII.

XXVI.

WHEN Æneas fled from Troy and came to the Lavinian shores, he found a village where Naples now is. It is an attractive region. It is the center of enticements. What other place owns a live volcano, an extinct city, a blue grotto, a splendid bay, so many lovely islands, and such tints of sky and water? Or if one would let his fancy sweep beyond glittering fact, are there not Avernus, and the Styx, and the grotto of the Sibyls, and the Elysian fields, and a score of other celestial entanglements to bedizen his soul?

We passed the ogles of the revenue officers on the pier, stepped into a landau, and drove through streets of traffic and commonplace to the Central Railroad Station, where we took a train for Pompeii. We were crowding in that day a world of curiosity, having bargained with a traveling agency to show us through Pompeii, and give us a peep into the crater of Vesuvius, with all the necessary incidents thereto, from boat to boat, for twelve dollars per person. The rail to Pompeii runs between the slopes of Vesuvius and the sea. It is a pleasant ride of twelve miles—on one side, the shimmering bay; on the other, the uplands covered with vines and olive-trees. On the way

we pass within sight of Herculaneum, but that remains buried. The lava holds it in its grasp as tight as wax. Practically, that ancient city is a part of the sea of lava that engulfed the town, and then turned to granite. The volcano was more merciful to Pompeii.

At a little station, two miles from the dead city, we leave the cars, and take carriages the remainder of the way. We alight at a hostelry, a few yards from the entrance, which is a wide gate, into a green slope, and through a palisade walk into the ghostly city. Small fees are paid at the gate. Italian soldiers stand around, and all through the spectral streets they walk, to see that the pilgrim does not capture the city, or any part of it.

Pompeii is a city of stone-paved streets and one-story walls. Once it was a beautiful place. It was conspicuous for art, literature, luxury, traffic. Social life was resplendent, gaudy, and rather too gay. It had a good share of temples, theaters, races, gladiatorial shows. The progress of the first century adorned the homes and shops. The narrow streets were crowded with fashion. Life there tranquilly hummed its carols, and sipped its Epicurean philosophy; when, one day, in the year 79, Vesuvius, at whose foot Pompeii lay, belched forth a flood of ashes and cinders, and covered the city to the depth of twenty feet. The ashes filled the streets, the houses, the cellars, crushed in the low flat roofs, and invaded every crevice and vacant space. The next morning the landscape was covered for miles and miles with a garment of smoky-

white, woven by the volcano. Cities and villages were hidden from view. The river Sarno had been pushed two miles away, and the sea forced back a mile from Pompeii. The topography of the land was remodeled, populations extinguished, streams wrested from their beds, and the sea-shore changed in a single night. And that scoriac garb was oblivion. The echoes from the mountain sides gave no hint of the civilization buried beneath. On the new levels the flowers bloomed, the vines purpled, and the mulberry spread its leafy shade. No one imagined for centuries that the strata below clasped life's sweet dream, with its playing children, love's soft vows, quaffs of wine, and cadences of music on the whispering shore. There they dwelt through the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the modern epoch, and, like the trilobite or dinosaur, took their part in the grand cosmogony. Not until the scientist, following the disclosure of the swain's mattock, had broken into the earth's crust and found a stratum suffused with a gentle civilization, as the carboniferous is suffused with untold forests, was Pompeii reclaimed from oblivion. Perhaps it is a geological, rather than a historical triumph. It arose with the science.

We enter the "Gate at the Seashore," and are soon on one of the original streets. We stroll all over the city, among the temples, theaters, residences, baths, and shops. There is a drizzle of rain, and we raise our umbrellas while we wander along the stone-paved streets; but there is no mud. The drainage is good. Antiquity is bright and clean.

The streets are ten to fifteen feet wide, including the sidewalks, raised stone paths protected by heavy curbing. Across the streets, at the corners or before important places, stepping-stones, the height of the sidewalk, are laid, one or two, according to the width of the street. These strong, firm stones show the wear of the footsteps, while in the streets, close to the curbstones, are deep ruts worn by the wheels of vehicles. These ruts speak as strongly as theater or shop of the busy people that once lived here. There was no passing of chariots on this street. If Septimius came in his chariot to a cross street, and saw Claudius driving up, he must wait, or go to the next block.

The streets are laid out with some regularity. There are no front yards. The stores are mere booths, and frequently small front rooms of residences. There was no effort in those days to make the public view of a dwelling the most conspicuous. The home shrine was hid from the vulgar gaze. Come, let us visit one: This narrow hall we enter. It is flanked by small rooms, for rent to the draper, the silversmith, the haberdasher, or perhaps the man of the house runs a store there on his own account. At the end of the hall is a room of fair size called the atrium, in the center of which is an altar, where the household gods are represented. On each side are small sleeping and bath rooms. At the far end, the library, the lord of the manor's private room, and a corridor leading to the open court or peristyle, where there is a fountain and rows of statues. Beyond this, the reception-room,

and near by the kitchen; then a corridor, and back of it the garden. All these apartments inclosed by a heavy wall without an opening. So the home in Pompeii was really a private house.

The homes of some of the prominent ancient citizens are pointed out. Here is Sallust's—the grasping, voluptuous old demagogue, who wrote a history. He has a flower-garden, a tinkling fountain, and a cellar full of good old wines. We pass through the narrow hall, through the atrium, to the pinacotheca, to see the pictures; and on the way, I take a peep into the tablinum, and there I saw, plain as the mind's eye could discern, Sallust, half reclining on a lounge, talking volubly, and laughing almost immoderately about something that happened over in Numidia. The person to whom he was directing his remarks mostly, was a splendid-looking, baldheaded man whom I recognized as Cicero. There was also in the room a shy young fellow, yet unnoted in the world, by the name of Virgil, who leaned against the wall, and gazed at the orator and then at the historian in mute admiration. When Sallust's story ended, Virgil put a hesitating inquiry to Cicero about Catiline, which Cicero was about to answer, when our guide, out in the street, crushed the delicious silence with, "This way, please."

Then we visited the public baths, with their complete appliances for heating the water to all temperatures; the bakeries, where the ovens, kneading-troughs, and mills for grinding are yet preserved; the theater, with its tiers of marble seats; the grace-

ful columns that yet tell of the splendor of the temples. Here we see a well where the cord has worn the curb; there is the print of an inky hand on a wall; yonder the wild tantrums of Cupid emblazoned on the stucco. We stroll about the broad forum, the center of civic life, the fragments of whose edifices yet testify to the grandeur of the place. The floors of the houses and courts are usually protected by a thin covering of sandy soil, and upon brushing this away, beautiful creations of mosaic are exposed. The renowned mosaic, the "Battle of Isis," that illustrates some of the histories, was taken from the court of a residence in Pompeii. It is now in the museum at Naples. There has also been erected in Pompeii, a museum, in which there is a very interesting collection of relics. Most prominent of these are images in tufa of men and dogs caught by the terrible submergence. There are bread, nuts, grain, kitchen and mechanical implements, and a long array of articles that tell of the comfort and progress of life one thousand eight hundred and fifteen years ago, all taken from the extinct city. But these are only a sample of what are exhibited in the Naples museum.

Sauntering among these scenes is a strange experience. It is the revelry of shadows. One keeps open house with the spectres of oblivion. He hears the hollow chatter of the people, the hum of traffic, the roll of the chariot-wheels down the rocky street. Here, a little girl selling violets; the plaintive tones of the cithern, swept by that old blind man, float in the air; two lovers whiling away a happy hour

along the quiet shores of the Sarno; children playing in the forum; a dog barking at a beggar; a little crowd of men sitting on the steps of the temple of Jupiter, talking local politics; some going to the baths, some to the races, some to the temples; up yonder the white smoke of Vesuvius rolls off in the blue air; then a flamy gush and a shower of gravel and fine ashes; the next morning, sea and land in a white shroud; and then, one thousand eight hundred years,—a dissolving view that my fancy beholds as I walk between the green banks of the débris, pass through the gate, and mingle again with modern times.

We visited the restaurant, near by, and took our lunch. While waiting for it, we invaded the trinket store and purchased curios gathered from the excavations. There was an interesting variety of these, which was easily kept up from outside sources. I bought a quaint little lamp, of suspicious greenish hue, and I value it both as a relic of antiquity and a specimen of the imposition of modern traffic. Stick-pins and bracelets made of lava, of all shades of color, were sold. The varied shades represent different outbursts of Vesuvius. "This pin," said the dealer, examining the hue, "is from the eruption of 79; this from 1820; this from 1872," and so on.

It was a long wait till lunch. The proprietor runs both the restaurant and relic shop, and as long as archæology was on a boom, the culinary department was on a strike. At last we sat down to a meal of mutton, potatoes, macaroni, and other trifles. While engaged on this bill of fare, a man skirted

the table with a tray of oysters on the half shell; but he was an independent firm, and his luxuries were spot cash. Two musicians, with the guitar and mandolin, played *Funicula*, and other rollicking airs, while the lunch proceeded. The guitarist was a lively fellow, and accompanied the frisky strains with much physical demonstration. These musical adventurers are numerous in that region, and wherever two or three pilgrims gather, there the mandolin, guitar, and piccolo mingle in merry music. On this occasion they offset a dry lunch, where oysters and coffee were extra.

Then, carriages for Vesuvius—a pleasant ride of two hours from Pompeii to the summit, *via* Torre del Greco, a well-built town at the western base, where begins the graded road up the mountain. Soon after we began the ascent, crowds of gamin followed the carriages, begging for money. They clustered about each vehicle, and, with extended hands, begged persistently. Occasionally, one would dart to the side of the road and turn an uphill somersault, or make a foray over the fence and return with weedy flowers, which he would press upon us as an enforcement of his claims for a penny. Some of these chaps followed us clear to the cone, running, tumbling somersaults, and gathering dull blooms on the way. Sometimes, at a bend in the road, they would take short cuts, scamper through the scoria, and be waiting for us when we drove up.

As we approach the cone, the fertile slopes change into contortions of lava. The fierce currents of melted minerals had scattered into myriads

of fluvial forms, and covered the upper part of the mountain. The scoriac rivers had seethed and tossed and broken into writhing shapes, that seemed almost like the limbs of humans in their horrible repose. There were hundreds of acres of this cindery chaos through which the road wound to the crater. A cloud of smoke hung from the summit, and big cumuli floated away into the heavens. We alight at the rope-tram, and in a few minutes are trudging across the snowy crest to the crater.

VESUVIUS AND THE BAY.

XXVII.

Above the valleys of scoria stands the steep cone of Vesuvius, nearly a thousand feet high. Here we are transferred from our carriages to the wire-rope railway, and make a forty-five degree ascent of about one-fifth of a mile, when we are set adrift on a snowy slope, five hundred feet from the crater. There, men are ready to assist whomsoever desires, up the last stage of ascent. You grasp one end of a strap or rope, and the other the sturdy mountaineer throws over his shoulder, and then, pulling you along, trudges up the narrow path, thus making the journey very easy. All the ladies, and some of the less youthful men, took advantage of this primitive and natural locomotion, which made the little journey chatty and jolly.

And here we are, looking down into the forge of Vulcan from a field of snow. The crater is a great, ragged abyss, filled with steam. So it was at the moment of our visit; but the mountain pulsates between flame and steam. Now the soft vapor exudes from the earth and floats away into the sky; now, a flare of flame shoots out and flaunts its dark plumes of smoke over the mountain. As we stand at the edge of the crater, we can hear the mysterious energy of the volcano breaking into thunder-

ous surges and hot rifts of steam. There is crash upon crash, down deep in the hot chambers of the earth. Old Vulcan is banging about down there blowing up his forges. He is coming closer. There are occasional flashes in the vaporous folds that break over the crater. The roar gets more spiteful. One almost feels that there might be a repetition of the Pompeiian deluge; the fummy vapors rush into his face, and the tumbling crashes shake his breast with alarm. It is a grand but frightful scene. We had scarcely gone when the flames began licking the sides of the abyss, and in half an hour the red fires were bristling from the apex.

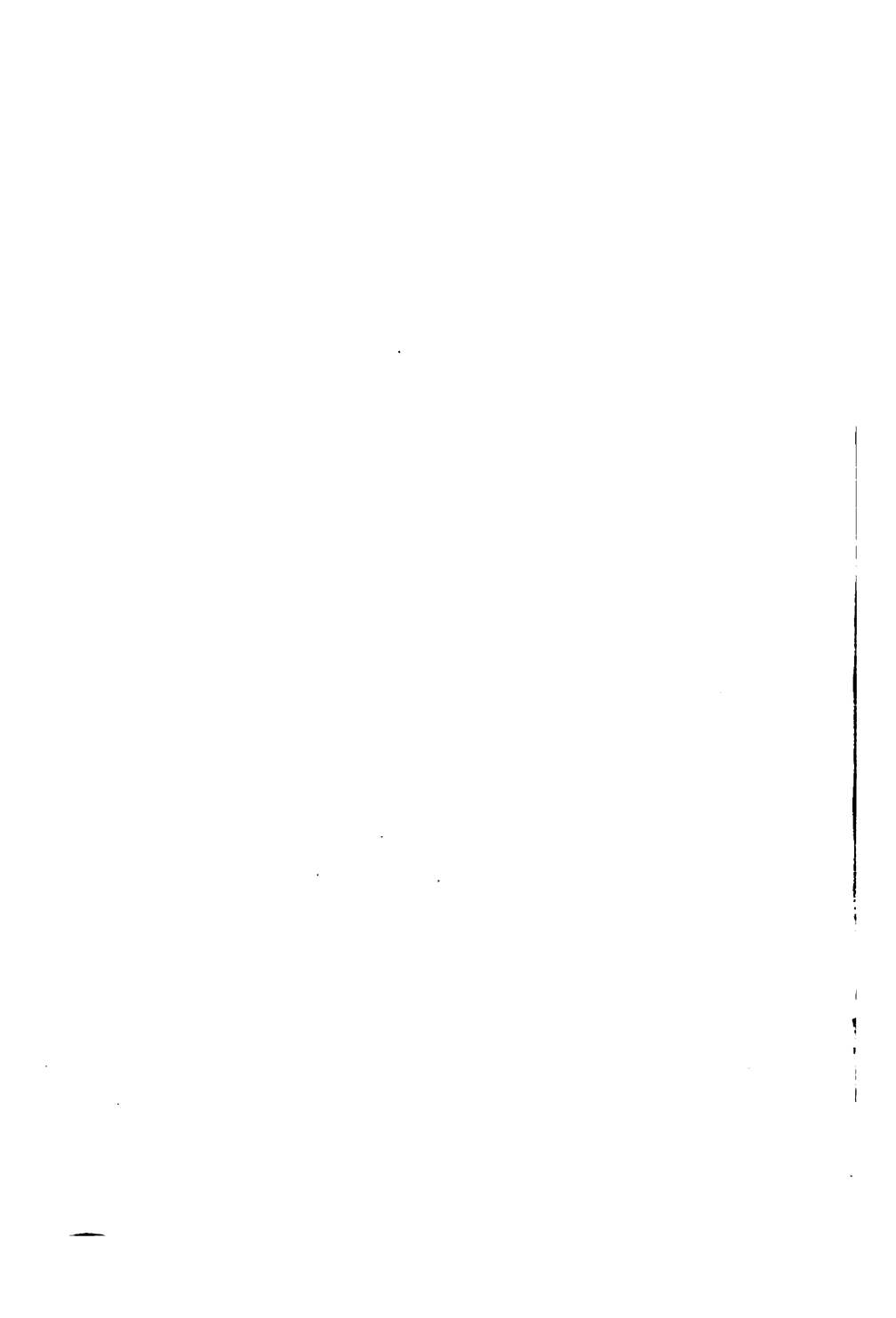
While we were at the crater, a dense cloud enveloped the summit of Vesuvius, through which light flakes of snow flitted about. We had been watching lurid hades from a white cloud. A ride on the rope railway across Limbus, away from the snoring Titan and his hot breath, and we are in our carriages, trotting along the shores of the scoriac rivers, and descending upon fertile slopes, where our road winds past pleasant homes, knotted vineyards, clusters of skeleton fig-trees, tufted pines, and light-green olives. The pilgrim finds in all his wide rounds of travel no antithesis of experience so rich and fair, as confronts him when he climbs Vesuvius. And especially so, if he has the good fortune that we had, of seeing, in our descent, the sun set over the bay of Naples. All afternoon the clouds covered the sky, and they had changed into a gentle drizzle when we were halfway down the mountain, but just then they lifted from the west, and left a

strip of blue horizon for the sunset. Beautiful beyond the reach of pen or brush is the bay of Naples at any time; but now, when we can see through the mists, the sun pouring his effulgence over sea and sky, so that one can not discern where either begins or ends, and when Capri, Ischia, Procida, and other isles, seem like opaline mists floating over celestial areas, or the flecks of clouds to be purple islands away in the marine vistas, kind nature has given us a glimpse of herself that has no equal anywhere on this fair planet.

It was dark when we reached the foot of the mountain; and thence a long drive through the suburbs and streets of the city to port, where our vessel lay. As we crossed the municipal boundaries, our carriage was stopped by the "octroi," the taxgatherer, who stands at every entrance to the city to collect the import duty. He held up his lantern, prodded into the carriage, scrutinized the moist and hungry occupants, and told the driver to move on. Not a pound or pint of anything for sale can be taken into an Italian city, from anywhere, without paying a duty to the city. We arrive at the boat long after dinner; but the steward has cooked for our belated party a substantial supper, which was exactly suited to an appetite nurtured by mountain climbing and a long fast. It was a typical American supper—the best meal of the whole trip—and dwells in our memory alongside of the majesty of Vesuvius and the glory of the sunset. The gloomy day went by, the night became lovely, and the passengers, long since transformed from a



CONE OF VESUVIUS.
Funicular Railway and Station.



gathering of strangers into a party of neighbors, enjoyed happy society on the promenade deck till late at night. Around us the hazy, moonlit bay; over there the myriad lights of the city; and up yonder, on Vesuvius's crest, a pillar of flame touching the sky.

The next morning the Italian skies had returned in all their beauty; and well, for we were going across the bay to Capri and the Blue Grotto. We shipped on a little propeller, and away we skipped, on a delicious voyage of fourteen miles to the historic isle. It is a straight line from the port of Naples to the Blue Grotto under the yellow cliffs of Capri. There was a band of musicians aboard, all of a family. One of them, the small boy, caricatured, in laughable style, the sentiments of the Italian songs. Their performances made up one of the delights of the trip. The raw oysters and Marcella, passed around by the traveling agent, was another. But no arbitrary blandishments are required to restore the soul on such a voyage. This is the center of poetic inspiration. These shining waters, that smiling island, the white sail yonder, that city snugly sitting in the cliff, fair Sorrento over there where Ulysses's sirens dwelt, exhumed Pompeii beyond the beach, the cloud-making volcano, the purple distances, are only faint suggestions of the gentle influences that crowd one's heart as he sails this beaming bay. But why let my fancies run, when I can quote Read's beautiful poem, snatches of which I have been repeating to myself all the morning?

AN ORIENTAL, OUTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote,—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets, and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O, happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O, happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

It is said that here, too, Bishop Newman wrote "Lead, Kindly Light." This was in 1833, while sailing from Sicily to Spain, and what stretch of waters or line of shore more likely to inspire the sentiments of this sweetest of hymns than one feels in the bay of Naples?

Our pilot steered straight to the Grotto. At the base of a long and lofty cliff, facing northward, is the entrance to the cerulean cavern, a half-circle aperture about three feet high and five feet wide. One, or rather two, take a little skiff, lie down in the bottom, and then the boatman shoots the shallop in on a coming wave. So, entrance to the Grotto can only be made when the sea is quite calm, and then it is a tight squeeze. The boatman will require his passenger to lie down in the bottom of the skiff,

and if the passenger should happen to be the escort of a lady, the boatman, with beautiful nonchalance, will direct her to snuggle closely by his side, and thus a visit to the Grotto is a high social affair. One gentleman in the fair dilemma, said, "O, if my wife only saw me in this fix!" to which the gentle lady retorted, "But what would you think my husband would say?" and then, with a swish, the climbing wave drove the shallop through the arch, when they arose to greet each other on the turquoise waters of the Grotto. The Grotto is a cave one hundred and sixty-five feet long, one hundred feet wide, forty feet high, and forty-eight feet depth of water. These are the greatest dimensions. But the attraction of the cavern is the water, which is transparently light blue. It has a weird and ghostly effect in the interior of the Grotto, and tinges with its pallid hue the rocky concave and its rugged sides. Caprian gamin in there, for half a franc, will dive into the blue waters to show the effect upon their bodies, which become white as marble. The tint of the water comes from a refraction of the light. The blue sky is the floor of the Grotto, and one can not better experience aerial sailing than by pulling his skiff through this ideal home of the mermaids.

When we came out of the Grotto, there were several Caprian divers in little boats, who proffered to dive for silver coins; and many francs and half-francs were thrown into the sea, which the agile swimmers would soon reclaim from beneath the waves. They would dive in the direction of the spot where the coin struck the sea, and they would

easily see it glinting slowly downward through the clear waters.

We boarded our propeller and steamed to Anacapri, a town spread up the mountain, whose chief merit is that it is a good place to look away from. Here we took dinner at a caravansary, whose outlook was divine, and whose *menu* was miserable. There was a frantic orchestra that gave us Verdi and Jomella, mixed with wild madrigals; but the waiters had n't enough meat to go around. The establishment began pompously with soup, and dribbled disastrously to nuts and raisins, amid vaulting symphonies and deep growls. The street was rich in beggars and peddlers. Coral, pictures, mineral jewelry, and straw-baskets were the leading stocks in trade. There were artists along the way, who painted glimpses of Capri, set in a blue sky, for which they asked, say, a hundred francs, and sold at forty, with tears in their eyes and joy in their hearts. We did n't go to the interior of the classic isle, but enjoyed its varied contour, inclosing deep vales and white cliffs.

On our return to Naples, we landed near the Villa Nazionale, where the noted aquarium is, and where are gathered some of the finest specimens of marine life in the world. Of all the

"Pied things that be

In the hueless mosses under the sea,"

the octopus carries away the palm. If there was nothing else in this marine menagerie, the devil-fish would repay one for a visit. There he crouches, a mere hunk, with his lungs on his outside, and always

waiting for his dinner. The attendant drops a crab; the drab hunk sees it; expands its body into a big, ghastly mouth, and tumbles it onto the crab; then it contracts and draws its eight legs into a mere protuberance on the bottom of the sea.

We then walked through the crowded thoroughfares of Naples. There was a wide buzz of business. Fashion was out in its luxurious carriages. Mandolins and violets. Glittering show-windows. Toward evening we entered a beautiful arcade, where we dickered for tortoise-shell fancies, and lingered at a restaurant for dinner. While at dinner a flaunting damsel came in, and teased us to buy nosegays, and a sheet-music vender brandished his wares over our macaroni, so that to enjoy our dinner we had to pay for both music and flowers. The arcade is a social and business rendezvous, full of bright air and gentle distances. Here fashion, politics, adventure, and the wild-eyed stranger mingle in homologous joy.

From here it is only a short distance to the ship; but we get lost in the intricacies of the port, and have to fight down the exorbitant demands of the boatmen on belated pilgrims before we are again on the broad porches of our ocean home.

NAPLES TO ROME.

XXVIII.

NAPLES' half-million population seemed to be all out the lovely morning we rode over its stony streets. There were streams of carriages and stores full of shoppers. It is a great city, full of music, art, charity, education, relics, wealth, and abounding poverty. It exports coral, kid-gloves, tortoise fancies, and macaroni. The ladies of our party were delighted with the shopping, and especially with the tortoise work and kid-gloves. They indulged in the latter until their husbands became apprehensive of scenes and difficulties at the New York port; and yet they were encouraged. Think of buying a first-class kid-glove for twenty-five cents! A fellow is inclined to become reckless, supposing he is cheating the dealer, when, in reality, his dear Uncle, by the sundown seas, is the only victim. The elaboration of tortoise work delighted the ladies, and they all purchased, some of them buying single combs or brushes that cost several hundred dollars. These amphibian whims offer a wild waste of opportunity to the unadept, for to him the best is only an arbitrary illusion. "How much?" asked I, picking up a sunny delicacy of a hair-pin, and the dealer said, "Five francs;" when the loveliness of the article faded softly away. Then I took another, with two

prongs and straight-edged back, a stupid thing of a muddy hue; "Forty francs," answered the shopman. I bought one of the ugly ones for my wife, and several pretty ones for my friends.

The greatest one thing in Naples is, probably, the National Museum. It is a labyrinth of art and relic. The walls have been left at Pompeii, but everything else has been brought to the museum. Shops, homes, temples, theaters, have been looted for the museum. The carpenter's jack-plane, the farmer's hoe, the blacksmith's sledge, the stonemason's pick, represent the activities of the first century. Here is a thick metal-plate for a bell, with the clapper hanging near it. There is linen cloth, which was the principal textile fabric in those days—no cotton for a thousand years after; hemp rope, drugs, and those pills as big as filberts; keys, toys, cakes, bath-tubs, and endless things of house and shop. The tickets that admitted to Pompeian theaters were curious. They were small images of divers things that suggested the character of the seat. There were toy fishes about one and a half inches long; these admitted to the pit or the lowest seats. Then little images of a lyre gave seats in the orchestra-chairs. Birds admitted people to the gallery; and small skulls went to the dead-heads—hence the origin of the opprobrious but often very convenient distinction.

People seem surprised at the arts of life—how nearly they are up to those of the present time. But there is nothing to excite wonder if he thinks of the literature of those far-off days, or takes a

walk through the galleries and sees the statuary and paintings. With so much of grace and beauty, how could there be less of utility? There is Julius Cæsar's intelligent face. It reminds you of some of your good townsmen. You could sit on a dry-goods box with him, and whittle away at the freaks of the town council. Here is Marcus Aurelius. I have seen him a dozen times in full life, talking sense and goodness in a parlor. Brutus, Seneca, Cicero, Virgil, and the others, are here—"Good morning, gentlemen, all of you." Marble, of course; but in those lineaments linger the immortal virtues—dignity, magnanimity, courage, truth, candor, love. They are our kind of people—ate white bread and cake, took pills and dead-head tickets. One or two thousand years don't make much of a difference after all. Steam and electricity have jerked things about violently; but that has been only lately; and they may mean simply a diversion and a correlation of the human spirit. History repeats itself, but, may be, in a different language. Here is a picture of a rope-walker. This mosaic—"Cave Canem"—representing a fierce dog held by a rope, is from a floor of a Pompeiian house. The noted "Battle of Issus," a mosaic from the buried city, is laid in a room of the museum; but it is a fragment.

I am only skylarking through the museum. 'T is not my privilege except to skip by the Farnese Hercules, the Farnese Bull, the Dancing Fauns, Hebe, Venus, and all the dainty-limbed divinities of forest and stream, or glance at the artists painting angelic creatures, robed in thin mist, soaring along

the skies. One could spend weeks in that classic labyrinth, and linger with delight by every object ; but the demands of an itinerary hasten us on and away. Our steamer lies in the bay five days, and then goes to Genoa, where it leaves two days after for America ; so we venture a run up to Rome, and thence by rail to Genoa, to board the ship there. We take dinner at a fashionable eating-house that bears the suspicious title of *Gambrinus*, and then to the depot. It is a little over four hours' ride to Rome, and the tariff is nearly the same as in America—about one dollar an hour. We take a second-class car, because it is nearly as good as the first, and fifty per cent cheaper. If one fills the compartment of the car, which holds six people, with his own company, he may as well go second-class. An old man and a young woman, apparently his daughter, constituted, with my companions, the occupants of a compartment. The young woman ate oranges, and the old man sausage sandwiches, and regaled the diet with whiffs at a vile cigarette. But they never spoke in the four-hours' trip.

The journey was delightful. The train was speedy and ran smoothly. Earth and sky were a perpetual charm. There were beautiful gardens for miles out of Naples, and these succeeded by well-tilled farms. Long we watched old *Vesuvius* making cumulus clouds, and really it seemed so, for great fleecy masses arose from the crater, and floated away over the skies. In an hour we were among the snowy *Apennines*, whirling through green valleys, past cream-colored villages and towered castles,

crumbling on spurs of the mountain. Smooth, substantial roads streaked the country. Spaders moved across the fields in battle-array, and turned up wide bands of rich soil. There were no plows. The wheat was well drilled, and was growing splendidly, what there was of it, which was not much, for the land was hilly and rocky most of the way to Rome. The towns seemed in a condition of decay, while the hotels flourished in waste places.

The Albanian hills appear, and the Campagna spreads out before us. The sun is just sinking over Rome. The train rushes over historic ground with the speed of the New York Central. A quiet home, here and there, has taken the place of the gorgeous villas of the patricians. There is no sign of the Mistress of the World until one reaches the arches of the aqueduct, that seemed almost like spectres against the glow of the evening sky. Except for these, it did n't seem like Rome—the Rome we have read about all our lives. The suburbs were sprinkled over the hills like those of any other city. The houses grew loftier, the train crossed streets, the people increased in numbers, the flurry of the city thickened; but it was dark when we entered the big gaslit depot, and threaded our way through the thick crowd for the hack to the hotel.

As it was Holy Week, and Rome was crowded, we were fortunate in having rooms secured, which was done by wire from Palermo. As our cab rattled through the streets, we looked out at the tall houses, the shining stores, the skipping street-cars, and we thought how very young Rome looked. If Cato or

Mark Antony were here, he would ask, What town is this? It is almost like riding up through Cleveland or Albany. It splintered a dream that had been hanging over our hopes. In a few minutes we were at our hotel, an English establishment, The Londres, whose landlord and porter talk American, and who show us to our rooms with the satisfying assurance that they could have let those rooms a dozen times that day. Dinner is over, and we wait a long time till they get ready another, which they spread in the reception-room for our party and three other late guests. The matter is attended to elaborately, and the *table d'hôte* is arranged circumspectly, and with a languid dignity. It is nine o'clock when we are through, and, though tired, we hasten out to a concert, which the landlord has recommended as especially, fine. If we do Rome in four days, we must hustle. It is a capacious opera-house to which we are taken. There are four tiers of seats above the orchestra. The house was half-filled with beauty and fashion, which faded away in the upper tiers, where we took seats. There was a chorus of three hundred voices, all in spike-tails and white tulle, with a plentiful projection of solos, duets, and quartets. The chorus was singing as we entered. How grand! What waves of melody! So I thought, as I listened, in rapture to the divine art in the center of the world. The *finale* was one of those lovely bursts of harmony that one might imagine the stars would make when, in the morning, they sang together. But how surprised and indignant we were when, at the end of the lofty

strain, there was a storm of hisses that outranked the applause. My brother got so mad that I thought he would make an effort to clear the galleries. I noticed particularly one of these musical anarchists hissing like a viper. He did n't seem the least bit cantankerous. He wore a tranquil mien and a retired air, but there was something in that music that tore up his soul. One of those three hundred singers had missed a note, or struck a false one, or hung on a languid tempo—something that made a shade of discord in the rolling melody—and the fellow could n't endure it; it was lacerating; it rent the equilibrium of his soul, and he howled. So it was with all the hissers. They followed that melody as it twined and curled and tumbled; agonized at the faintest discord, and showered their protests on the poor singers. It seemed a matter of course. The audience did n't resent the disapproval. They recognized, in some degree, the justice of giving to the fellow who wandered off a demisemiquaver from the true pitch, some effectual warning that he must n't do it again. But it was so strange to American ears, and we were quite ready to howl at the hissers. Art in Rome is so common that it has become a part of the mental constitution of the people, and the slightest deviation from the recognized rules in sculpture, painting, or music, grates on the sensibilities like a gravel-stone in a bite of pie. Some of our party went to sleep over the music; so, before the show was out, we retired to our hotel, where our slumbers would not be disturbed by hisses.

Concerning hotels I am often asked. Every-

where one goes he finds an English hotel, with fair accommodations and a good table. There are no inconveniences in traveling in the East on this account. One's stay in Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, or Constantinople, is made pleasant by his hotel facilities. There he gets home-talk, home-beds, home-eating—all of which come like a beneficence after strolling among the bazars, museums, mosques, relics, and the strange gabble of the people. It is a serenity that steals in the soul like a charm. O, that ranting talk of the Italian and the Arab—of the lower stratum, I mean! How it rattles on one's soul, and makes him wish he were a thousand miles away. The English hotel is the asylum for escape from all this. But the English hotel breakfast is the humblest affair imaginable. One gets bread and butter and coffee. Anything extra is extra. Fruit, eggs, jam, honey, tacks on a supplemental bill. Think of it, at a rate of three and a half or four dollar a day hotel, when a fellow gets a little strained honey, or a small egg to accompany his roll, a shilling is added to his bill! I say small egg advisedly. The hen does not do as well in the Orient as beyond Atlantis. Her egg is not much ahead of a quail's. As Judge Tree, of Chicago, said, when he sat down at Shepherd's, in Cairo, and held up an egg to crack: "Ah, the effete East!"

AMONG RUINS.

XXIX.

WE tried hard to get a guide before we started out to see the sights, but it seemed that everybody who knew English and Rome was engaged. We inquired at the tourist offices, and sent the porter out to hire a guide, but none was to be found; so our party, ten in number, went forth to subdue Rome without an ally. The clerk of the hotel gave to the head coachman a list of interesting places to which he was to take us, and explained to us where we were going, and what we were to see before lunch. Superficial sightseeing to be sure! What if the guide should take us to the Pantheon out of the order, and which the list said is the Coliseum! How we would stand back and exclaim, "O, how wonderful, and yet, how different from the pictures!" To be thus jumbled up would blur one's memories, and seriously affect the fancy and inspiration, whose awakening is the ultimate object of all traveling.

The morning is lovely. The city smiles in the mild sunshine. We drive through lively streets, lined with stores and grim with architectural piles of recent centuries. Rome is not an ancient city. It does not impress one that way. It is rather a city of the fifteenth century. It was built by Sixtus, Gregory and Innocent, rather than by Romulus,

Augustus, and Hadrian. Michael Angelo eclipses Julius Cæsar. The Mistress of the World is seen in a few shadows. Modern art hides all else. Our quest this morning is for relics, and here is one of the greatest in the world—the Roman Forum. From Romulus to the eleventh century, A. D., it was the center of Roman activity, and then it went down with Rome, and the dust of centuries covered it as completely as the ashes covered Pompeii. It was only recently exhumed, and much is yet hid by the débris of ages.

As we drove along the street looking down on the Forum, which is itself a depression between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, a little, old gentleman, with a white hat, light overcoat, and gray hair, proffered to go down into the Forum with us and point out the significant features. He talked good English grammar, in which there were some gleams of knowledge, so we employed him for eighty cents, or eight cents a person. Read the encyclopædias or the big guide-books if you are interested in the objects there. They bring back the effulgence of Rome. There are a few pillars, porticos, granite rooms, and rocky floors. It is a level of ruins; each part dilated upon with eloquence by our guide, for he is a Roman citizen of the Augustan age. He was for Julius Cæsar and against Brutus. We ascended a granite porch, six or eight feet above the floor. "Right here," he says, "was where Mark Antony made his speech to the populace; and here lay the body of Julius Cæsar"—and then he looked out and saw the excited crowd, and seemed anxious

to join them. He remarked afterward: "When I was a boy I was for Brutus—he was a great man, a good man—but he was wrong; he resisted destiny; he delayed the Augustan age to a worse time. Ah! Julius Cæsar was a great statesman!" He hit with his cane a block of tufa, as if it were Casca or Cassius, and then, leading the way, walked along the Sacra Via to the eight Ionic columns, which are all that remain of the beautiful temple of Saturn. Close by is where Castor and Pollux watered their horses after a noted battle; that marble platform is the floor of the curia where Junius Brutus condemned his son to death; there stood the Temple of Concord, the finest in Rome, and I can almost imagine I can hear from its white portals, "*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?*" Yonder, under the Arch of Tiberius, the victor led his triumph to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, while the prisoners were turned to the right to the Mamertine Prison. A few graceful pillars, some marble porches, some brick-walled rooms of the Vestals, a few pedestals and sculptures—these are all of the Roman Forum, to any one whose fancy may be languid and tame. But whoever communes with these relics is shown a vista glittering with great events and thronged with daring spirits. You may blend in all sorts of association, in these courts and porticos and streets, Pompey, Cicero, Cato, Sulla, Crassus, Scipio, Marcus Aurelius, Cæsar, and all the great names that emblazon Roman history. Here you recall them. Here you walk with them; you talk with them; you huzza for them;

you join the crowds that follow them to the Circus Maximus or the Coliseum. If you want to hear Rienzi, though, you must go over on Capitoline Hill. The Forum was a grave in his day.

Our guide was so competent, so instructive, and entertaining, that we bargained with him for four dollars a day to stay with us four days. It was a business stroke. He was not only an antiquarian and historian, but an art critic and a philosopher. He was born in Rome. I saw in the introspective gleam of his eyes that he dwelt with Augustus Cæsar and with Raphaël. He reveled in imperial Rome and the "old masters."

Along the "Sacred Way" we strolled, and passed the Arch of Titus, with its sculptured records of the conquest of Jerusalem; past sites and vestiges of temples and palaces that once dotted the Palatine slopes, down to the most renowned of all relics, the Coliseum, only a short distance from the Forum. Here for an hour we lingered. It is a splendid ruin, although it is mostly a restoration. Blast the Norman who smote the life out of this gorgeous relic! But its form is there—its prison cells, its wild beast dens, its amphibian arena, its stately walls, its varied columns, everything for the fancy to fill in with the hundred thousand spectators watching the raging lion as it pounces upon the pure, sweet body of the Christian girl, whose uplifted eyes plead to heaven. Captive Jews built the three-acre structure, and some of the material came from Solomon's temple; but it has been swallowed up in the ages, and the temple, like the Jews, has been scattered over the earth.



THE FORUM.
Arch of Titus and Coliseum in distance.



Near the Coliseum is the beautiful arch of Constantine, and under it the Triumphal Way, along which the conquerors led their trophies to the Sacred Way and the Forum. The Triumphal Way merges into the noted Appian Way a short distance on. Along these thoroughfares we galloped, enjoying the golden morning and the dim reminiscence of spasmodic glory that filled these streets two thousand years ago. Everything is covered over with *sic transits* and *hic jacets*, and a pilgrim, if he dreams aright, must invest with flesh and blood these skeletons of time, and move along with the bannered parade to the Capitoline Hill.

Then to the Baths of Caracalla, the largest building in Rome, but now only straggling walls that testify to its immensity. The guide-books say it covered one hundred and fifty thousand square yards. That's thirty acres—about the size of the main building at the Columbian Exposition of 1893. It was an edifice of brick and marble, graceful in its walls and dreamy in its distances. What a high estimate the Romans set upon their baths! Here at Caracalla, one thousand, six hundred could bathe at a time, many in privacy, and in the tempered water each may desire. There were hot, tepid, steam, and cold baths, and gymnasiums to exercise in, and colonnades to promenade through, and libraries to lounge and read in. It was for the body, mind, and soul. It must have been a beautiful place, when old Caracalla put the finishing touches on it. There were statues, fountains, marble walls, mosaic floors, and a dream of tropical luxury in its

spacious rooms and galleries. As beautiful a view as I saw at Rome was in this great ruin, when I stood in a large room and looked through a great arched doorway across the peristyle and over the white walls to the blue sky which seemed to touch them. It was an enchanting view, and so I carry away with me a fairer impression of the Baths of Caracalla than of any relic of Roman glory.

Then to the Catacombs, those subterranean halls of death, which easily satisfy one's curiosity in that direction, in a few minutes. The passages are narrow, dark, and cold, and the walls are honeycombed with graves, from which the skulls grin and the white bones glare in the yellow light of the tallow dips. There was a big crowd of us, convoyed by a young priest, who enjoyed his mission and loved to talk. He reveled in Church history, and told us a hundred things we did n't care to hear, while we were sneezing and catching cold. He raised a lid from a sarcophagus, and exposed a bleak skeleton which he expiated upon, conveying the information that she was a bride—that tangle of old bones a bride!—but he laughed and thought it a good joke, quite allowable to vary the sepulchral gloom. There is a half-day's wandering in the catacombs, but it is a ghastly monotony, so in half an hour a number of us escaped through a side passage into the sunlight of the upper world, and found the change very agreeable.

We are now trotting down the Appian Way, the queen of roads. It runs from Rome to Brundisium, three hundred and fifty miles; was built in

sections, and was not completed the whole distance, until 35 B. C. It is named from Appius Claudius; but long after him, in the days of the empire, it was the finest road in the world. On a very elaborate substratum, blocks of fine hard sandstone were fitted closely together to the width of fourteen to eighteen feet. But these have worn away, and now, so far as we rode over it, it is no better if as good as an ordinary country pike in America. The place where Seneca was put to death by order of Nero, the scene of the combat between the Horatii and the Curiatii, the temple of Jupiter where many Christians were martyred, and many spots of historic note, and sites of celebrated edifices of the *élite* of ancient Rome, are pointed out by our guide. One can see these only in his dreams.

It is Good Friday, and our guide suggests that we drive across the Tiber to St. Peter's, and listen to vespers, and hear the great soprano of the Church sing Miserere. We ride through streets and streets, filled with loitering Italian life, and hardly a glimpse of classic days, till we reach the temple of Vesta, and behold across the Tiber the massive mausoleum of Hadrian, an awkward structure, whose magnitude is its only noted feature. Near it is a house that was the home of Rienzi, the last of the Romans. The dome of St. Peter's looms over the spreading roofs of the city. We are soon there, and my anticipations tumble. I had pictured something stately, graceful, divine; something above earthly comparisons and associations; but it was not so. The dome rose grandly, but all else seemed common-

place. I stood with its great arms about me, but there was no warmth in them. Genius and art had placed in that portico two hundred and eighty-four Doric columns, but they seemed cheerless. One is very apt to say, "O, look there, at those many columns," and pass on to the dome. The doors of the church are beautiful; but within is where the inspiration comes. One almost loses his breath when he lifts his eyes to this aggregation of sculpture, painting, and architecture. It so fills his soul that magnitude and space fail, and the interior of the mighty basilica does not impress him as it might. But we come to vespers. We pass arches, domes, mosaics, statues, and blend with the quiet multitude moving across the marble floor to the chapel in the right transept, where vespers are to be celebrated. It is half an hour before time, and the people are packed in the chapel. We push in beyond the edges and wait. A young priest is kneeling near us, absorbed in his prayer-book. He looks toward the altar, but no farther than the mass of humanity that encircles him; but I think, from his moving lips and his distant gaze, he sees what I do not see. Near him are two sisters of the Church, one of them with a face as beautiful and pure as any Madonna painted by the old masters. The lights on the altar are burning. In the choir beyond the lattice, I see the singers. Soon there is a burst of music, followed by the fathers on the front benches intoning the solemn service; and as they alternate, the candles on the altars are extinguished one by one; and now and then, from

chorus and response, leaps a clear voice, that reaches to heaven and carries every listener with it. O, how it sailed along the heights of human longing and divine love! It was not the miserere of the *Il Trovatore*. It avoided the swelling counterpoint and the soft undulations of the thirds and sixths. It was divine Cecilia clinging to the lyre. And now, the last light on the altar glimmers; the soul of pity is in the song of the chorus; the fathers plead in crowded undertones at the foot of the cross; and the sweet, pure soprano soars aloft and along, coming to every heavy heart with a spirit of benediction, if not, indeed, with a message of forgiveness. I feel like falling on my knees before the breathing Madonna by my side, or giving to my priestly brother a good old Methodist handshake; but their thoughts are in Heaven, and I must leave them there.

ART AND RELIC.

XXX.

ROME is divided into three parts—art, relic, and the guide. I do n't know exactly where to locate religion. Possibly it is a composite of the first two, for whatever shrine one visits, art and antiquity seize his soul. It is a hard thing to brush past the statues and mosaics and get into the Infinite Presence. In one of the churches is a statue of Christ by Michael Angelo. It is on the left of the altar, and accessible to visitors. It is divine in its beauty, and so the authorities of the church had to protect the feet by iron screens, to keep the devout from kissing them away. These poor people saw Christ in the white, lovely image; but it is probable the thoughts of the more educated would become tangled in the art and rise no higher than Michael Angelo.

"Where are we going this morning?" I asked the Roman citizen who had condescended to be our guide for four days. He was gazing meditatively on the stone pavement of the Plaza de Spagna, and waiting for the carriages to fill. "To the Pantheon first," he said, without raising his eyes; "and then to the Capitoline Hill." The Pantheon! thought I. This and the Parthenon, were in my youthful visions, the stateliest of all structures in the world. I had stood in one; now I was about to enter the

other. It is only a few minutes' ride—through clattering streets of traffic. There is no more perfect relic in Rome. It is just as Agrippa left it, except that the bronzes have been stolen from the dome, two cupolas built over the portico, and altars dug into the walls. Agrippa was the son-in-law of Augustus, and joint ruler, and so the building was erected at the beginning of the Christian era. The main edifice is circular, one hundred and forty-four feet across, and the same to the top of the dome. The walls are twenty feet thick, and the dome is a solid shell of concrete, resting on these thick walls. It was built for eternity. The only damage it has received in two thousand years, was inflicted, not by time, but by man. In the thick walls shrines have been scooped out, and to these worshipers went, each one selecting the saint toward which his heart leaned.

The Pantheon was erected in honor of the mythological gods. Jupiter and his retinue of divinities circled the vast rotunda in marble and bronze. It was the holy place of Rome. In the rear of the round temple, in the spirit of that injunction which declares that cleanliness is next to godliness, elaborate baths were erected; so worshiping and washing went hand in hand in those pantheistic days of Roman glory. The splendid structure is now a Catholic Church. Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus are only specimens of art up in the museum. To Virgin Mary and the Christian martyrs the shrine is now dedicated. The great transition impresses one as he stands under the big dome, watching the wor-

shippers bow at the beautiful altars, and thinking of the romantic faith that for centuries inspired the foremost civilizations of antiquity.

Near by is the Church of St. Maria, which is built on the site of an old temple of Minerva. It is a Gothic Church, the only one of that style in Rome. It is crowded with high art. Our guide was in ecstasy, for the old masters were represented there in fascinating profusion; but what interested me the most was a chapel to the left of the altar, where Galileo was tried for the awful heresy of declaring that the earth revolved on its axis and traveled around the sun; here he recanted; and here he received the sentence to repeat once a day for three years the seven penitential psalms. I pictured in my mind that consistory, stuffed with the wisdom of the age, accusing and menacing the old man while he trembled and disowned the grand truth he believed; and I thought what irony on progress was the rising of a Christian Church on the ruins of a temple to the Goddess of Wisdom. Michael Angelo died on the day that Galileo was born, and in the radiance of the loving face of his Christ, looking down from the altar, the old man was condemned.

Then to the Capitoline, and up the broad steps, between the equestrian statues of Castor and Pollux. In a little space on the left, the statue of Rienzi, the last of the Romans, and near by, a live wolf chained, a possible descendant of the wet nurse that saved to the world the first of the Romans. The summit was once occupied by the Arx, the temples to Juno Moneta, Jupiter Capitolinus, etc.; but not

a vestige of these remains. In their places are museums and public buildings. We visited the Tarpeian Rock, near by, and hurried through the museums, and enjoyed the fine statuary in the piazza. It is the center of historic legend. Here Manlius was hurled to death for sedition. Here the geese cackled and saved Rome. The museum is a labyrinth of rooms stored with art and relic. Our guide was in ecstasies. Michael Angelo was his first love. Guercino seemed to precede Raphael. Then Caracci and Domenichino—he clung to the Bolognese school. But Guido, Correggio, Titian, or any of the old masters would stagger him with delight. He would pass a modern painting as he would a poster. "Ah, look!" he would say as he stood before a Guercino or a Caracci—"My, my!" and he would turn away, as if the beauty overwhelmed him. "Here," he said to me, as he stood before a woman's head by Raphael, "look into that woman's eyes five minutes." I did, but it didn't take five minutes. In a moment I saw down into the depths of love, of tenderness, of sweetness. I saw blue skies, and flowers, and quiet streams, and birds, and moonlight walks, mirrored there. I saw the loveliest humanity—just what Raphael saw. I must have blushed for my impudence for staring at so fair a woman, when I turned to the guide, who was watching me, and who said: "You saw her?" He knew it. He had converted me. I had changed from a skeptic to a disciple. "Here," he said, pointing to another painting, I forget whose it was: "See that neck, those arms and hands—see any-

thing?" I looked and looked, and he interposed again—"See life, and energy, and being in that hand; you do n't see any painting?" Was this old Roman actually getting me away from the cold portals into the inner sanctuary of art, or had he obtained mesmeric control over heart and mind? I saw; I felt the warm hand; I saw the blood beating in the veins of the white neck—I thought I did. I turned to the guide, but he had gone. He was standing at the end of the hall, in deep enchantment over a picture by Titian.

While referring to our guide's love of art, I may speak of a visit to the basement of St. John of Lateran Church, I think it was, where there is a piece of sculpture called *Pieta*—the dead Christ in the woman's arms. When we descended into the dim basement, and beheld the statuary bathed in a shaft of soft light, I thought it the most beautiful piece of sculpture I had ever seen. The effect was wonderful. If it had been an angel from heaven standing there, it would not have created a deeper sense of joy. I went on down and stood close, to catch the full inspiration of the beautiful art—the dead Savior in the arms of the last sweet friend. As I stood there, the guide came to my side. "How do you like it?" he asked. "Wonderful!" I answered; "I am deeply impressed by it; ain't you?" I turned for a reply, and he gave that little Italian toss of the head, and that quick outward spread of the palms, which indicated a feeling of indifference. "Not much," he replied. "See here," he went on, "see that foot thrust out like a live man's; see those mus-

cles full of life; look at that arm; energy there,—that man is sleeping, not dead,” and he turned away toward the stairs. The criticism made me sad. If it had been Michael Angelo’s work, he would n’t have observed these faults. Ah, if it had been the great sculptor’s, there would have been no faults.

From the museum, crowded with the fairest of art, and the richest of relic, we fly about among the churches, which vie with the museums in the glory of their sculpture and paintings. In St. Peter in Chains is the greatest statue in the world; Moses, a tremendous image, expressive of human energy—human, we say, though it wears the horns of a bull. Michael Angelo designed it for a lofty niche in a temple that was never built, so the hugeness that was to disappear in its lofty position, confronts one on the level, with terrific power. In the Church of the Capuchins is Guido’s famous St. Michael. Our guide got the priest to admit us within the altar, where the light was tempered to the colors, and there, from a little corner, dear to the guide, we saw St. Michael, the knightly saint, in the gleam and fervor of youth. The guide made much ado over this painting, and I thought he had liked to fall on his knees before it—not to St. Michael, but to Guido Reni. One day I asked the guide if he was a Catholic, when he stopped walking, threw back his shoulders, and said: “No, sir; I was born and raised in the Catholic Church, but I am a free Roman citizen.” He was in fact a Garibaldian, a United Italy man, a Rome Capital man. He did n’t like the pope because of his obstructing Italian unity and

liberty. He scoffed at the relic feature of the worship. One day, in some great church, while the priests were exhibiting sacred relics from a balcony over the altar, the guide poohpoohed, and exhibited his skepticism in words that all around could hear. It is well the Inquisition was n't in blast, else poor old Orengo would have felt its horrors.

Under the Church of the Capuchins are four chambers, the walls of which are covered with the bones of the monks who died in the church. I estimate there are twelve hundred square feet of space covered by these bones, all arranged in fantastic shapes, and impressing the observer as much with the ludicrous as with the horrible. There is a grin in a skull, and to have several hundred grins turned on you at once, is apt to generate a joke rather than a solemn reflection. The floors of these rooms are of earth brought from Jerusalem (a similar scheme in the Tombs of the Caliphs at Cairo), and when a monk dies he is buried in this sacred soil; and when the soft portions of the body are absorbed, the skeleton is exhumed, and ulna, femur, scapula, rib, and skull, in weird combination, decorate these galleries of ghastly art.

In the piazza of St. John in Laterno, are the Scala Santa, or the Sacred Stairs. They are twenty-eight marble steps, which are said to have been brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and which Christ ascended and descended, bathing them with his blood. They are held in great veneration. I saw several worshipers ascending these stairs on their knees, dwelling at each step long enough to

say a prayer. It takes hours sometimes to ascend in this way. I saw one Roman matron in rich robe, on the same step, about half-way up, all the time I was there. Our party impiously skipped up the stairs. At the top of the scala, in a chapel called Sancta Sanctorum, is a picture of Christ, painted by St. Luke, neither of which facts I like to believe.

In the Lateran Church itself, over the altar of the Holy Sacrament, is the table upon which Christ celebrated the last supper with his disciples, and the tabernacle, in the center of the church, contains the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul—"That's what they say," remarked the guide, as he looked up at Monot's fine statue of St. Peter, and lost himself in the contemplation of the bold conception of the artist.

Thus I drift about in this wilderness of art and tradition, and cast lingering glances at every step, through the happy days of our sojourn.

Back of our hotel are the slopes of the Pincian Hills, and I climb the tiresome steps in the evening, and take in all Rome with a glance. Spire, column, and dome break from the chaotic expanse of roofs; down along the streets I can see the shifting people; the fountains play in the plazas; the fading sunbeams awake the Pincian trees into smiles; a little Roman girl rushes up to me with pleadings to buy her violets; a mandolin twitters from a fourth-story window,—but through all this glamour of reality, I must behold Pompey riding along the Flaminian Way and Seneca entering the Pantheon to bow before the omnipotent Jupiter.

ST. PETER'S.

XXXI.

WE were in Rome on Easter, and spent the morning at St. Peter's. There was a vast throng of people, more than could hear or see the services, yet the great spaces of the basilica were not filled; and while the celebrant of the mass swung the censer or elevated the host, in the burst of joyful symphonies, one might be discussing a Canova or a Guercino, over in the aisle or down the nave, perfectly oblivious of the grand ceremony in progress.

The building covers six acres—six acres of art and architecture, the finest in the world. The grand domes, the beautiful columns, the paneled ceilings, the splendid statuary, the rich mosaics, so impress one with the limitless flight of human genius that he feels the infinite close about him. In the floor of the nave one may see silver stars, indicating the comparative lengths of the great Christian cathedrals of the world. But looking up from these marks, St. Peter's is unmeasurable. Sauntering among these stately pillars, these white statues, these soft-hued mosaics, one traverses a wilderness of soul that has no bounds. Over in the Vatican gallery is the Belvedere Torso—to the casual gazer, a crude form; and yet Michael Angelo studied it twelve years, they say, to master the anatomy of

sculpture. At the first shrine to the right, as one enters the great door of the church, is Michael Angelo's statue of the Madonna and the dead Christ. If the great sculptor studied a worn and shabby human trunk twelve years, how long might one linger before this divinest and this humanest form—these lines and contours of beauty, grace, love, grief, and all the deep longings of the immortal soul! And then Bernini, Guido, Thorwaldsen, Della Porta, Algardi, Canova, Monot, and scores of breathing names filling the chapels, aisles, and nave with thousands of spiritual fancies and lofty raptures expressed in marble or mosaic!

The crowd about the central altar, where the Easter mass was said, was packed to a crush long before the ceremonies began. With all St. Peter's sweeping areas, there is no room for a bench or chair, except within the altar, where only priests can go. I was about the center of this ringed mass of humanity, standing most of the time on tiptoe, gazing over the tail-feather of a Roman matron's bonnet, and vainly trying to see something of the service. On my left was a sweet creature in white gown and happy smiles, buried nearly two feet beneath the surface of the throng. At her left was a fat and fussy German, and every time he turned, which was often, he sent the lovely maiden crushing into my ribs and destroying my religious reveries. My brother was on my right engaged in preventing a big Roumanian from tramping on his wife. After a half-hour of this experience, trying to see the service, we found the service had n't be-

gun; and lo, here comes the processional up the nave—a retinue of white-robed boys and priests, and purpled bishops, and a red-caped cardinal. Before the frantic gesticulations of the advance guard of muscular priests, the crowd made a passage-way, and the procession passed through and disappeared. I could hear the singing and the prayers in the marble silence, but got away from the crowd, and went over and stood by the bronze statue of St. Peter, at the edge of the rotunda, and watched the people come up and kiss his big toe. Old men and women, young men and maidens, and children by the score, paid this osculatory devotion to the chief apostle. After a sad-eyed Italian had impressed an exuberant kiss, a dainty damsel stepped up, wiped off the toe with her lace handkerchief, and pressed her full, ruby lips upon it. “O, St. Peter!” I thought, and I looked up to see him blush; but he did n’t—his cheek was brass.

And now the crowd drifts toward a balcony on the opposite side of the rotunda, where three priests appear, and, with elaborate formality, present to the gaze of the multitude, a number of holy relics, the principal of which is the napkin of St. Veronica, with which she wiped the face of Christ while he was on that terrible journey from Pilate’s house to Calvary. It contains, they say, an imprint of Christ’s features, and stains of the blood he sweat. A part of the true cross is another relic exposed to view. The crowd look on curiously, but I think they were more deeply impressed by the solemnity of the presentation than by the objects themselves. With

each exhibit there was a gush of melody that always goes far toward lifting the limping faith.

That afternoon we visited other churches, and filled ourselves so full of worship, art, and sacred emblem, that we fled for relief to Mons Janiculus, across the Tiber, along whose summit we drove, and gazed upon the seven hills of the city all at once. Rome looked beautiful on that gentle afternoon. If she was no longer the mistress of the world, she was one of her fair daughters. To the left, arose the dome of St. Peter's; near it the big Mausoleum of Hadrian; and then the Pantheon yonder; and the Capitol below there, rising above the Forum; just beyond, the Column of Trajan; and further to the right the Coliseum, the Circus Maximus, the Baths of Caracalla, the tower-tomb of Cecilia Metulla, and the white streak of the Appian Way stretching to the Albanian Mountains,—all these and a hundred more relics, and their clouds of legends, in one sweep of the eye, as we ride along the crest or stand on a graveled parapet two hundred and fifty feet above the yellow Tiber, winding among the environs of the city.

We then drove across to the Pincian Hills, and through the beautiful park, thronged with Romans in their Sunday gayety and clothes. Long counter processions of carriages fill the drives. There are crowds of pedestrians. The benches are occupied. Rome is out airing itself. There is an appearance of comfort, refinement, prosperity in the throng. Roman glory has not yet departed. The matron, the patrician, the youth still reveal the

vigor of ancient days. The sun is sinking when we drive over the site of the old Flaminian gate, and up the Corso to our hotel.

The next day we visit the Vatican. We drive to the portal that separates the dominion of the King of Italy from that of the Pope of Rome, and enter the capital of the Catholic world. The Vatican is a vast ungainly structure of eleven thousand rooms, so the guide-books say, and who dares to dispute a guide-book? Within its limits the pope is supreme, and he maintains a standing army, the Swiss Guards, as evidence of his royalty. The guards are dressed in a uniform contrived by Raphael, said to be quite beautiful, but they seem to me rather motley. But it is not as the center of religious domination that the Vatican is attractive to the pilgrim—but as the depository of art. One hardly thinks that the pope is somewhere sitting within the great inclosure, for the immense treasures of sculpture, picture, tapestry, and relic capture his eyes and his heart. We traverse great halls of sculpture. Here are the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere, the Two Boxers, Venus Rising from the Bath, Menelaus and Patroclus, Ariadne, Meleager and his Dog, Torso Belvedere, Amazon, and thousands of statues known to history as the achievements of the loftiest genius. The fancy revels in this field of beauty. The soul feels the benediction of ages in the grace and spirit of these white forms.

To the Sistine Chapel, then, where, over the altar is Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," said to be the greatest fresco ever executed. But it does

not impress the pilgrim, for it is faded, and it is authoritatively regarded as a sacrilege to try to mend Michael Angelo. O, fudge! Brush off the dust of centuries, and let some genius of the nineteenth rekindle the fires, Brother Pope. Through the bold conception, let us again see the dying groan and the song of joy. In the vault, the frescoes seem fresher, and are more satisfactory. Here are The Creation, The Fall, The Brazen Serpent, and other works of Angelo.

Among the "old masters," then, we strolled, until their famous paintings became almost commonplace. Here are Raphael's wonderful triumphs. One can see them everywhere. Here the School of Athens, the Annunciation, the Madonna de Foligno, the Transfiguration—the latter the greatest painting in the world. A copy by a latter-day artist stands beside it, in clearer colors and a faithful likeness, and I thought it better than the original; but, of course, that conclusion can be risked by one whose opinion is little worth. Still, when the copy is softened by time, and its hues grow pale, maybe it will fare ill in comparison with the great picture by its side. As to the Madonna de Foligno: I visited a picture store and art studio, on the Corso, presided over by two charming young Roman ladies. They copy in the Vatican, and are bright artists. I was choosing photographs, and I asked one of them to give me a photograph of the finest painting in the Vatican. She very kindly took the prints, ran over them swiftly, and threw out the Madonna de Foligno. I bend to her taste before I do to the popular verdict.

I place it before the Transfiguration in profound respect to the judgment of this fascinating copiest of the old masters. There was hall after hall filled with celebrated paintings. Guercino, Carracci, Guido, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Van Dyke, Murillo, and all the hosts of inspired painters who have decked wall or canvas with the records of human emotion, were there. Our old guide was on the heights of joy. I kept him close to Raphael, but he would give me the slip, occasionally, when I would find him drinking in a Domenichino or a Caravaggio on his own account. I asked him about "The Transfiguration." "Very fine," he would say, with a slow-sweeping look, which seemed to be hunting for something else. These old fellows, who frequent the galleries, when they once "get stuck on" an artist, are very apt to treat lightly the merits of others.

From the tapestries, the library, the halls, the gardens, the fine views from the great structure, I must hasten. Even the legends of bulls, and dogmas, and audiences, and shining deeds that transpired here I must not refer to. Our steamer lies at Genoa, and in the morning turns her prow to the Atlantic. We descend the Scala Regia, the grand staircase of the Vatican, pass the yellow-slashed Swiss Guards, and emerge from the home of the Pope, into the piazza of St. Peter's, where we take street-cars and flit over the Tiber, and down the busy streets to our hotel.

The outing at Rome was a fine finale of the excursion to the Orient. It was a logical sequence of

a visit to the cradles of history. Hither tended all ancient civilizations—from the Nile, the Acropolis, the Bosphorus, and the Judean mountains. We saw again those shining headlands of human progress, and felt again the glow of our experience among them.—The omnibus is waiting. We settle with the landlord, fifteen dollars and sixty cents, on a contract of three dollars a day for four days, indicating a complication of unsophisticated extras, including an egg and a spoonful of jam for breakfast; the spike-tailed waiters stand around in careless expectancy, each of whom is ceremoniously remembered; the porter dumps our luggage on the roof of the omnibus; the genial landlord shakes hands with us all, and we go rattling over the Spagna and down the electricity-lighted streets to the depot.

We bought second-class tickets to Genoa (\$8.65), and left at 8.50 P. M., five of us in a compartment; a happy company, who enjoyed the moonlight ride, up the coast, watching the whirling distances, the silver sea, and the dark forms of the mountains. About two o'clock in the morning we passed Pisa, and saw to the right, the elegant church and the leaning tower, both vague in the misty moonlight. Daylight comes as we approach Genoa, and at half-past six we reach the depot, and in a few minutes after, are again on the *Fürst Bismarck*, ready for breakfast.

Most of the passengers have gone, left for a run through the Continent, to join some steamer of the line at Southampton, later in the season. We missed many pleasant faces, and there was a touch

of regret and sorrow on all hearts over this separation of ocean friends. Not half who left New York, shipped from Genoa, for return. At noon our big vessel steamed out of the harbor into the Mediterranean.

HOMeward BOUND.

XXXII.

THE shores of Italy blend with the fading twilight, and our good ship plows into the dark sea, homeward bound. What happy hearts are aboard to-night! There is a bright clatter from all the little coteries on the boat. The brass band plays never so sweetly as now. Anticipations of home-arrival break over all the splendid experiences of the past weeks. The dear ladies, whom the marine malady had erstwhile forced to exile in their doleful staterooms, are now on deck as chirrupy as crickets. In the gentlemen's saloon the Havana smoke never curled so gracefully, and the ring of the chips was never so lively or melodious.

The next day, near noon, we sighted the Balearic Isles off to the left, and late in the afternoon, the coasts of Spain, toward the west. There is somewhat poetic in a view of distant lands, lying afar off in the sky that touches the sea. So unsubstantial and dreamlike they are that one can link any fancy to them. The Sierra Nevadas, with their turrets, spires, and domes are my veritable Chateaux en Espagne. I have been seeking them for many, many years, and there they are now, for sure, lying off in the sunset skies. To-morrow I will go in and take possession; I will walk through the marble col-

onnades, and under the jasper walls, and in the groves of orange, peach, and pomegranate that cover the slopes of the green, quiet valleys. Never was I so near the realization of my golden visions as now; but alas! the good ship passes them in the night, and in the morning, when I go out to claim the stately mansions which my soul hath built out of the pearly peaks of the Nevadas, I look across the wild waste of waters and see—nothing. Close to the railing is my friend from New York, with his long marine-glass, peering toward the under-world, where my castles have sunken, and I wondered if he had seen them and intended to claim them, and had not yet given them up. But he turned and walked heavily away, and I knew he saw them no more. But here come the two lovers down the deck. I see it all now—they are the true owners; I can read the title in her dark blue eyes as they send their smiles over the rising sea. The castles are hers. [I wonder if she took possession, and abides there now.]

In the afternoon of the third day from Genoa, we approach Gibraltar, and for an hour our vessel circles in the strait and signals with the station on the rock. This is done by stringing little flags of various colors and devices on a slanting rope. There seems to be much information, for many times we go round in the strait, before all the messages are hung on the line. The captain and first officer on the bridge, one with a field-glass and the other with a small telescope, watch the signals intently, and consult constantly. It is soon noised

among the passengers that there have been great storms on the Atlantic, that some steamers are overdue, and that we must keep close watch for disabled ships, and bestow relief; and with this intelligence, we turn our prow toward the dark Atlantic, and sail over heavy billows into the night. Before sundown we pass Tarifa point, and in the dusk we bound over the battle-field of Trafalgar, and at night catch the last glimmer of light from Cape Vincent, and the Old World is left behind, and the next land we see will be Hail Columbia!

But it is a long ways there. On a stormy sea, one's life loiters painfully. The days drag along like slow tortures. The waves are wild and wrathful. For days out from Gibraltar the vessel rolls and pitches. Nearly everybody is sick. The dining-room is nearly deserted. The Frenchy-looking fellow, who bangs the gong up and down the halls and decks of the steamer, scatters agony in his tracks. The cooks and stewards play to empty benches. The royal soups, the fritures of lamb, the roast capons, the red cabbage, the wax beans, the compote, the Tivoly tarts, the artichokes, the sea-bass, the ice-creams, with all the elaborateness, fullness, and military precision of the first days out, keep up the same; but the diners are up on deck, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and mincing on ginger-snaps and cold toast, or lying in their state-rooms nibbling handschens and raw onions. Each morning we looked out to see the billows abate, but they seemed to increase their fury rather. On the promenade deck sat rows of nausea, like pale ghosts

on the Stygian shore, waiting to be ferried over. Most of the well were feeling bad. Often, through the despondency, the rollicking tones of some man with a heavenly stomach would ring out, and the poor victim would look up with an unsuccessful smile, and say to himself: "Ah, that's the way I'll feel when I get to America." During these sorrows there was much discussion among the appetite-blasted people about what to eat. Everything anybody would suggest would be tried. Some Chicago man declared Bermuda onions a bracing and remedial tonic. I heard that a bushel of raw Bermudas was scattered among the state-rooms that evening. Following numerous advices, my room steward brought me for dinner one evening, a sliced Bermuda onion, four sardines, a dish of ice-cream, and a saucer of nuts and raisins—but what are my troubles to you?

But through it all, there were rifts of joy. What majesty in the billows as they rolled up with white crests and flung their lace over the green slopes of the sea! Sometimes these were so high that they would sweep the promenade deck with their flashes of spray. Now and then, in the distance we could see other craft tossed on the big waves. The steamers plunging through the angry sea excited interest, and we watched them till they went under the undulating horizon; but the poor sail-boats, rising and sinking in the surges, and knocked about by the storm, were the objects of pity; and yet I had no doubt that the rugged tars thereon could sit down to a dinner of corned beef and cabbage with

infinite delight. One evening there were some streaks of mild blue sky, and the waves softened down a little, when the captain came among the disconsolate with the cheering words, "To-morrow, we have good weather," and we actually got to laughing and telling jokes; but in the night the waves rose high again, and swished and shrieked against the bull's-eye window of my state-room as if they were determined to come in. And then, to add to the horrors of the scene, every few minutes the fog-whistle blew, and it shook the very foundations of life.

A person can get along fairly well with his nausea if he keeps reclined. I was a perennial victim, and read through four novels which my room steward brought me from the ship's library, going from Gibraltar to New York. It was very convenient for one to read; for in the middle of the night, when one is tired sleeping or trying to sleep, he can touch his electric and read abed to his heart's content.

The last day of the voyage brought us a quiet sea. A sensation of joy permeated the ship. The tables were crowded for breakfast; and beefsteak, eggs, and pancakes, hitherto horrible stuff, suddenly became invested with charms. Defunct appetites quickened into buoyant desires. It was a feast, a banquet, a wedding breakfast. Neptune had drawn his rankling trident from the stomach, and life was itself again. Some one on deck had discovered a little film of congested horizon in the southwest, and the news of land went through the ship. There was a rush to the deck. Some disputed it; others insisted; a

glass was brought; yes—'t is land; and eyes sparkled, and hearts beat high, and the last remaining of the sick were brought up on the promenade deck; sat gently down in their blanketed chairs, and smiled. So close to nature are our hearts. In the frenzy of the ocean, they were tortured; and now, on its quiet bosom, all is joy. There is a bright side to everything. Even tips to the stewards are at a premium. There is a sense of comfort in every part of the whilom, tossing, pitching, stomach-torturing ship. We hello to the captain, clatter with the purser, give infinite things to the room steward, and everything is as happy as a bridal bell.

I almost forgot to meet the request of a lady, who left us at Naples, to tell how long that ice cream lasted. To within three days of our landing in New York, and for sixty-three days it was served at dinner and praised for its excellence; but after two months its ambrosial crystals began to collapse, and an ice made from condensed milk was substituted.

The murky edges of the ocean change into headlands on the right and left. We are approaching New York harbor. Now, preparations to disembark proceed with joy and energy. Companionships of most eventful days are soon to be broken. A feeling of sorrow invades one's heart in the very triumph of its fairest longings. In a few hours, the grandest excursion of 1894—one of the greatest that ever took place—will terminate; and they who climbed the Pyramids, who stood in the Parthenon, who visited the manger of Christ, who sailed the

Bosphorus together, and whose memories travel in sweet companionship up the Nile, along the Levant, and on the shores of Marmora and the Mediterranean,—they will separate, each one going, hither or thither, to the familiar scenes of his own sweet seeking. The stewards are hustling up and down decks, carrying luggage, and putting it in piles along the guards and companion-ways. The men have discarded their steamer caps, and have put on their Derbys or shining tiles. The ladies are out in their bright bonnets and less familiar gowns. The stewards are most unconsciously throwing themselves in one's way. There is talk of custom-house officers—and some little apprehension. On we glide, past Sandy Hook, into the sight of steeples and towers, among small craft, and up to Hoboken pier, which is covered with people to welcome the wanderers' return. There is a white glint of handkerchiefs on pier and ship, violently agitated in spots, as familiar forms are recognized. And now the boat touches the wharf, and the coming and the waiting mingle in happy greetings, quickly to dissolve into the varied longings of gladsome hearts.

And now, farewell, Ali Hassan and Old Rameses farewell, ye beggars of Olivet, and ye sweet nymphs of the Ægean; farewell, grand *Fürst Bismarck*, and Captain Albers, and all his gallant crew; farewell, but never forgetfulness. And to my fellow-pilgrims, whose kindly association was one of the joys of the journey, if, in these letters, some pleasing recollection is evoked; if in the dreary columns, once in awhile, you meet with a reminder of some happy

experience in that Oriental Outing; or, if these vagrant letters should prove a clasp to bind closer the companionship of that journey, I could not hope for more. And to you, dear reader, whose thoughts have followed me in my wanderings in the old lands, and my weary loiterings by the way, I give the benedictions of a full heart's gratitude.

APPENDIX.

ITINERARY.

We give below the itinerary, as originally prescribed for the excursion :

From New York, February 1.	Miles.	Arrival.	Stay Hours.
Gibraltar,	3160 . . .	Feb. 9 . . .	20
Algiers,	410 . . .	" 11 . . .	58
Genoa,	524 . . .	" 15 . . .	58
Ajaccio (Corsica),	155 . . .	" 18 . . .	12
Alexandria (Cairo),	1250 . . .	" 22 . . .	173
Jaffa (Jerusalem),	263 . . .	Mar. 2 . . .	80
Smyrna,	686 . . .	" 7 . . .	24
Constantinople,	288 . . .	" 9 . . .	88
Athens,	354 . . .	" 14 . . .	33
Malta,	550 . . .	" 17 . . .	12
Messina,	155 . . .	" 18 . . .	12
Palermo,	120 . . .	" 19 . . .	12
Naples,	167 . . .	" 20 . . .	130
Genoa,	350 . . .	" 27 . . .	16
New York,	4065 . . .	Apr. 6 . . .	

This itinerary was adhered to, except that the storm on the Mediterranean caused the loss of one day, and the rough sea that prevented landing at Joppa, another. But the loss of these two days was quite made up by the failure to go to Malta, which disappointment occurred by reason of the quarantine which Malta had established against all vessels coming from Constantinople.

ROUTE AND SPEED.

THE *Fürst Bismarck* left New York City (Hoboken pier), February 1st, and arrived at Gibraltar February 9th, making the voyage in seven days and twelve hours. The

distance is 3,210 miles. For the first five days the ship kept the 40th parallel; on the sixth day it dropped to the 39th; on the seventh day to the 37th; and on the eighth to the 36th, on which parallel Gibraltar is. On the return across the Atlantic, the ship kept the same route, except that it ran nearly a degree north of the 40th, after leaving the Azores. The time was eight days, seven hours, from Gibraltar to New York. The vessel made better time going than returning, on account of the rough weather every day of the return trip. The eight days' speed (miles), going to Gibraltar were successively as follows: 330 (19 hours), 414, 430, 405, 424, 421, 422, 374 (17 hours.) On the return trip the rates of speed on the various days were in order as follows: 402, 391, 401, 372, 389, 416, 414, 468 (balance). The data for the cruise about the Mediterranean were not given.

KIND OPINIONS.

ON the 4th of April, when the excursion was nearing its close, the passengers of the steamship assembled in the gentlemen's saloon, and enthusiastically agreed to the following expression:

"The close of a voyage of ten weeks being upon us, we can not separate without expressing to Captain A. Albers, commander of the *Fürst Bismarck*, our admiration of his qualities as an officer and a man.

"Nothing has been left undone by him and his efficient staff of officers to make the journey safe and pleasant in every particular. We also desire to express our thanks for that attention, general and personal, which has been so constant and so perfect that it has made us feel as if we were *one large family*.

"We regret that the time of parting has come when the last good-bye must be said. May God bless and protect the officers of this great steamship, and may the *Fürst Bismarck* be ever as staunch and fortunate as it has been while our home!"

Resolved, That this memorial be engrossed under the direction of a committee of passengers, consisting of E. C. Benedict, F. D. Tappen, James W. Scott, and H. O. Armour, and presented to Captain Albers at the earliest convenient date.

LIST OF PASSENGERS.

From New York City.—Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Armour, Mr. E. C. Benedict, the Misses Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bulkely, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Buckingham, Mr. A. K. Bolan, Mr. R. P. Clapp, Mr. R. S. Dana, Mr. M. C. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dana, Miss Elizabeth Davol, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Flower, Miss F. J. Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Al Hayman, Hon. Homer N. Lockwood, Mr. W. K. Leicht, Miss Frances E. Lake, Mrs. Isaac P. Martin, Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Peaslee, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Rosenthal, Mr. A. H. Sands, Mr. Charles E. Strong, Mr. James Streat, Miss B. Streat, Mr. F. D. Tappen, Miss A. Tebo, Mr. Guido Testa, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. West, Mrs. H. A. Washburne, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Woodward, Mr. F. D. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thorn.

Chicago.—Mr. and Mrs. W. Vernon Booth, Mr. and Mrs. George Bullen and child, Mr. D. W. Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baker, Mr. N. L. Barnes, Mr. E. G. Beach, Mrs. M. A. Chapin, Miss Alice Chapin, Mr. H. Eder, Mr. W. J. English, Mr. Lyman J. Gage, Mr. E. B. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Hamilton, Miss Adelaide Hamilton, Mrs. H. D. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hoyt, Mr. P. B. Hoyt, Mr. John Inglis, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Emma C. Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Lombard, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Leicht, Miss Stella Leicht, Miss H. Josephine Landow, Mr. Julius Loeser, Mr. Samuel P. McDivitt, Miss Henrietta H. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. George Meyer, Misses Jenny and A. Meyer, Master

George Meyer, Mr. W. E. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Scott, Miss Helen E. Snow, Mr. Charles H. Smith, Mr. C. B. Smith, Mr. E. M. Steck, Judge and Mrs. Lambert Tree, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Winston, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Webster, Mr. Herman Webster, Misses May and Kate G. Webster, Miss A. P. Williams, Miss C. B. Williams, Mr. Simon B. Williams.

Philadelphia.—Mr. and Mrs. James Baird, Miss C. H. Baird, Mr. W. Mercer Baird, Mr. Charles T. Baird, Mr. Louis J. Bauer, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Butterworth, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Cramp, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dissel, Mr. H. A. Duhring, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Fox, Mrs. Grundy, Miss Grundy, Mrs. R. T. Gumpert, Mr. Andrew L. Green, Miss Hughes, Mrs. E. C. Idler, Miss K. R. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Paul, Master and Miss Paul, Mrs. W. W. Paul, Mr. L. H. Redner, Dr. A. S. Roberts, Mrs. A. Whartenby, Miss Whartenby, Dr. Katherine Northup, Rev. A. W. F. Manifold.

New York State.—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Brewster, Miss Marie Brewster, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene T. Curtis, Joseph Curtis, Rochester; Mr. and Mrs. George C. Greene, Dr. Roswell Park, Mr. Bronson C. Rumsey, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Root, Mr. and Mrs. T. Guilford Smith, Buffalo; Mr. George Ingram, Mr. A. A. Strohn, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Percy G. Williams, Brooklyn; Mr. J. S. Wells, Mr. J. Stewart Wells, Mr. John B. Simpson, Mr. James C. Truman, Binghamton; Guy C. Bayley, Poughkeepsie; Mrs. R. A. Paxton, Mrs. M. C. Windsor, Hornellsville.

Massachusetts.—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brewster, Mr. N. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gowing, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Kimball, Mr. Stephen W. Marston, Mr. A. L. Murdock, Mr. J. P. Pomeroy, Mr. J. S. Sanborn, Miss H. J. Sanborn, Mr. H. L. Taft, Mr. Irvine W. Wheeler, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Cox, Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. Julian K. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Miss M. A. Ingall, Roxbury; Mr. Ramond S.

Wilder, North Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Davis, Worcester; Mr. Sumner A. Brooks, North Cambridge.

Pennsylvania.—Mr. and Mrs. James W. Arrott, Miss Myra Boyd, Mr. H. J. Heinz, Mr. C. N. Heinz, Miss Irene Heinz, Pittsburg; Mrs. Matthew Baird, the Misses Baird, Merion; Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Browning, Miss Okie, Devon; Mr. J. Percy Brinton, West Chester.

Ohio.—Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Ford, Mr. Tod Ford, Master Tod and Master Freeman Ford, Miss Julia Garlick, Miss Laura Balch, Youngstown; Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Brooks, Mr. L. Schlather, Miss Emilie Schlather, Cleveland; Miss Kate Batcheller, Miss Eliza S. Rodgers, Columbus; E. S. Wilson, Ironton.

Minnesota.—Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Allen, Cloquet; Mr. Greenleaf Clark, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hersey, St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs. Edmund J. Phelps, Miss Ruth S. Phelps, Master R. E. Phelps, Mrs. Ruth C. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Shevlin, Minneapolis.

Michigan.—Mr. Charles W. Eaton, Miss Zilla Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hodenpyl, Mr. W. L. Avery, Mrs. Julia D. Anderson, Mr. John W. Blodgett, Miss Clapp, Mrs. Julia A. Denton, Mr. Geo. P. Wanty, Grand Rapids; Mr. W. P. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McMillan, Detroit.

Connecticut.—Miss Margaret S. Hubbard, Miss Lucy H. Russell, Middletown; Mr. F. Thornton Hunt, Mrs. C. L. Mitchel, Mr. E. A. Mitchel, Mr. David T. Roberts, New Haven.

Iowa.—Bishop and Mrs. Perry, Miss Perry, Davenport; Mr. and Mrs. L. Lamb, Clinton.

Indiana.—Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Bates, Jr., Indianapolis.

Kansas.—Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Leach, Wamego.

Kentucky.—Mr. and Mrs. R. Lee Robinson, Louisville.